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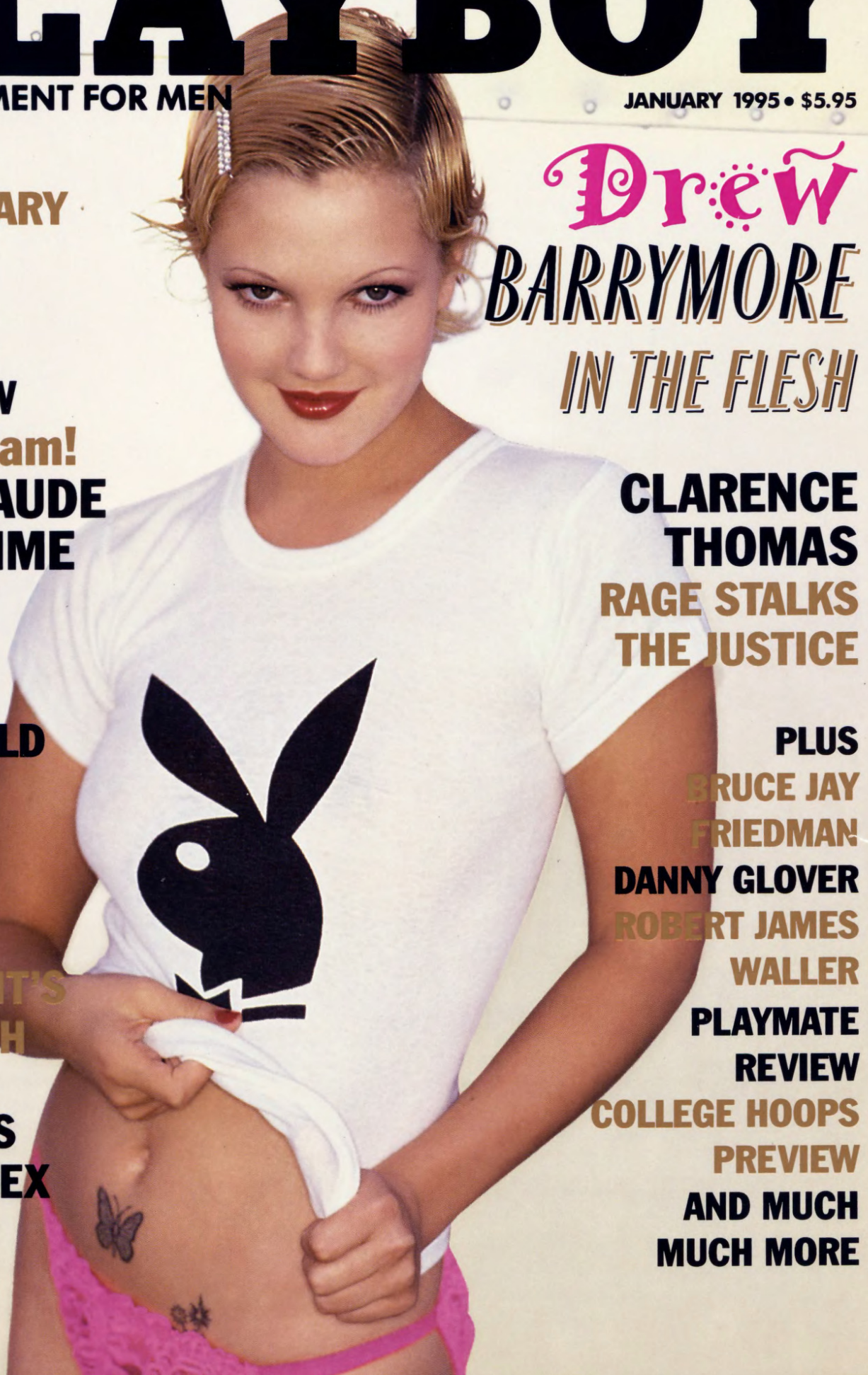

HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Drew BARRYMORE IN THE FLESH

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Wham! Bam!
JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME

CLARENCE THOMAS
RAGE STALKS THE JUSTICE

SEX AND PROZAC
THE UNTOLD STORY

PLUS
BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN
DANNY GLOVER
ROBERT JAMES WALLER
PLAYMATE REVIEW
COLLEGE HOOPS PREVIEW
AND MUCH MUCH MORE

TOM SNYDER
LATE NIGHT'S BIG MOUTH

A RIOTOUS YEAR IN SEX

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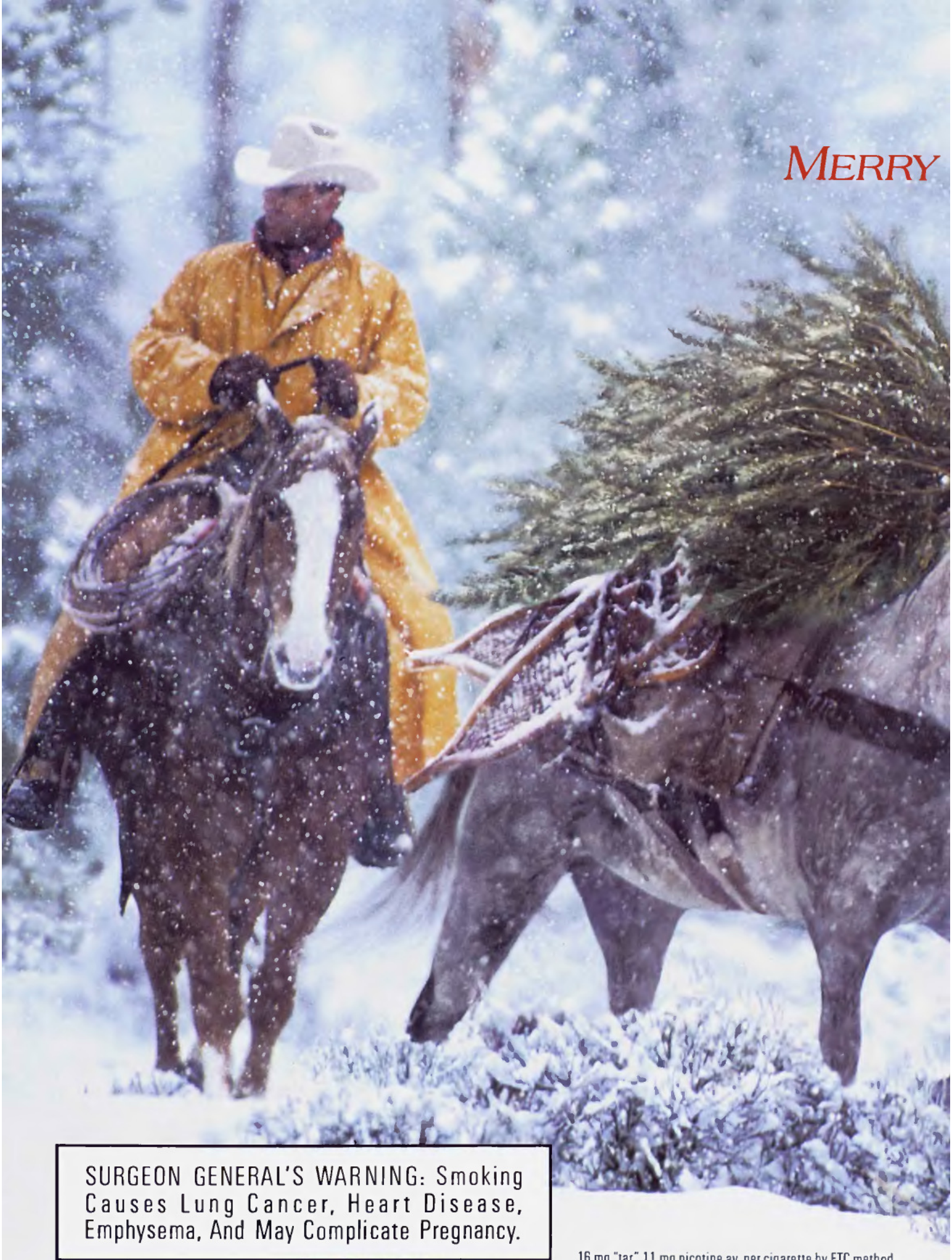

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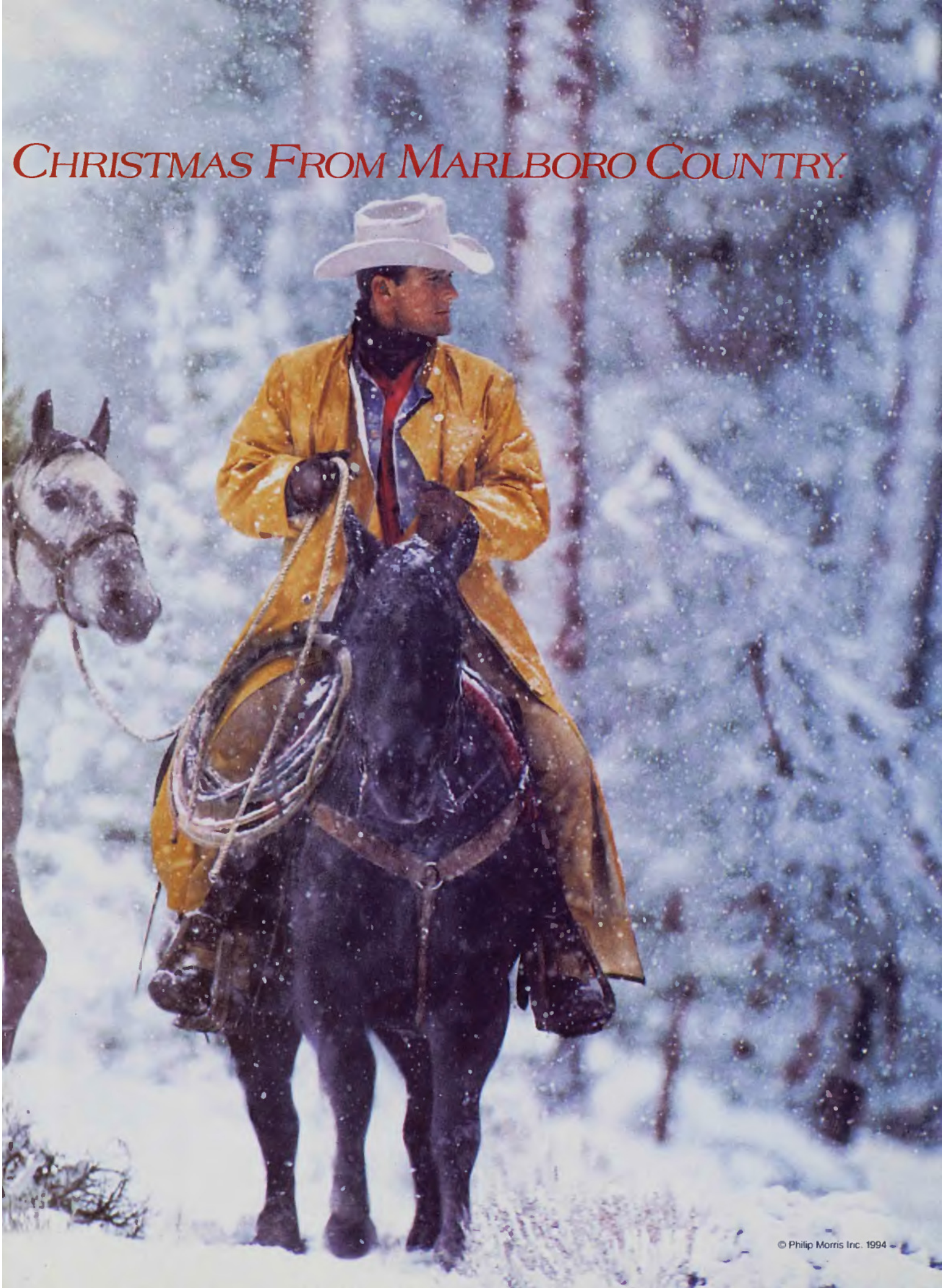
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FORTY YEARS and counting and the old Rabbit can still pull 'em out of the hat. We have quite the renegade gift pack this month. First, we give you Barrymore for your money—a pictorial of daring Hollywood darling **Drew Barrymore.** Once *E.T.*'s scene stealer, now maverick actress, Barrymore is street legal, excited about her new flick *Boys On the Side* and out to show that at last she's comfortable—and very sexy—in the skin she's in. **Ellen von Unwerth** shot the marvelous photos.

Our month of the outsider continues with three tough underdogs. **Lawrence Grobel** takes on **Jean-Claude Van Damme** in a total-contact *Playboy Interview*, an all-out bout in which—fortunately—the only thing fractured is Van Damme's English. Van Damme talks about his early days as a sprout in Brussels, how he nearly drop-kicked a Hollywood producer and why his fans will flock to see the next action hero in *Street Fighter*. Also on our fight card is Supreme Court Justice **Clarence Thomas,** profiled by *Newsweek* contributing editor **Lincoln Caplan** in *The Accidental Jurist*. Caplan charts the genesis of the justice's angry presence on the court. On to a late-night title bout: Conan O'Brien vs. **Tom Snyder,** host of *The Late, Late Show*. In *20 Questions*, Snyder takes on an uncustomary role as Q&A subject and tells fellow interrogator **David Rensin** about a singer named Meatball, Letterman's drapes, Aykroyd's dis and TV-land's fickle, cyclical wheel of fortune.

Last year, tabloid-driven sexcapades held headlines in bondage with O.J. Simpson, nitwit Brit pols and the ultimate punch line that leaves us in stitches, Bobbitt. It's all in our *The Year in Sex* pictorial. One story you didn't read about is that of a young woman named Teena Brandon. It's a tale of fear and intolerance in Nebraska told in *Death of a Deceiver*, written by native Cornhusker **Eric Konigsberg.** A stranger in a straight land, Teena came to town, wowed ladies, conned friends and enraged men with a sexual charade that culminated in murder.

A different type of drifter—natural born lady-killer Texas Jack—passes through the heartland in an excerpt from the new novel *Border Music* (Warner Books), a fiction treat from literary maverick **Robert James Waller.** Jack hits the road (the scenic view is by artist **Bruce Wolfe**) after helping Linda Lobo, adorned only in pasties, out of a sticky situation.

How's this for a dilemma: Imagine an elixir that solves all problems, with one condition—you may lose your sex drive. In reality, the bitter pill is the feel-good remedy for the Nineties, Prozac. In an informal survey of users, **Stephen Rae** uncovers the unfortunate side effect in *Sex and Prozac*. The art is by **Wilson McLean.** On the lighter side, we offer *The Icing on the Cake* by **Bruce Jay Friedman,** an appreciative tale of the ideal wife and daughter-in-law (painting by **José Luis Cuevas,** one of Mexico's top artists). And on the Bic lighter side, **Penn Jillette,** the howling Houdini, the bitching magician, recounts a flaming stunt he pulled recently in a movie for TV. *Penn on Fire* is illustrated by **Georganne Deen.**

Don't miss Sports Editor **Gary Cole's** *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*. An utterly watchable sport, C-ball may again help Arkansas—and the rest of us—forget about politics. Once again, readers can make their list of hits in a *Jazz & Rock Poll* that's syncopated and synchronized with the times. Sweatermen: We recruited fashion ringer and actor **Danny Glover** and free-agent photog **Mario Casilli** to shoot some manly cashmere sweaters. To round out our all-star lineup, look for our *Playmate Review* and up-and-comer **Melissa Holliday,** the Playmate of the Month, shot by **Richard Fegley.** This singer's determination to succeed should inspire us all to stick to our resolutions.

VON UNWERTH

GROBEL

CAPLAN

RENSIN

WALLER

WOLFE

KONIGSBERG

RAE

MC LEAN

FRIEDMAN

CUEVAS

COLE

JILLETTE

DEEN

FEGLEY

CASILLI

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), January 1995, volume 42, number 1. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. E-mail: edit@playboy.com.

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PLAYBOY

vol. 42, no. 1—january 1995

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COVER STORY

The heiress to the Barrymore legacy has grown up and conquered the demons of celebrity life, charting her own career course and enjoying every minute of it. Photographer Ellen von Unwerth—respected by Drew for her "spirit of fun"—shot our cover, styled by Cathy Kasterine for Smile Management. Drew's hair by Ward; her makeup by Lucia Pieroni for Smile Management. Ponties courtesy of Deborah Morquit–New York. Our Rabbit leoves his mark.

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COVER LOVERS

I have been a subscriber for a few decades and this is my first letter. Hats off to Jennifer Lavoie (October) and your talented crew. I can't stop looking at the cover.

Bob Gundlach
San Jose, California

A most striking and provocative shot. In a world gone mad for blondes, Jennifer is like fresh air.

William Valliant
Greenville, New Hampshire

I'll probably buy another October issue so I can frame the cover.

Charles Barlow
Waupaca, Wisconsin

JERRY JONES

Speaking for most Dallas Cowboy fans, both true and fair-weather, the *Playboy Interview* (October) with Jerry Jones was nice, but Jimmy Johnson is the real reason that the team won back-to-back Super Bowls.

Jack Clark
Hermosa Beach, California

While I thoroughly enjoyed your interview with Jerry Jones, it didn't change my negative opinion of the man. The fact remains that he is the only NFL owner who has fired two head coaches with four Super Bowl victories between them. If Jones really cared about Cowboys fans or his team in any way other than as a financial investment, he'd leave the coaching to the coaches and stick to signing the checks.

Wayne Williams
Fayetteville, Arkansas

O.J.'S OTHER WOMAN

Paula Barbieri (October) is one of the most beautiful women in the universe. Thanks for bringing her to us.

Clarence Santos
Adelanto, California

By doing a pictorial of O.J. Simpson's girlfriend, PLAYBOY has become another parasite in the media circus surrounding the savage murder of two people. I've seen enough.

Lawrence Sena
Onalaska, Wisconsin

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

I take issue with Robert Scheer's column "Fighting the Wrong War" (*Reporter's Notebook*, October). I have worked in several chemical-dependency units and what I've seen is appalling. Most addicts sent in on a court order get drugs such as Serax so they don't go into withdrawal. They either refuse to go to group therapy or, if they go, they don't participate. We need to stop wasting our money on things that don't work. We must make the punishment for selling drugs so severe that people won't want to risk getting caught.

Ricky Gray
Rayne, Louisiana

I am a certified chemical-dependency counselor in Illinois, and I hope some politicians read Scheer's piece. Not only is the war being fought badly, but there are politicians actively making sure any treatment that might work doesn't get a fair chance. In Illinois, money is funneled through the Department of Alcohol and Substance Abuse. If you aren't connected to the department, there is little federal money available for drug treatment. The department rarely gives money to start programs, and doesn't provide funding to buy the buildings to house them. We need an agency like the Small Business Administration to review new ideas and put people in touch with money and manpower.

Leroy Churchill
Bolingbrook, Illinois

COURTROOM ANTICS

Why is it that the description of Leslie Abramson's behavior on behalf of her

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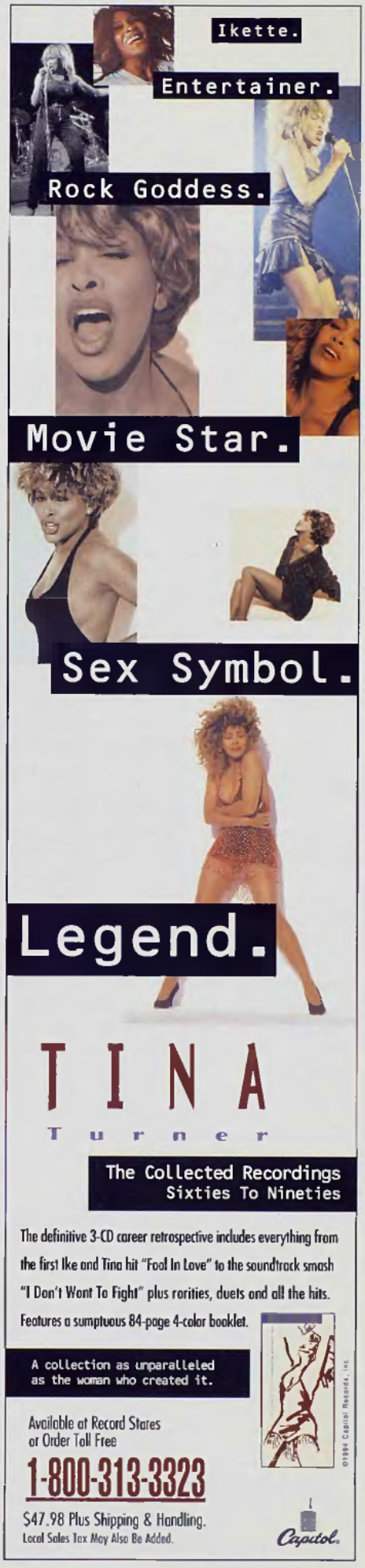
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clients (*Killer in the Courtroom*, October) makes her sound like a predator instead of like a first-class defense attorney? I thought she did exactly what she was supposed to do.

Barbara Nelson
Washington, D.C.

GIRLS OF THE SEC

I am an 18-year-old subscriber who, thanks to the October issue (*Girls of the SEC*), is filling out college applications to every SEC school. I *will* go to school with the beautiful women of the SEC.

Jason Helland
Morris, Illinois

I'm at Harvard working on my master's degree in political science. So when I read that Yolanda White was studying for her Ph.D. in criminal justice, I got excited. Will we be seeing more of her?

James Walker
Somerville, Massachusetts

Thumbs up to the *Girls of the SEC*. Please, please show more photos of superfine Yolanda White.

Lloyd Wesley Crooks
Plainfield, New Jersey

If Heather Etheridge is not given a centerfold, there is no justice.

Ray Ficara
The Bronx, New York

MEN

In "A Campaign of Shame" (*Men*, October), why is Asa Baber implying that feminists are rushing all over the country making up stories about male violence against women? When I think of feminism, I think about the millions of women around the world trying to make their own lives better. I don't give much thought to the vocal minority of women who hate men. I do give thought to the millions of men who don't batter women but don't try to stop those who do. Baber is wrong to respond to accusations of male violence with the "it takes one to know one" defense. If we do not stop looking elsewhere for blame, nothing will ever be resolved between men and women.

Michael Stasko
Columbus, Ohio

PLAYMATE VICTORIA ZDROK

I was beginning to worry about who I would vote for after nine months of beautiful women. But then I saw *From Russia, With Brains* (October). Victoria gets my Playmate of the Year vote. She's a beauty.

Stephen Brown
Tallahassee, Florida

Your feature on Victoria Zdrok shows the true beauty of eastern European women, but I would have called it *From Ukraine, With Brains*. Ukraine is finally free, sovereign and independent just like the lovely Victoria.

Peter Jarmak
Utica, New York

Victoria Zdrok's combination of beauty, brains and personality is a national treasure we have stolen from the former Soviet Union. My vote goes to Victoria for PMOY.

Richard Heller
Media, Pennsylvania

In all the years that I have diligently studied the women in PLAYBOY, I have never seen such a combination of stellar beauty and brains. Now I finally realize the meaning of glasnost.

Albert Goodman
Bayonne, New Jersey

Well, I guess Victoria Zdrok is proof that the Western media have unfairly stereotyped eastern European women.

Her beauty, brains and photographs should be an inspiration to women wherever they reside.

Rodney Dibble
Gulf Breeze, Florida

I recently met Victoria Zdrok at an autograph signing. She's even more stunning in person. She has taken advantage of the opportunities to pursue excellence that democracy offers us. Register my vote for Playmate of the Year.

David Brown
York, Pennsylvania

WOMEN

Bitch, bitch, bitch, complain, nag, find fault—as Cynthia Heimel does in "Old Guys Amok in Hollywood" (*Women*, October)—and what adult man wouldn't go looking for another companion? Unfortunately, many American women over the age of 35 behave in this manner. There is a large number of younger women who are intelligent and fun, and who have a variety of interests and a positive attitude. Most of all, they have figured out that hate doesn't attract a good man.

Neil Whitelaw
San Francisco, California

God bless Cynthia Heimel. As a 44-year-old ex-babe who gets disgusted when older men leer at my 16-year-old daughter, I want to tell you it isn't just in Hollywood that the youth-and-beauty double standard exists.

Peggy Spates Johnson
Chula Vista, California

I confess I read every word of Cynthia Heimel's columns and then I always get mad. Does she really believe all the crap she writes about men or is she putting us on?

Frank Hammer
Groveland, California

FICTION

Thanks for college fiction winner Brady Udall's story *Buckeye the Elder* (October). Short stories seem to be going the way of Buckeye's rust-cratered Olds, except at PLAYBOY. It's great to have you carry the lion's share of this art form.

Dave Stalland
Portland, Oregon

LIVING WITH WOMEN

There are at least a few good men out here besides the ones in the Marines. Not all of us are bumbling fools. It gets old being portrayed as incompetent, as in *Tim Allen's Guide to Living With Women* (October). I have some simple rules of my own: Don't leave the toilet seat up, remember her dress size, rub her feet, clean something, listen to what she is saying and don't ride the remote control.

Ben Young
Evanston, Illinois

GRAPEVINE

Aside from your interviews, articles and awesome women, I always look forward to *Grapevine*. The celebrity photos are the best part and your October duo of Daphne Zuniga and Raquel Welch was great. I am a big fan of *Melrose Place*.

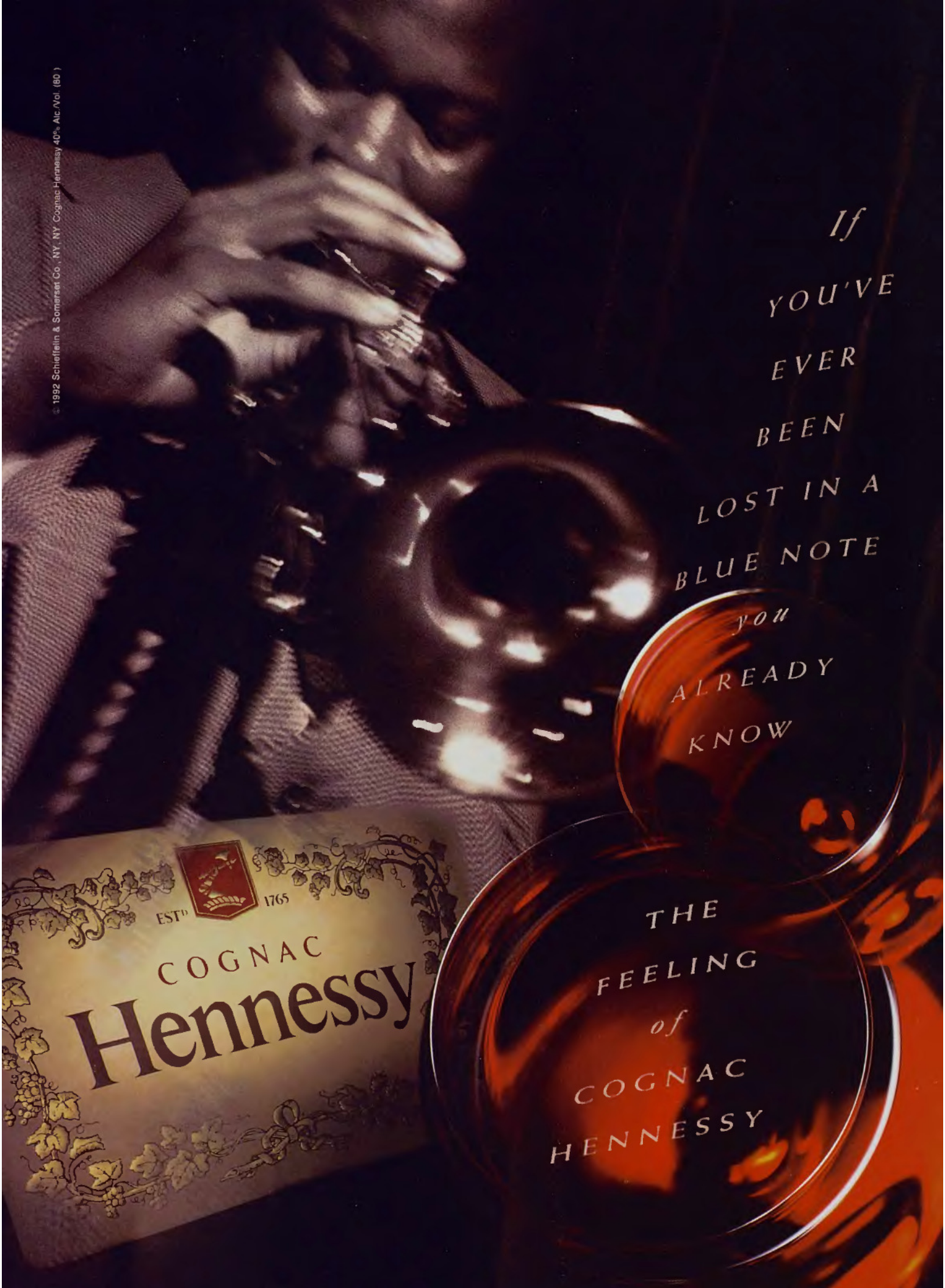
Raymon Patterson
Kent, Ohio

Wow! Raquel still blows my socks off.

Michael Green
Livermore, California

Raquel Welch in the sheer dress is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

Allan Jones
Chatham, Virginia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I'd feel naked without my Bulova.

Kathy Ireland is dressed in a watch from our Diamond Collection.

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BULOVA

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

ÜBER DOG

We know Germans love their sausage. But we didn't realize that sausages add spice to some of the most colorful idiomatic expressions of everyday German speech. For example, when you want to point out that Heidi has a carefree attitude, you say, *Heidi ist wurstig*, which is the highly complimentary suggestion that "Heidi is sausage-like." When they speak of motivating someone, Germans use the expression *Jemandem die Wurst vor der Nase halten*, which means "to hold a sausage in front of someone's nose." When the moment of truth has arrived, they say, *Jetzt geht es um die Wurst*, which underscores the gastronomic imperative "The sausage is now at stake." When a German pouts after you refuse to let him touch your monkey, try *Spiel nicht die beleidigte Leberwurst*, or "Don't play the part of the offended liver sausage." Similarly, if you want him to be blasé, encourage him to *Sich auf den Wurstandpunkt stellen*—"Adopt the point of view of the sausage." When someone has a heightened sense of entitlement, you point it out by saying *Er will immer eine Extrawurst*—"He always wants an extra sausage." When a woman looks painfully cinched by her belt, *Hanswurst* ("Joe Sausage"—a wise guy) might point it out by saying, *Sie sieht aus wie eine abgebunden Blutwurst*—"She looks like a tied-up blood sausage." There are some things that cannot be said in any language, but that doesn't stop Germans. When they come to a brainteasing conclusion that defies expression, they once again turn to their wieners and say, *Alles hat ein Ende, aber die Wurst hat zwei*—"Everything has an end except the sausage, which has two ends."

HOW GREEN IS MY VALET?

Gouge him if he can't take a joke: A rich Saudi Arabian will pay his new butler the world-record, tax-free salary of $125,000—as long as the manservant doesn't try to make him laugh. Apparently, the unidentified Saudi millionaire had wearied of his previous servant's witticisms—and all this before the latest round of O.J. knock-knock jokes. The new butler, educated at the Ivor Spencer butler academy, signed a five-year contract that bound him to stay single, discreet and straight-faced.

SPREADSHEETS

From a Huntington Beach, California company that obviously doesn't want any detail of spontaneous sexplay to go unplanned, there now comes Sportsheets, an integrated home bondage system that fits over your mattress. Soft nylon cuffs attach to a set of anchor pads. Because the pads can cling to the sheets anywhere, they can be moved to accommodate any number of contortions. The cuffs are secure, but the anchor pads can be peeled off quickly by the wearer in case the house catches fire, your mother shows up or the VCR remote control falls out of reach.

GORILLA MY DREAMS

Koko, the gorilla who learned to communicate via sign language, finally has met a mate to her liking through a video dating program set up by the Gorilla Foundation in California. Once her inamorato, Ndume, appeared on the monitor, Koko went ape over his hirsute physique and began kissing the screen. And wouldn't you know it, the unlucky lady fell in love with a real bad boy: Ndume—who has gone through a number of other mates—has a reputation for scaring off visitors at his previous home, Chicago's Brookfield Zoo, by hurling dung and vomiting with pinpoint accuracy.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

BUTT FLOSS

From the Unexamined Life Dept.: An ad for colon therapy by the Health Connection Center in Pennsylvania asks, "You clean your teeth, why not clean your intestines?"

YOUTH IN ASIA

Even though they have a low crime rate, high employment and a powerful economy, maybe it's not so rosy being Japanese. Building on Japan's reputation as the land of ceremonial self-destruction—22,000 citizens killed themselves in 1993—a new book, *The Complete Guide to Suicide*, by 29-year-old Wataru Tsurumi, has made the best-seller list. Eschewing the tedious liturgy and considerable mess of traditional hara-kiri, Tsurumi describes ten methods of ending it all and rates the possibility of failure and the inconvenience of each style with one to five skulls. Death by a leap into the path of a locomotive rates only one skull; freezing to death earns five. This year alone, five of the 39 suicides that were found near Mount Fuji had copies of the book next to their bodies.

ROCK DOC

Many of his patients expect to get bloodied up a little—it's part of the show. Meet Dr. David Relman, one of 30 doctors from the Rock Medicine program of the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinics. His specialty is treating those who are cut, bashed, busted up and blissed out at San Francisco rock concerts. While statistics are virtually nonexistent, rock-inspired

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

The U.S. market share of worldwide arms sales increased from 21 percent in 1989 to 70 percent ($32 billion) in fiscal year 1993.

DARREN THOMPSON

QUOTE

"Live in Laurel Canyon, where murders are colorful, drug busts are frequent and helicopters circle overhead at odd hours. Rub elbows with political giants and social outcasts."—AN AD PLACED IN *The Hollywood Reporter* BY BEVERLY HILLS REAL ESTATE AGENT JEAN DMYTRYK

OURS IS 60611—WHAT'S YOURS?

According to Claritas, Inc., the top five U.S. zip codes ranked in order of wealthiest residents (as of March 1994): 20301 (Washington, D.C.), 60082 (Techny, Ill.), 94027 (Menlo Park, Cal.), 07046 (Mountain Lakes, N.J.), 60043 (Kenilworth, Ill.). Rank of 90210 (Beverly Hills, Cal.): 89. Zip codes with highest ratio of women to men: 94613 (Oakland, Cal.) and 24962 (Pence Springs, W. Va.). Zip codes with highest number of never-married women: 10021 (East Side Manhattan) and 10025 (Upper West Side Manhattan).

LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

Number of times Mary Hart has worn slacks in past 12 years on *Entertainment Tonight*: 1. Number of times Arnold Schwarzenegger has appeared on the show: 211. Number of movie premieres covered: 578. Number of celebrity deaths covered: 403.

VICTIMLESS CRIME VICTIMS

Number of federal narcotics agents in 1967: 300. Today: 3400. Percentage of federal prisoners in 1970 who were drug offenders: 16. Today: 62. Percentage of 4244 people convicted under federal marijuana laws in 1993 who were first-time offenders: 56. Number of people held in federal prisons in 1970: 200,000. Number of drug offenders held in federal prisons in 1994: 200,000.

DIVINE INSPIRATION

Amount that Pope John Paul II reportedly received from Random House for each page of the pontiff's forthcoming 230-page book of inspirational essays: $39,130.

PARANORMAL POLLS

According to a survey of 1523 Americans by *The Washington Post* and ABC News, percentage who say they've seen UFOs and have a favorable impression of Ross Perot: 59. Percentage who believe you can communicate with the dead and are fans of Bill Clinton: 65. Percentage of the same group who are fans of Bob Dole: 36. Percentage who say they've been reincarnated and like Clinton: 64; percentage who like Dole: 38.

DESKTOP ROMANCING

Of 200 chief executives surveyed by *Fortune*, percentage who say discreet office affairs aren't the concern of a company: 79. Percentage who say office romances lead to trouble for the company: 21. Percentage who say couples working together hurt productivity: 39. Percentage who say office affairs increase chances of sexual harassment lawsuits: 77.

PRESCRIPTIONS FOR TROUBLE

According to a U.S. government report, percentage of 77 popular prescription drugs that cost more in the U.S. than in the U.K.: 86. Percentage that cost at least twice as much: 61. Percentage difference in price of Nordette birth control pills sold in the U.S. versus the price in the U.K.: 1712; percentage difference for Valium: 1031. For Retin-A cream: 416. For Xanax: 278; for Rogaine: 43. For Prozac: –4.

—CHIP ROWE

injuries seem to be on the rise—and this is not entirely attributable to the introduction of that bubbling pond of human understanding, the mosh pit. The rock doc usually knows what sorts of injuries will occur during specific shows. Heavy-metal audiences are the most raucous. "If you give me the name of the band, I can tell you the kinds of injuries," Dr. Relman says. "You'll never see an LSD problem at a Barry Manilow concert." Relman has seen up to 15 patients at some shows, but he suspects that two or three times as many crowdsurfers may sustain injuries but don't bother seeking treatment. "You're considered kind of a wimp if you wind up here," he says.

TENURE OF THE TIMES

Professor Donald Morlan of the University of Dayton has carved himself an academic niche as the foremost scholar on the history and films of the Three Stooges. He is serious—and has interesting revelations. Among the areas of his inquiry are the Stooges' pie fights. During a speech to the Popular Culture Association, the professor argued that Larry, Moe and Curly lifted the morale of Americans during the economically depressed Thirties by targeting aristocratic snobs. (Footnote: Curly participated in only one pie fight—the first.) Professor Morlan also likes to point out that when isolationists tried to prevent Hollywood from filming anti-German movies, they didn't bother to censor comedy shorts. The Stooges were virtually alone and unchallenged in filming anti-Nazi propaganda. *You Nazty Spy*, in which Moe Howard was the first film star to parody Hitler, was released in January 1940—nine months before Chaplin's controversial *The Great Dictator*.

HOOKED ON TOURISM

Amsterdam has developed another major tourist attraction, and this one attracts more than 500 visitors a week. The new Prostitution Information Center opened to inform the public about the local laws in the famous red-light district, the nature of prostitution as a social phenomenon and the current rates for various sexual acts. Its founder, Mariska Majoor, a 25-year-old four-year veteran of the trade, has hired two assistants to handle the sale of postcards, pamphlets and condoms.

•

Last summer, Crayola introduced 16 crayons that smell like fruits and flowers. We're interested in the scents that were considered but rejected: coffee, blue cheese, leather, peanut butter and skunk. We imagine the typical Crayola user may be a little bit too young to sketch the dream bachelor pad on the morning after.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE TIMELY TOPIC of sexual harassment has made David Mamet's ***Oleanna*** a major theatrical event in more than 50 countries. Transferred from stage to screen (as a Samuel Goldwyn release), writer-director Mamet's controversial epic is sure to broaden its reputation as a subject for debate that heats up the battle of the sexes. Mamet's stylish, staccato dialogue seems more than a bit mannered on film, and his central conflict is actually a lopsidedly loaded case—between a resolute female college student (Debra Eisenstadt) and a professor (William Macy) who has given her a failing grade. In the course of destroying his peace of mind as well as his professional life, she charges him with everything from arrogance to sexual harassment, assault and attempted rape. In fact, the professor is mostly just a pedantic bore—innocent, but an irresistible target for an angry young woman who carries her political agenda to the point of psychosis. Two fairly unattractive characters locked in mostly mental (but mortal) combat can be irritating as hell. To Mamet's credit, he makes their drummed-up cat-and-mouse game look more like a heavyweight match seen from a ringside seat. ¥¥¥

•

Director Alan Parker's brilliant, bold and outrageous ***The Road to Wellville*** (Columbia) is too long and sometimes over the top but engagingly zany. It is certainly not for the squeamish. Parker wrings wry movie mischief from this adaptation of T.C. Boyle's novel about Dr. John Harvey Kellogg's turn-of-the-century health spa in Michigan. People with money and time to kill flock to his Battle Creek Sanitarium for lectures, cornflakes, frequent enemas and user-unfriendly machines to make their bodies tingle. Sex is forbidden, though the place simmers with erotic stimulation. "An erection is a flagpole on your grave" or "The tongue is the billboard of your bowels," bellows Anthony Hopkins, hilarious as Kellogg, sporting chipmunk teeth and a steamroller personality. Bridget Fonda and Matthew Broderick are on target as Mr. and Mrs. Lightbody, a young couple pledged to purification but finding prurience more fun. Lara Flynn Boyle, Dana Carvey, John Cusack and a host of other clowns zip through this comedy with more fart jokes and sexual innuendos than any movie in recent memory. Parker's intent is to spoof Americans' mad passion for self-improvement. Offscreen, Hopkins has impishly referred to *Wellville* as *Howards End*. After you see it, you'll understand why. ¥¥¥½

Eisenstadt and Macy in the sex wars.

Couples coming unglued, literary lions unleashed and teenagers going berserk.

•

Imaginative and chillingly surreal, writer-director Peter Jackson's ***Heavenly Creatures*** (Miramax) re-creates the true tale of the Parker–Hulme murder case, which mesmerized New Zealanders back in the early Fifties. Jackson lightens fact with fancy in spelling out the relationship between two giddy teenage girls, Pauline Parker and Juliet Hulme (portrayed by Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet). Rapturous about Mario Lanza, James Mason and the wild medieval fiction that the teens conjure up together, the inseparable twosome exists in a dreamworld so far out that nothing seems impossible. When they ultimately decide to murder Pauline's hapless mother (Sarah Peirse) by bludgeoning her to death, they don't see that there might be consequences. In fact, both murderous minors served prison terms for their dark deed. It is a curious postscript to Jackson's bizarre, audacious movie that one of the culprits, Juliet—clearly the more bookish—has resurfaced in Scotland some 40 years later as a successful novelist named Anne Perry, who writes murder mysteries. Can the time-diluted truth of *Heavenly Creatures* be any stranger than that? ¥¥¥½

•

First a novel by Balzac, now a provocative French movie, ***Colonel Chabert*** (October Films) co-stars Gerard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant. Depardieu, always fascinating to watch, is cast here in the title role as an early 19th century military hero presumed dead until he returns after a decade to reclaim his name, his fortune and his wife (Ardant). Because she has since married another man with high political aspirations, the situation is tricky. Fabrice Luchini portrays Derville, the cunning lawyer who represents both sides in trying to sort out the mess. *Chabert* winds up as a man-woman debate that this fine French threesome turns into a lively think piece about honor, lost identity, lost love and unabashed greed. ¥¥½

•

Humorist and critic Dorothy Parker, who is known these days as much for her verbal wit as for her writing, would have had a caustic comment or two about ***Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle*** (Fine Line). Co-author and director Alan Rudolph (with Randy Sue Coburn as his collaborator) takes a dark view of Parker's sad life as a charter member of the Algonquin Round Table, a collection of celebrated playwrights, editors, columnists, actors and critics who gathered daily back in the Twenties. Among other things, *The New Yorker* magazine was founded in their midst. But eating, drinking and trading quips and sex partners were their customs, and Rudolph's *Mrs. Parker* emphasizes acidic barbs over achievement. The epigrams fly in a name-dropping bevy of impersonations—everyone from Matthew Broderick as playwright Charles MacArthur to Tom McGowan as Alexander Woolcott to Lili Taylor as Edna Ferber. Best of the lot, though, are Jennifer Jason Leigh, sounding somewhat sleepy and exquisitely bored in her title role as Parker, and Campbell Scott, who is amazingly on the button as scene-stealing humorist Robert Benchley—Dorothy's boozy, platonic best friend. Aside from vintage gossip about her abortion and affairs with married men, *Mrs. Parker* seems a bit facile for anyone familiar with the period, somewhat irrelevant for everyone else. A more telling view of that tumultuous time and place is *The Ten-Year Lunch: The Wit and Legend of the Algonquin Round Table*, 1987's Oscar-winning documentary. ¥¥½

•

Two beautiful people who are engaged to two other beautiful people have a brief fling in transit, then promise to meet later at the top of the Empire State Building to see if their love has lasted. Alas, she suffers a crippling accident en route to their rendezvous. So goes ***Love***

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Bellows: Jump-started by a Pitt stop.

OFF CAMERA

Gil Bellows, 27, a New Yorker by choice, sat musing about success over a drink and a cigarette at a Greenwich Village den called Cowgirl Hall of Fame Barbeque. First, he's glad that Brad Pitt is such a hot commodity. "Pitt was supposed to have the part I played in *The Shawshank Redemption*. But he had a scheduling conflict, so I flew to Los Angeles for a screen test. Thank God, that's how lots of new people emerge—when someone else has a full plate." Bellows' plate has been filling fast since the industry buzz began about his *Shawshank* role as a doomed young inmate behind bars with Tim Robbins and Morgan Freeman. He had barely a week's breathing space before shooting *Love and a .45* (see last month's review of Bellows as a charismatic outlaw), after which he won the romantic lead opposite Sarah Jessica Parker in the forthcoming *Miami Rhapsody*, an all-star, highbrow comedy.

Not bad for a Canadian newcomer who studied drama in Los Angeles but didn't stay. "Living there is scary, unless you're working. Otherwise you're just waiting for the phone to ring." Now a principal in his own Manhattan theater group called Seraphim, Bellows feels Peter Sellers and Montgomery Clift had the right stuff, though his primary role model is Harrison Ford, "a classic movie star yet still a very private person." He defends the ultraviolent *Love and a .45* ("I don't actually kill anybody") but thinks screen mayhem is far worse than screen sex. "So far I haven't done a movie nude scene, though I was naked in my first off-Broadway play—opposite a homosexual drug dealer who said he'd give me some heroin if I would take off all my clothes and put on a studded leather jockstrap. It was pretty weird. Anyway, an actor's life is precarious."

Affair (Warner), remade for the second time as a luxury-class star vehicle for Warren Beatty and Annette Bening (called *An Affair to Remember* in the 1957 recycling with Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr). Supported by quite a cast (Katharine Hepburn, Pierce Brosnan, Kate Capshaw), with an updated screenplay by Beatty and Robert Towne, this dreamily photographed version is too beautiful for words—also too beautiful to ring true. The meet-me-at-the-Empire-State business was stolen by last year's *Sleepless in Seattle*, and that bit of nostalgia was enough. This lush remake looks all out of sync with our time. ¥¥

•

The third and last movie in director Krzysztof Kieslowski's intriguing trilogy is ***Red*** (Miramax). Better than his earlier *Blue* and *White* (the three are named for the French flag's colors signifying liberty, equality and fraternity), *Red* sees fraternity as the intertwined, accidental relationships between its main characters. A beautiful Swiss model named Valentine (Irene Jacob) lives in Geneva, almost across the street from Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), a law school graduate she frequently passes but does not meet. Valentine's closest encounters are with a 65-year-old retired judge (Jean-Louis Trintgnant). When her car runs over his dog, he seems indifferent and subsequently confesses that he eavesdrops electronically on his neighbors. His callousness horrifies her at first, but the model and the judge are inexplicably drawn to each other as time passes. Though Kieslowski was born in Poland, his work feels very French—understated, full of color-coded nuances and with more emotional implications than actual plot. A shipwreck finally brings Valentine together with Auguste and some characters seen previously in *Blue* and *White*. It would be a stretch to claim the director means to say anything except that chance meetings, unexpected events and unlikely liaisons are only a few of life's surprises. Nothing new there, yet Kieslowski makes commonplace truths glow like diamonds in the dust. ¥¥¥

•

The possibility of life on other planets gets ***Stargate*** (MGM) off to a smashing start. Science-fiction addicts should relish the special effects, and James Spader keeps things interesting as a bookish Egyptologist who knows a thing or two about the secrets yielded by ancient artifacts. Kurt Russell plays the military stalwart in charge of the expedition into outer space, with Jaye (*Crying Game*) Davidson as the alien planet's androgynous ruler. Too bad that *Stargate* dwindles from cosmic great expectations to a standard mélange of escape melodrama and interstellar romance. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Browning Version (Listed only) Remade English classic with Finney as a severe schoolmaster and Greta Scacchi as his unfaithful wife. ¥¥½
Bullets Over Broadway (Reviewed 11/94) Mobsters and molls make out in Woody Allen's droll showbiz tale. ¥¥¥
Clerks (12/94) Two convenience store guys on a low-down comic high. ¥¥½
Colonel Chabert (See review) Played by Depardieu with his usual finesse. ¥¥½
Ed Wood (Listed only) Tim Burton's loving look at schlock Hollywood stars Johnny Depp, with Martin Landau as a fabulous Bela Lugosi. ¥¥¥¥
Exit to Eden (12/94) An erotic Anne Rice novel recycled for laughs. ¥¥
Federal Hill (12/94) Toughing it out in a mean Rhode Island hood. ¥¥¥
Floundering (12/94) All strung out after the South Central riots. ¥¥¥
Heavenly Creatures (See review) Two teenage killers having fun. ¥¥¥½
Hoop Dreams (12/94) Basketball hopefuls called to the rat race. ¥¥¥¥
I Like It Like That (11/94) Marital discord in the Bronx. ¥¥¥
L'Enfer (12/94) Emmanuelle Béart versus an insanely jealous husband. ¥¥¥½
Love Affair (See review) Romantic fluff for Warren and Annette. ¥¥
Love and a .45 (12/94) On the road with Bellows (see *Off Camera*). ¥¥
A Man of No Importance (Listed only) Finney plays a gay Wilde man. ¥¥
Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle (See review) Doing lunch. ¥¥½
Oleanna (See review) Mamet's timely take on sexual harassment. ¥¥¥
Only You (11/94) Scenic wooing in Italy with Tomei and Downey. ¥¥½
The Professional (12/94) Hit man takes on a charming apprentice. ¥¥¥
Pulp Fiction (9/94) Travolta is tops in Tarantino's cheeky crime classic. ¥¥¥¥
Quiz Show (10/94) TV corruption and its prime-time players return. ¥¥¥¥
Red (See review) The most colorful piece of a deft French trilogy. ¥¥¥
The River Wild (11/94) Running the rapids, Streep is up to speed. ¥¥¥½
The Road to Wellville (See review) Bottoms up at a health spa. ¥¥¥½
The Shawshank Redemption (11/94) Men in jail and how they grow. ¥¥¥½
The Specialist (Listed only) Slow star trip has Sly and Sharon all undressed with no place to go. ¥
Stargate (See review) Fine effects wasted on an earthbound plot. ¥¥
To Live (11/94) A family endures years of political chaos in China. ¥¥¥

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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Siskel and Ebert be damned. Anything that's two thumbs down for them is two thumbs up for **Jay Leno**, who mixes cars and camp in his video viewing. "I enjoy all bad car and biker movies," he says. "*Grand Prix* is probably the best car-racing movie ever made. You just have to skip the story line and go straight to the cars. Or *Billy Jack* and *Born Losers*. They look like they didn't even have the money to rent real Harleys—there are just these little Japanese Hondas." How does Jay spot a good bad flick? Easy. He just checks out the packaging. "The video box should have a picture of the star in a stupid action pose. Then in the four corners there should be a car blowing up, a machine gun, somebody dancing and another car going over a cliff." As for turkeys in other genres, Leno picks *Plan 9 From Outer Space* and what he calls "the greatest bad video of all time": *The Oscar*. "Some people think *Valley of the Dolls* is the worst, but that's just boring. With this one, you just yell and scream through the whole thing. It's so stupid."

—SUSAN KARLIN

VIDBITS

The latest tube-to-tape transfers are a cross-genre bunch. Now rerunning: ***Little House on the Prairie 20th Anniversary Collection*** (Time-Life), the original ***Little Rascals*** (12 volumes, Cabin Fever), ***Columbo*** and ***The Rockford Files*** (MCA/Universal), ***The Best of Ernie Kovacs*** (five tapes, White Star) and ***Luke and Laura Volume Two: The Greatest Love of All*** and Susan Lucci's ***All About Erica*** (ABC). . . . With ***Maria Serrao: Everyone Can Exercise*** (Brentwood Home Video), you get a full-throttle workout—warm-up, abs, lower back, weights, full-body and cool-down—all courtesy of the shapely and buff beauty Serrao. The catch? She's been confined to a wheelchair since the age of five. Inspiring. . . . Who said theater is dead? Timed with the movie-house rerelease of ***My Fair Lady*** (1964), CBS Video offers a deluxe set of collectibles that includes a letterbox edition of the film, a making-of featurette, souvenir 70mm film frames and sketches by *Lady*'s Oscar-winning costume designer, Cecil Beaton. Meanwhile, Fox Video is celebrating 50 years of Broadway's most famous music men with ***The Rodgers & Hammerstein Golden Anniversary Collection,*** a definitive home library that includes *South Pacific*, *State Fair*, *The Sound of Music*, *The King and I*, *Carousel* and *Oklahoma!* Special bonus: Each movie comes shrink-wrapped with its digitally remastered soundtrack on cassette.

JERRY'S VIDS

He's a goofball, a numskull, a schlemiel—and a cult hero in France. For the first time, Jerry Lewis has permitted his big-screen oeuvre to hit the sell-through collector's market. Now available from Video Treasures ($14.98 each):

Cinderfella (1960): Gender-bending frolic, with Lewis as the put-upon Bel Air stepson and lovable Ed Wynn as his fairy godfather. Count Basie's band ensures a swinging ball.

The Errand Boy (1961): Dumb-as-they-come movie studio gofer bungles his way to the big time, with veteran second bananas in tow. Oy vey for Hollywood.

The Bellboy (1960): The idiot's on the loose in Miami Beach's plush Fontainebleau resort. Safer trusting your luggage to Norman Bates. Lewis' hysterical directorial debut.

The Patsy (1964): Nitwit unwittingly outwits scheming movie moguls at their own sleazy game. Look for Peter Lorre in his final role.

—DAVID STINE

LASER FARE

Twice, apparently, was not enough. New from MGM/UA is ***That's Entertainment! III,*** the latest installment of the studio's cinema scrapbook. The three-disc, CAV gift set ($125) includes eight minutes of footage cut from *TE III*'s theatrical release (hoofing, not humping—these are the good old days, remember), interviews, still photos, posters and the original soundtrack on CD. That's exhaustive. . . . Is Voyager's Criterion Collection release of ***Silence of the Lambs*** worth the wait? You bet. Included in the delectably eerie package: commentary on the audio track by director Jonathan Demme, stars Jodie Foster and Anthony Hopkins and real-life FBI agent John Douglas; six deleted scenes; and an assortment of storyboards and stills. It's topped off by FBI dossiers on actual homicides. Sleep well.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO OF THE MONTH

No history of music would be complete without a nod to the coolest cornetist of the Jazz Age. ***Bix: Ain't None of Them Play Like Him Yet*** (Playboy Jazz) tracks the career of Leon "Bix" Beiderbecke, whose impressionistic genius, singular style and penchant for bootleg gin made him an emblem of the Roaring Twenties. The two-hour bio includes rare clips of Bix, Louis Armstrong, Hoagy Carmichael and Artie Shaw. Call 800-423-9494.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
BIG SCREEN	***Little Buddha*** (Bertolucci's tale of Seattle kid turned grand lama; Keanu Reeves saves it from mundane monk business), ***The Flintstones*** (the yabba-dabba-doohickies and clever caveman puns could gag a *T. rex*; still, a rockbuster).
DRAMA	***Wolf*** (one bite and nice-guy Nicholson is a yuppie-crunching corporate canine—and Michelle Pfeiffer's in heat), ***The Shadow*** (stealthy Alec Baldwin knows what evil lurks in thugs' hearts; much better on small screen).
HEART-WARMER	***Crooklyn*** (Spike Lee's deft urban family portrait; a beaut, thanks to Alfre Woodard and Seventies kitsch galore), ***40 Pounds of Trouble*** (casino honcho Tony Curtis gets saddled with abandoned tyke—then they do Disneyland; 1962 gold).
WESTERN	***Wyatt Earp*** (Costner is flat, while D. Quaid makes you wonder why it's not called *Holliday*; with FF it's OK), ***The Cowboy Way*** (crime-busting rodeo boys Woody and Kiefer whoop it up in Manhottan; call it *Crocodile Dundee* with spurs).
COMEDY	***City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold*** (Crystal & Co. saddle up again, this time for a treasure hunt; no gold, but a few good laughs), ***Martin Lawrence: You So Crazy*** (trashmauth basks in political incorrectian—unroted but not unfunny).

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MUSIC

VIC GARBARINI

IN HIS final interviews, Nirvana's Kurt Cobain marveled at R.E.M.'s ability to play music that is delicate and ethereal, yet still hits the listener with emotional force. In fact, Nirvana had asked R.E.M. to tour with them this year. Cobain would surely have approved of ***Monster*** (Warner Bros.). Guitars soar, crunch and slam, while singer Michael Stipe's elliptical but heartfelt lyrics draw you in. Guitarist Peter Buck still uses the folk- and blues-based chords that fueled hits such as *Losing My Religion* and *The One I Love*, but now he bashes them around, providing a bright, upbeat counterpoint to Stipe's wonderfully weird lyrics. From the echo and roar of *Bang and Blame* to *Crush With Eyeliner*, R.E.M. proves it's a great rock-and-roll band. In the world of alternative rock, where bands are lucky to stay together for 15 months, these four men from Athens, Georgia have continued to grow for almost 15 years.

FAST CUTS: The stark beauty of California's high desert has inspired a zillion bad MTV videos. But its denizens make some fascinating music. Giant Sand's ***Glum*** (Imago) has the haunting sense of drift you'd expect from Neil Young and Lou Reed if they were left out too long in the scorching sun. On ***Sky Valley*** (Elektra), Kyuss revel in their mesmerizing trance metal. Hypnotic riffs and drones leave you drowsy but dancing.

•

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Just as Einstein set the style for subsequent generations of scientists, Allen Ginsberg has lived to see his influence rub off on just about everything bohemian. If you've ever gone to a poetry reading and fallen into a trance from the rhythmic rise and fall of the poet's cadence, you were hearing an echo of Ginsberg. And it is this trance-inducing quality that forces me to warn against driving or operating heavy machinery while listening to ***Holy Soul Jelly Roll—Songs and Poems 1949–1993*** (Rhino), a four-CD anthology that amounts to Ginsberg's oral autobiography. Normally, spoken word is great for the car, because it engages the verbal part of the brain and keeps you alert. Ginsberg gets you communing with the seraphim, and after 44 years of practice, he's so good at it that you'll run into a bridge abutment. So listen to *Holy Soul* only in your living room, preferably strapped to the couch, and only when you have time to have all your gray matter rearranged. Visceral and celestial and political, Ginsberg has worked hard to uncensor himself. Thus you find out more about his mother's bowel problems than you may have wanted to know, but somehow it all lends moral authority to his demand that America's technicians "get drunk and abolish money."

BRIAN FUJIMORI

R.E.M.'s new *Monster* album.

R.E.M. rocks, Allen Ginsberg howls and Fred Astaire croons.

FAST CUTS: Cub Koda, ***Abba Dabba Dabba: A Bananza of Hits*** (Schoolkids' Records): Brownsville Station veteran Koda brings humor to rock and roll like no one since the Coasters—clever, catchy and with none of the bullshit novelty of Weird Al Yankovic.

Corrosion of Conformity, ***Deliverance*** (Columbia): These North Carolina metalists with a political conscience deserve a breakthrough with intelligent headbangers. The neo–Black Sabbath guitar riffs should impress even nonintelligent headbangers.

•

NELSON GEORGE

The past year has seen a resurgence of young R&B acts. Vocal groups proliferate like rabbits. The quality varies wildly from record to record, though there are a few gems buried amid the pile. ***Changing Faces,*** a female duo composed of Charisse Rose and Cassandra Lucas, have put together a surprisingly solid first effort with their self-titled debut (Big Beat/Atlantic). *Stroke You Up*, one of last summer's hits, was produced by black pop's hottest talent, R. Kelly. But that's not the end of Kelly's important contributions. Another Changing Faces song, *All Is Not Gone,* was also penned and produced by the Chicago-based singer-songwriter. It is a classy adult-contemporary composition in the Whitney Houston mode.

On the album's other 11 cuts, Changing Faces prove they're not just tools of male producers. They contribute lyrics and melodies to each of these songs, including collaborations with highly regarded producer-writers such as Dave "Jam" Hall (*Am I Wasting My Time*), Heavy D. (*Baby Your Love*) and Nevelle Hodge (*Come Closer*). The singers have breathy, sexy mid-range voices that work well on their groove-oriented material.

FAST CUTS: During the golden era of Motown, no group represented the best of rhythm and blues better than the Temptations. No one can think of the Sixties or the early Seventies without referring to *My Girl* or *Papa Was a Rolling Stone* or any of the other essential songs recorded by this magnificent quintet. So for any fan of that era's music, ***Emperors of Soul*** (Motown), a multidisc box set that contains tracks spanning their history right up to their return to Motown, is a joy to hear.

•

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Everybody has heard of Louis Armstrong and Fred Astaire. The trumpeter who transformed American music and the dancer who defined movie elegance are two of the most renowned entertainers of all time. Neither is remembered primarily as a singer. But it's a mark of just how good each man was that both were among the century's finest. The proof can be found on two Columbia/Legacy collections: Armstrong's ***16 Most Requested Songs*** and Astaire's ***Top Hat: Hits From Hollywood.***

Satchmo's gravelly drawl is as much a signature as his grin and his bell-toned horn. But where casual listeners sometimes mistake his vocals for comic relief, his admirers often overinterpret them as Tin Pan Alley deconstruction. This cheerfully crass Satchmo reissue from the mid-Fifties—when his artistic force was supposedly sapped by the duties of his jazz ambassadorship—showcases his pervasive affection for his material as well as the melodic and rhythmic genius of his interpretations. Of course *Rockin' Chair* and *That's My Desire* are funny. *St. Louis Blues* and *Mack the Knife* are magnificent, with plenty of trumpet on the side.

Astaire's singing makes clear that the supernal grace of his dancing took as much intelligence and discretion as strength and agility. Although Astaire's high baritone was impossibly slight, the pleasure of listening to his voice lies in

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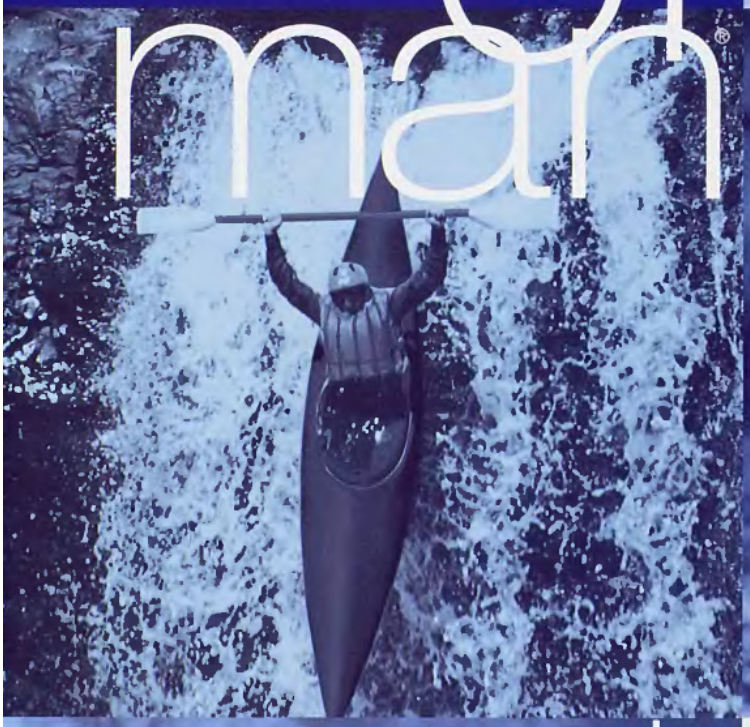

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the many true notes and meanings he discovered. The weaker songs here prove that even Berlin, Gershwin and Kern wrote filler, but also that Astaire could make a silk topper out of just about anything. The stronger songs establish both composers and singer as vernacular poets of the first order.

FAST CUTS: On Cachao's ***Master Sessions Volume I*** (Crescent Moon/Epic), the seminal, criminally underrecorded bassist, now 76, demonstrates how he brought Cuba's stately *danzón* into an Afro-Cuban confection that survives to this day.

•

DAVE MARSH

The American attempt to blend black and Irish influences represents a source of amazing, if rarely realized, power. By concocting a musical stew that incorporates Irish folk balladry alongside hip-hop and hard rock, Black 47's Larry Kirwan comes surprisingly close to a resolution. That's true largely because he so strongly identifies the oppression of Irish people with that of African-Americans. When the band's second album, ***Home of the Brave*** (SBK/EMI), attempts to repeat the formula of its first, the song about Irish revolutionary James Connolly becomes one about Paul Robeson, the revolutionary black balladeer. It doesn't work. In Kirwan's songs, Connolly comes alive; Robeson doesn't.

For the most part, the musical shift Black 47 made by incorporating live drums and adding Jerry (Talking Heads) Harrison as producer fails as well. The sound becomes more brittle, less warm. But the album comes back to life with its final six songs (of 16). Kirwan re-creates *Danny Boy* as a song that can break your heart in the great Celtic ballad style. Kirwan sustains the passion over the songs that follow, even pulling off the electro-reggae *Voodoo City*. My favorite of the rest is *Time to Go*, his excoriation of the U.K. press for attaching lies about Black 47's politics to its centuries of lying about Irishmen. It's aptly set to a modified hip-hop shuffle, making it a sort of Irish-American answer to *Don't Believe the Hype*. It marks a perfect place to pick up for the next album.

FAST CUTS: Bobby Byrd, ***On the Move*** (Instinct): The greatest James Brown album of the Nineties, as done by the Godfather's key sidekick from his heyday. *I Got It (It's Been a Long Time Coming)*, indeed.

Tom Petty, ***Wildflowers*** (Warner Bros.): Entering the fourth decade of his career, Bob Dylan has become an Appalachian balladmonger. Approaching the end of his second decade of recording, Petty bids to take Dylan's old territory. I wish Petty would step up the musical pace.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Louis Armstrong *16 Most Requested Songs*	10	10	8	8	8
Black 47 *Home of the Brave*	5	7	7	7	6
Changing Faces	7	7	7	8	7
Allen Ginsberg *Holy Soul Jelly Roll—Songs and Poems 1949–1993*	8	10	8	5	9
R.E.M. *Monster*	8	9	7	9	8

CROSS-DRESSING DEPARTMENT: As a result of a couple of recent high-profile movies, drag queens are in such demand these days that **Cyndi Lauper** had difficulty getting enough of them to cast in her video remake of *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*. The new version of the song is included on the anthology *12 Deadly Cyns and Then Some*, to be released early this year. Lauper debuted her video idea at the Gay Games last summer and everybody had so much fun that it seemed to be a natural. Can a Village People reunion be far behind?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Richie Havens** is planning a documentary film and a live CD from the alternative Woodstock fest Bethel '94. Some of the participants include **Soul Asylum, Arlo Guthrie, Canned Heat, Joe Walsh** and the **Rascals**. . . . Former *Head of the Class* star **Brian Robbins** is making a hip-hop documentary with a soundtrack album that will include performance, backstage and home footage of **Warren G., Naughty by Nature, Run-D.M.C.** and **Wu-Tang Clan**. . . . **John Doe** of **X** is shooting *Georgia*, starring **Jennifer Jason Leigh** and **Mare Winningham**. . . . Look for all 58 episodes of the **Monkees'** TV show on video this year.

NEWSBREAKS: **Shaquille O'Neal's** recent album was released to coincide with the beginning of the NBA season. Is it show or is it business? . . . Our pick of Homespun Tapes is **Donald Fagen's** video *Playing, Writing and Arranging: Concepts for Jazz/Rock Piano*. If it's good enough for Steely Dan, then it's good enough for you. Call 1-800-33-TAPES to reserve your copy. . . . **Bob Dylan's** CD-ROM has everything from early reminiscences by Dylan about the Minneapolis coffeehouse circuit to unreleased Columbia recordings. . . . Look for new albums by **SWV, Blind Melon,** Soul Asylum, **Annie Lennox** and **Donovan,** whose album will coincide with the 30th anniversary of his first hit, *Catch the Wind*. . . . In other album news, **Madonna's** latest has a real R&B feel with top soul producers **Babyface, Dallas Austin, Dave Hall** and **Nellee Hooper** involved. . . . It's definite: **Nirvana** will hold off on the double CD for now. Said **Chris Novoselic:** "I entered the project with an air of optimism that the music would be the ultimate tribute to **Kurt.** In the studio, things changed and the emotional aspect of it all threw us for a loop." . . . Did you see the **Stones** in concert? There's still time to catch them and the opening act, the **Red Hot Chili Peppers,** on the West Coast. The Peppers' latest CD is due out any day. But none of the current high-profile attention impressed the people on *Sesame Street*. **Bert, Ernie** and the gang nixed a Chili Peppers appearance as inappropriate. . . . Plans are being firmed up for the tenth-anniversary party for Live Aid next summer. Eighteen venues in 17 countries will come together by satellite for world aid relief. . . . The Grammy awards ceremony is slated for March 1 in Los Angeles. . . . Look for **Little Richard** and **Luther Vandross** on the TV special *A Gala for the President at Ford's Theater*. . . . Finally, singer **Juicy V,** whose single *I Am Not a Toy* is moving up some reggae singles charts, has put out a dancehall version of another song, *O.J. Fever*, which attacks the media bashing of **Simpson.** It's getting airplay. A copy was sent to O.J., who is already dancing as fast as he can. —BARBARA NELLIS

WIRED

ALL IN A MALL

Combing through the classifieds may become a thing of the past, thanks to computerized kiosks called Consumer Information System Networks. These multimedia units can help you hunt for an apartment, a car or even a job. They can also assist you in making travel plans or provide you with details of bus and subway routes. Currently installed in Philadelphia-area shopping malls and college campuses, Cisnets offer information on products and services through text, audio, video and color photographs. To use one, you simply respond to the computer's questions on a touch screen. If you're looking for an apartment in Philly, for example, Cisnet will ask if you want a studio, a one-bedroom, a two-bedroom, etc. It also will ask which part of the city you want to live in and the amount of rent you're willing to pay. After narrowing the field, Cisnet will list your options, including specifications on buildings, photos of the units and details on whom to call to tour the properties. It will then print the information you select. Since revenues are generated entirely through advertising, using the system costs you nothing. The next areas targeted for Cisnet are Baltimore, New York City, Chicago and Los Angeles.

DAN CLYNE

DIGITAL JEEVES

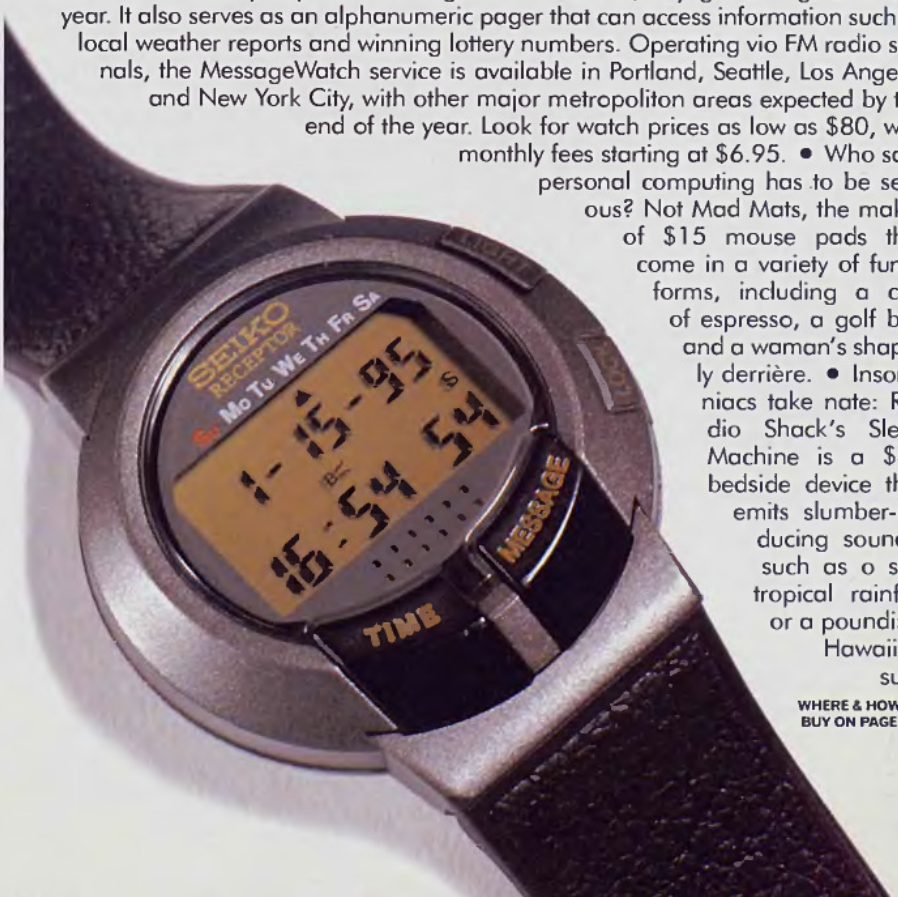
Electronics manufacturers are making it easy for us to keep at least one resolution this year—getting organized. There are more than a dozen digital planners on the market; here are some of the most interesting. Newton MessagePad 110 ($599): With its own address book and scheduler, Apple's personal digital assistant also features slots for add-on software, including StarCore's Expense Plus ($140) for recording travel- and business-related expenditures and Fingertip Fitness ($129) for tracking your workouts. Smith Corona Handifax 1000 ($400): This small PDA is the first to offer wireless fax-send capabilities. Sharp OZ-9520FX Wizard ($750): The latest Wizard features a pen-based touch screen and an optional 2400/9600-baud fax and modem ($180). Day Runner Pro Business System ($70 to $120): This top-of-the-line Day Runner combines a notebook-type scheduler with an optional electronic Time Runner ($140) for storing up to 1000 addresses and appointments.

SKY TREK

Being able to play video games on screens installed in airplane seat backs was big news a year ago, but in-flight interactivity will reach new heights this month when *Personal Travel Guide* debuts early this year on Continental, USAir, America West and Carnival planes. Based on a $350 PC program of the same name, *Personal Travel Guide* provides passengers with information on places to go and things to do when they arrive at their destinations. Operating it is simple: You turn on the video screen (mounted in the headrest of the seat in front of you) and use the telephone handset in your armrest to navigate through a series of menus. Say you're traveling to San Francisco on business and your client likes Thai food. *Personal Travel Guide* will help you find a good restaurant near your hotel and will also provide directions—based on whether you'll be walking, driving or taking public transit. Other info you can glean: the location of automated teller machines, the best routes to the airport from your hotel and entertainment spots. Eventually, the service will include printouts of maps and directions. Until then, take notes.

WILD THINGS

With Seiko's new Message Watch (pictured here), you can't blame tardiness on a slow timepiece: This one is synchronized to the U.S. Bureau of Standards' atomic clock, and it automatically adjusts for changes in time zones, daylight savings and leap year. It also serves as an alphanumeric pager that can access information such as local weather reports and winning lottery numbers. Operating vio FM radio signals, the MessageWatch service is available in Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles and New York City, with other major metropoliton areas expected by the end of the year. Look for watch prices as low as $80, with monthly fees starting at $6.95. • Who says personal computing has to be serious? Not Mad Mats, the maker of $15 mouse pads that come in a variety of funky forms, including a cup of espresso, a golf ball and a waman's shapely derrière. • Insomniacs take note: Radio Shack's Sleep Machine is a $40 bedside device that emits slumber-inducing sounds, such as o soft tropical rainfall or a pounding Hawaiian surf.



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 199.

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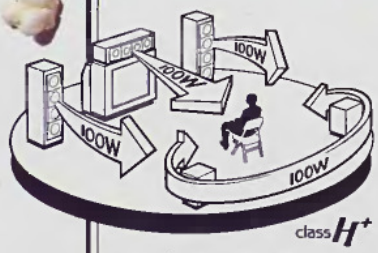
How To Bring Home The Right Home Theater Receiver.



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STYLE

TWO FOR THE SHOW

Want to get maximum mileage from a jacket? Then test-drive one of the new convertibles. As with the car, convertible sports jackets take on a different look and attitude if you leave the top down. And the top, in the case of this four- to six-button single-breasted style, is the lapel. Turned down it's traditional. Buttoned-up it has a clean, Nehru look. Either way, the convertible jacket is a versatile fashion option that's especially smart for weekend getaways when you want more than one look without the extra baggage. Among our favorites is the wool-and-silk Fifties retro tweed model by Barry Bricken ($425) shown here with a banded-collar shirt. Wilke-Rodriguez' professorial four-button convertible in oat-colored rayon-and-wool herringbone ($245) looks great with khakis. Donna Karan's six-button jacket in black-and-natural silk crepe tweed ($750) has a streetsmart edge, whereas Vestimenta's textured model is earthy in mud-tone textured crepe ($895). To drive home the versatility of the convertible jacket, Hugo by Hugo Boss offers the Fritz, a softly constructed five-button look that comes in a variety of fabrics, including a blend of wool, linen and silk, a wool twill crepe and a heavy-gauge burlap linen. The average price: $500.

HOT SHOPPING: PAIA, MAUI

It may be known as the last place to fill up your gas tank before heading down the breathtaking 53-mile road to Hana, but the funky surf town of Paia, Maui also has some of the hippest shops on the island. Think Good Thoughts (29 Baldwin Avenue): A Sixties throwback offering everything from colorful natural fibers clothing to socially conscious bumper stickers. • Ice Cubes (25 Baldwin Avenue): The latest lineup of sunglasses by Oakley, Revo, Bollé and Smith. • Maui Girl & Co. (12 Baldwin Avenue): The store where well-dressed surfers of both sexes shop for swimsuits and casual threads, including a cool collection of authentic Fifties aloha shirts. • Nuage Bleu (76 Hana Highway): Favored by visiting celebrities for an eclectic blend of furnishings and its men's and women's fashions.

CLOTHES LINE

Talk-show host **Montel Williams** credits his dapper appearance to his own clothing line, a signature collection from St. Remo that is sold in fine men's stores nationwide. "It all started because I hate wearing bow ties to formal functions," explains Williams. So he designed a couple of shirts with decorative collars and received such a positive response that he was able to bring his personal style to market. When dressing casually, the man who has made sleek heads chic prefers Armani jeans, Calvin Klein T-shirts and Havana Joe shoes. And he loves leather jackets—especially his Mickey Mouse one from Disney.

FANCY PANTS

Not to worry: Today's velvet jeans bear little resemblance to the bell-bottomed street-sweepers popular during the Sixties' Carnaby Street era. Designer Matthew Batanian, for example, offers slim-fitting cotton velvet five-pocket jeans in conservative colors such as black, brick and chocolate brown ($195). Styles by British designer Katharine Hamnett are available in navy, brown, rust and red ($145), while Arckitoure's brown silk panne velvet jeans ($245) are low-waisted and casual. Gaspar Saldanha's textured stretch-velvet five-pocket jeans, which feature a puckered pattern, come in either black or gray ($295). A.P.C. makes velvet chenille jeans with brown, tan and lavender wide-wale vertical stripes ($230). And the ultimate fill-in for your well-worn denims is designer John Bartlett's "antiqued denim" velvet jeans ($175), which look as if they have been washed down from indigo.

OLD MONEY

The next best thing to being made of money is wearing some—which you can do in the form of limited-edition accessories crafted from authentic vintage currency. Corum, a Swiss watch company, has a timepiece featuring a Gold Rush U.S. $20 piece ($7490). Elizabeth Locke uses Byzantine, Roman and Greek coins in her jewelry collection, which includes a unisex flip-top coin ring (about $2400). Bulgari's cuff links are made from ancient Greek and Roman coins and range in price from $3900 to $15,000. For looks that won't break the bank, the Antique Jewel Box has lapel pins and cuff links made from old Indian-head coins ($125 to $200). And Temple St. Clair Carr offers a Raphael-inspired gold-coin pendant on a rugged leather cord ($375).

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

BOOTS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Authentic and high-performance hikers; engineer and workman styles	Knee-high loggers; overstuffed oprès-ski looks; extremely needle-toed cowboy boots
COLORS	Two-tone; browns and greens; bright colors, high-visibility laces	Slick, shiny black; red and blue; anything lighter than tan
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Where & How to Buy on poge 199.

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1952FPY1

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

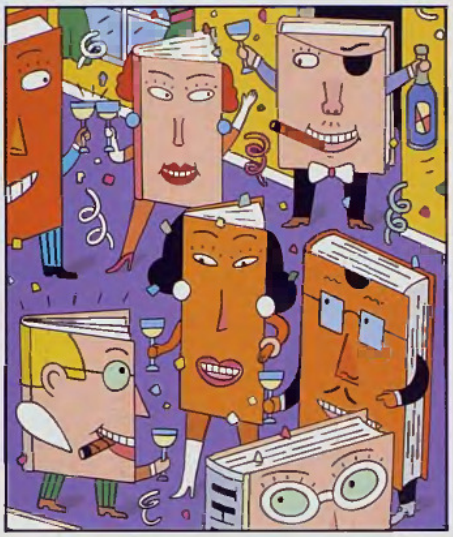
IF YOU'RE looking for a sensuous, intimate gift this holiday season, you will want to buy ***Boudoir Art: The Celebration of Life*** (Schiffer), by Clifford Catania. These coy images of women in lingerie, elegantly drawn by Louis Icart and others, are the ultimate in keyhole-peeking. If you're in the mood for something more exotic, there is a stylish new edition of that 2000-year-old bedroom classic, the ***Kama Sutra*** (Dorling Kindersley). This inspirational how-to is filled with instructional photographs and a new interpretation by Anne Hooper, the sex therapist who also wrote the best-selling *Ultimate Sex Book*.

A less graphic approach can be found in William Ewing's elegantly designed ***The Body*** (Chronicle), which features nearly 400 images of the human form taken by photographers as diverse as Imogen Cunningham and Leni Riefenstahl. A selective view of the body in all its sculpted glory is presented by Bill Dobbins in ***The Women: Photographs of the Top Female Bodybuilders*** (Artisan).

If your tastes run to the more conventional, the knockout book of this season is ***Spectacular America*** (Levin), edited by Dana Levy and Letitia O'Connor. A 16″x12″ horizontal format, extended by six foldouts that span nearly four feet, encompasses the expanses of the Maine coastline, Yellowstone, Hawaiian beaches, Niagara Falls, the Manhattan skyline and the Grand Canyon, as seen by nine landscape photographers. More natural wonders are captured by the photo-realist paintings of Carl Brenders in ***Wildlife*** (Abrams).

Life in the oceans is explored through color paintings in Betty Ballantine's ***The Secret Oceans*** (Bantam) and photographs in Norbert Wu's ***Splendors of the Seas*** (Levin & Associates). In Ballantine's modern version of *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, contemporary oceanographic data dangle the tantalizing possibility of interspecies communication with whales. Wu's pictures of blue sharks, red coral groupers and other marine life set a new standard for close-up underwater photography.

Saturday Night Live: The First Twenty Years (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Michael Cader, recaps the best *SNL* moments of Eddie Murphy, Gilda Radner, Chevy Chase, John Belushi, Jane Curtin, Dana Carvey, Mike Myers and the rest of the cast with behind-the-scenes stories. The package also includes CD-ROM disks or videocassettes with 50 hilarious clips. Another blast from the past (that is also a peek at the 21st century) is ***The Millennium Whole Earth Catalog*** (Harper San Francisco), edited by Howard Rheingold. This cultural encyclopedia is crammed with tools, travel adventures and plans for communities of the future.



STEVE FURR

This holiday season's bounty.

It's the right time
to give
and to receive.

Publishers have decided that 1995 will be the year of the Francophile. Photographer Matthew Weinreb concentrates on the architectural details in ***Paris: Portrait of a City*** (Phaidon), and he makes you see familiar buildings with a new appreciation. From the Deux Magots and the Café de Flore to dark, smoky, unnamed hideaways in back alleys, Marie-France Boyer explores that quintessentially Parisian institution: ***The French Café*** (Thames & Hudson).

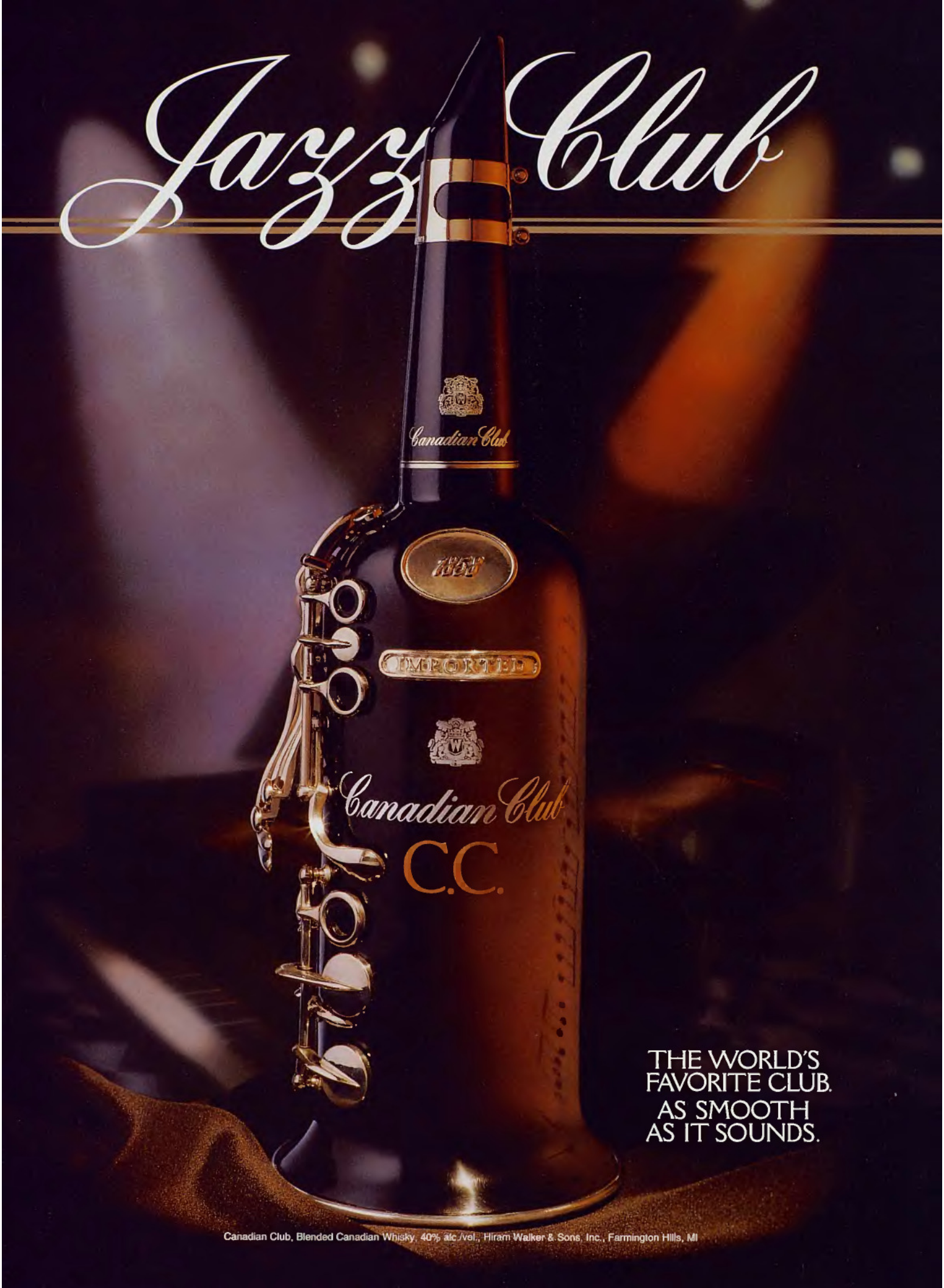
You'll need a good wine. The serious oenophile on your list will want the fourth edition of Hugh Johnson's ***World Atlas of Wine*** (Simon & Schuster), with analysis of the best grapes from Napa Valley to Chile. The drinking man will enjoy a copy of ***America's Best Beers*** (Little Brown), by Christopher Finch and W. Scott Griffiths, which checks out 350 microbreweries to find the tastiest suds.

With the Super Bowl kickoff not far away, no football fan could resist ***75 Seasons: The Complete Story of the National Football League 1920–1994*** (Turner). This year-by-year celebration of gridiron action includes 300 illustrations and commentary from a panel of sports writers. Is there life after football? Ask former pro Ernie Barnes, whose book ***From Pads to Palette*** (WRS Publishing) documents in words and illustrations his transition from offensive guard to fine artist. As a retirement memento, one of the great race-car drivers of all time gives us a memorable photographic autobiography: ***Andretti: Mario on Mario*** (Collins). His reminiscences about the cars, the dangers, the trophies and the thrills of a life on wheels are juxtaposed with 120 full-color photos of racing excitement. ***Golf Courses of the PGA Tour*** (Abrams), by George Peper, is the definitive guide to the championship greens and fairways, with a comprehensive statistical section and tips from the pros.

If you still miss the national pastime, ***Baseball: An Illustrated History*** (Knopf), by Geoffrey Ward and Ken Burns, is the companion volume to the extraordinary nine-part PBS series. The beautifully designed ***Shadows of Summer*** (Viking), by Donald Honig, features 200 historical images from 1869 to 1947. ***The Baseball Anthology: 125 Years*** (Abrams), edited by Joseph Wallace, is even more ambitious and follows the history of the grand old game from 1869 to the present in stories, poems, photographs, cartoons and other memorabilia.

Movie buffs will not be able to resist Jeanine Basinger's ***American Cinema: One Hundred Years of Filmmaking*** (Rizzoli), the lavishly illustrated companion volume to another PBS series. This salute to the centennial of an American art form includes 200 images from the world's leading film archives. ***Setting the Scene: The Great Hollywood Art Directors*** (Abrams), by Robert Sennett, takes us inside the studios to see how Alfred Hitchcock rebuilt Mount Rushmore for *North by Northwest* and how Anton Furst created the sets for *Batman*. ***MGM Posters*** (Turner), by Frank Miller, presents a sweep of memorable movie advertisements from *Ben Hur* to *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

Finally, there are a few exceptional gift books that defy categorization: ***Adobe: Building and Living With Earth*** (Houghton Mifflin), by Orlando Romero and David Larkin, is a remarkable pictorial explanation of this Southwestern architectural style. In ***African Warriors*** (Abrams), Thomasin Magor recounts the six years she spent living with and taking dramatic photographs of the seminomadic Samburu people of northern Kenya. The Library of America adds two volumes to its editions of classic American literature: ***John Steinbeck: Novels and Stories, 1932–1937*** and ***William Faulkner: Novels, 1942–1954.*** Need we remind you that ***The Playboy Book: Forty Years*** (General Publishing Group), by Gretchen Edgren with Murray Fisher and an introduction by Hugh Hefner, contains photos and illustrations from four decades of our magazine? Who could ask for anything more?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FITNESS

By JON KRAKAUER

In 1965 researchers at the University of Florida used the school's football team as guinea pigs to test a special beverage they had developed to combat dehydration and enhance athletic performance. The players liked the stuff, which was christened Gatorade after the university's mascot, and claimed it enabled them to play much harder in the last stages of tough games. After the Gators defeated Georgia Tech 27–12 in the 1967 Orange Bowl, the losing coach solemnly declared to a reporter from *Sports Illustrated*: "We didn't have Gatorade. That made the difference."

Thus touted in the national press, Gatorade came to be regarded as an elixir by everyone from professional athletes to weekend duffers. Sales of the garish green beverage soared, prompting imitators to flood the market with some 60 similar brands of sports drinks. Last year Americans spent a billion dollars on such products. But what exactly do these beverages do? Are sports drinks really any better for thirsty athletes than pop or fruit juice or plain old water?

That depends. During vigorous physical exercise, your muscles generate 10 to 20 times as much heat as they do at rest, and the body responds by attempting to dissipate that heat with perspiration. When exercising hard on a hot afternoon, you can easily sweat away two quarts of fluid per hour. And if you do not replenish that fluid, you're courting trouble. "Dehydration seriously impairs performance," explains Dr. James Kenney, a nutrition specialist at the Pritikin Longevity Center. "It can even be life-threatening."

Fortunately, to avoid short-term dehydration you need only to chug plenty of water. Indeed, Dr. Kenney points out that "if you're exercising for an hour or less, there is nothing in the scientific literature to suggest that drinking a sports drink will make you perform better than drinking plain water."

Whatever you drink, the important thing is to consume enough of it, bearing in mind that thirst alone is a poor indicator of fluid depletion. To ensure adequate hydration you should start drinking before you feel thirsty and keep forcing down liquid even after your thirst is quenched. A rule of thumb is to drink eight ounces of fluid for every 15 minutes of strenuous exercise.

VAL TELLER/HUNGRY DOG STUDIO

DO SPORTS DRINKS WORK?

Although sports drinks confer few benefits during brief workouts, they are helpful any time you hammer your body hard for more than an hour or two. Extended strenuous exertion depletes not only the body's fluids but also its reserve of carbohydrate, which is the main fuel your muscles run on. Because the primary ingredient (other than water) of sports drinks is carbohydrate, drinking Gatorade or an equivalent during a marathon or five sets of aggressive tennis can prevent you from hitting the wall—that sudden feeling of overpowering fatigue that strikes as the last carbohydrate is used up, forcing exhausted muscles to burn fat, a much-lower-octane fuel.

In addition to carbohydrate, most sports drinks contain a significant amount of sodium (50 to 110 milligrams per eight-ounce serving). "Moderate amounts of salt," Kenney explains, "probably speed up the absorption of both water and carbohydrate in the gut. And if you're doing an endurance event that causes you to sweat heavily for more than four hours, sodium is essential to prevent hyponatremia," a condition in which the body sweats away so much salt that sodium levels become dangerously low, resulting in nausea, cramping, convulsions and, in some cases, even death.

Why aren't fruit juices and soft drinks—which contain both carbohydrate and sodium—just as effective as sports drinks? Because they contain too little sodium (generally 2 to 10 milligrams per eight-ounce serving) and too much carbohydrate to be absorbed quickly. Orange juice is 11 to 15 percent carbohydrate, for example, and Coca-Cola is 11 percent. Research suggests that the optimum concentration is the six to eight percent found in such popular sports drinks as Gatorade, Powerade, All-Sport and 10-K. There is an easy way to make Coke or orange juice more effective, however: Simply dilute them with water until they're half-strength.

Another convenient way to replenish carbohydrate is to eat so-called energy bars, the latest fad in athletic nutrition. The first of these products, Power Bar, was formulated more than eight years ago by Brian Maxwell, a world-ranked runner who ran out of energy during a major marathon, lost the race and set out to remedy the situation for athletes who needed fuel on the run. Like Gatorade, Power Bar quickly found a big market and was soon joined by a host of competing brands with such names as Clif Bar, Forza and BTU Stoker.

Most of these bars contain fast-burning carbohydrate, very little fat and a healthful dose of essential vitamins and minerals. They're convenient to eat but tend to be expensive—nearly two bucks each. Most, furthermore, taste only slightly better than chocolate-covered dog biscuits—and a few brands taste worse.

Manufacturers of energy bars recommend drinking 8 to 16 ounces of water with each bar to aid digestion, which prompts Kenney to respond: "I don't really see the point to eating them. Whenever you're working hard you need a combination of fluid and calories, so why not just go with a sports drink?"

In any case, unless you sweat long and hard on a regular basis, it probably doesn't matter what you refuel with. "I would say that 98 percent of the people who consume energy bars and sports drinks derive no significant benefit from either," says Kenney. "Most of us simply don't exercise strenuously enough or long enough for these products to make a difference." Some folks, perhaps, just like the taste of dog biscuits.

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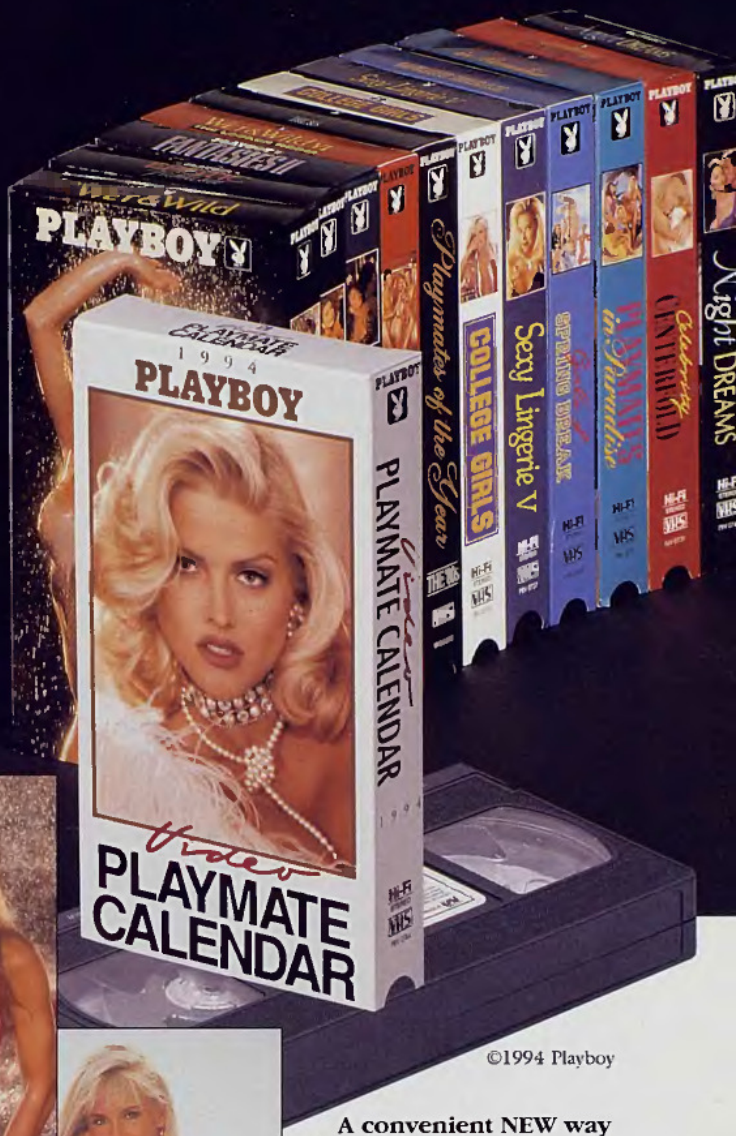

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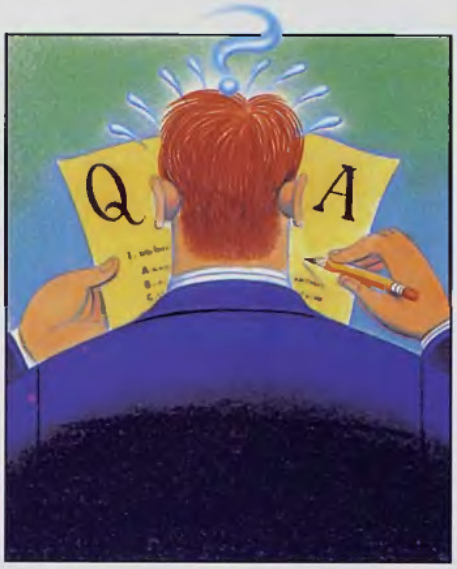
MEN

By ASA BABER



THE 1995 NEW YEAR'S QUIZ

The time has come for a New Year's quiz. If you pass, you get to keep your job. If you fail, you may not be able to make a living for yourself or your family. Sure, those are high stakes, but take the quiz anyway, sexual harassment breath. This is 1995, and things ain't what they used to be.

(1) It is difficult for you to determine how your particular brand of humor is being received at the office. Some of your female colleagues seem to appreciate it, while others do not. You should:

(a) Test each woman's limits daily, exploring with lecherous gusto and bold experimentation the outer edges of decency and good taste.

(b) Avoid the problem of interpersonal communication with women by keeping your suit coat buttoned and pulled over your head at all times.

(c) Announce loudly and frequently that the workplace is your own private locker room and those colleagues who take offense at your conduct can simply resign from the club.

(d) Become a professional man of the Nineties—which means that, no matter how limiting some of the new rules might seem, you clean up your act to protect your reputation.

(2) You are gazing at an attractive co-worker who sits in the cubicle directly across from yours. Suddenly, she looks up at you and smiles brightly. You should:

(a) Raise one eyebrow, stick out your tongue and lick the tip of your nose.

(b) Ask that your desk be moved to another location.

(c) Pull your suit coat over your head.

(d) Smile briefly at her and return to your work.

(3) A few minutes later, your associate across the aisle walks toward the coffee dispenser. You should:

(a) Call your immediate superior and ask what the rules are concerning coffee breaks.

(b) Follow really closely behind her while moaning so that only she can hear you.

(c) Wait until she returns to her desk, at which point you say loudly, "Hey there, sweet cheeks, why don't you trot your cute little butt back there and get me some java, too?"

(d) Focus on your own work and leave her alone.

(4) You and your counterpart attend a staff meeting every weekday morning at ten o'clock. You should:

(a) Sit next to her and stick your tongue in her ear several times as the meeting progresses.

(b) Make retching sounds if she takes a seat near you.

(c) While waiting for the meeting to start, tell that great joke you heard about the nun and the priest and the horse. Be sure to include multiple references to things such as race, religion, age, sexual preference and physical disability—and don't forget to use the F word a lot.

(d) Speak if spoken to, but otherwise shut up and prepare for the meeting.

(5) After the staff meeting, your boss invites all of you to lunch at a nearby sushi bar. You should:

(a) Decline the invitation, saying that while some people in power may not care about the efficient use of an employee's time, you certainly do.

(b) Accept the invitation, and when seated at the sushi bar, pull out your penis and ask the group if they want it with sake or green tea.

(c) Stay at work, call the sushi bar, page your boss and make retching sounds over the phone.

(d) Go to the luncheon, understanding that it is still a business situation, and behave professionally.

(6) The next day, your company has a golf outing for those men and women who play the game. Once on the course, you should:

(a) Immediately grab your crotch and say with a laugh to the women assembled, "OK, ladies, who wants to play with my balls?"

(b) Negotiate all 18 holes with your golf visor pulled over your eyes and a sock stuffed in your mouth.

(c) Pack two cases of beer into your golf cart and do nothing but yell and drink while the others play.

(d) Don't drink, don't assume that you are on vacation and accept the fact that the office has followed you onto the golf course.

(7) The attractive woman from the next cubicle has been on the golf outing, too. She has no car and asks you for a ride home. On the way there, she asks if you have time for dinner. You should:

(a) Raise one eyebrow, stick out your tongue and lick the tip of your nose.

(b) Make retching sounds into your car-sickness bag.

(c) Assume that she wants to seduce you and pull into a motel parking lot.

(d) Understand that the code of office ethics still applies and that she is a professional colleague who may simply want to talk business.

(8) After the two of you have had dinner, you drive her to her place, she invites you in and she says specifically that you turn her on, at which point she rips off her clothes and throws herself at you. You should:

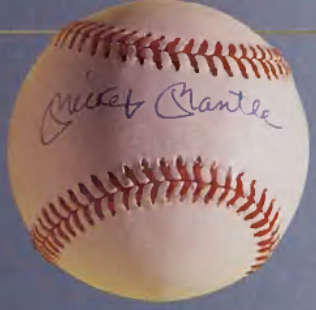
(a) Pull your golf visor over your eyes and stick a sock in your mouth.

(b) Kiss her madly and deeply, while fondling her luscious, bounteous, stiff-nippled breasts.

(c) No matter the hour, pick up the phone and call your immediate superior and report this violation of your ethical and spiritual boundaries.

(d) Unbutton your shirt, show her the tiny microphone and transmitter that you've been using to record her words, hand her the consent decree you want her to sign and then ask the private detective you hired to get off the balcony and pack up his surveillance equipment and go home.

Happy New Year, guys. (In case you haven't figured it out, [d] is the correct answer in all cases.) Let's stay professionally alive in 1995.



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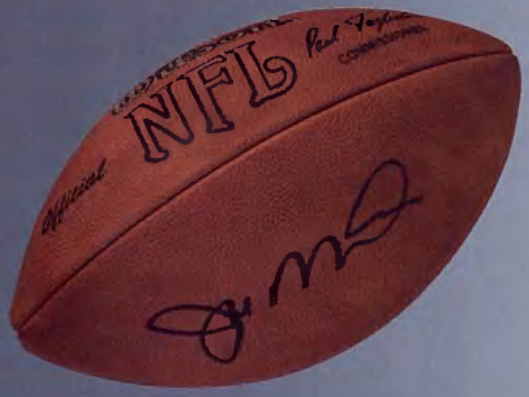

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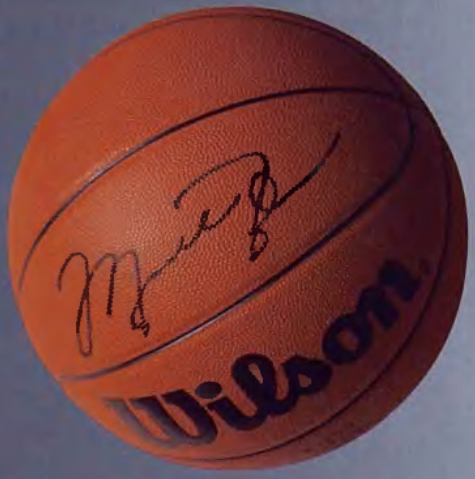

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I hate scientific studies. When they're not wrong, they're telling us something obvious. Somebody will spend ten trillion dollars and sacrifice one skillion cats to prove that women want chocolate when they're premenstrual.

Even more annoying are the interpreters of scientific studies. Take Robert Wright. Please. Wright, a science journalist, has written a book called *The Moral Animal*. He explains, in gushing tones, a new science called evolutionary psychology. So far, I'm thrilled. People, just like animals, have biological imperatives. People, like animals, are products of natural selection, giving them certain inalienable urges to make sure humans are the meanest, baddest, most reproducing species on earth. These urges include greed, lust, jealousy and the consuming need to tailgate.

And I had always wondered why the fact that we are so like monkeys and dogs never seemed to be addressed—that we pretend humans are entirely dissociated from animals, as if Darwin's theories exist for every species but us. As if God did really create us just before he had his Sunday brunch. I watched *Gorillas in the Mist* and thought, Gee, those gorillas would fit into any high school cafeteria. I watch one dog get insanely jealous over another and think, My last boyfriend, exactly.

Wright, however, has decided to explain sex. Let me remind you that this is just a guy. Not a genius like Albert Einstein, who never presumed. Wright read the works of everyone who ever wrote about evolution, extrapolated madly and came up with these explosive conclusions:

(1) Men fuck around.

(2) Women fuck around.

(3) Men like pretty women, meaning women with small noses and big eyes. Also, the younger the better.

(4) Women like rich men, and brawny men, and smart men.

OK, everybody, now pick yourselves up off the floor. Isn't it wonderful to know why women get nose jobs and wear eye shadow?

I'm not saying Wright is a bad person. I'm saying he's a boob. He urgently believes that if we understand the genetic basis for our sexual needs and desires, if we understand that men and women are biologically different and that happiness

ISTVAN BANYAI

THE GENETICS OF NOSE JOBS

with one's mate waxes and wanes, we will not be so quick to run out and get a divorce, thereby throwing society into upheaval. He's blaming the collapse of family values on our genes.

Very sweet, kind of dumb. Like any of us are going to think, Gee, I'm upset with my marriage, but I won't fuck around; I will save humanity. Wright then goes on to say that the problem with our society is that there are too many sex-starved men running around committing violence. And that women should let men continue to have all the power because if they don't, men will run even more amok and will start murdering and raping with a vengeance. Rapists, Wright says, are men with "extremely low self-esteem."

Wright's answer to this problem is polygyny. Men being allowed to have extra wives. He explains it thoroughly. It all makes some sort of specious sense if you go with the premise that our only sociological problem is sex-starved dudes. Suffice to say he mentions Johnny Carson a lot.

Is anybody surprised that I beg to differ? Wright is filtering his thoughts through his own conventional value system and has gone completely askew. Sigmund Freud, who wasn't just a guy but just a genius, suffered from the same problem, coming up with inane ideas such as penis envy, which has no basis except in a few men's fantasies.

Everybody knows that sex-starved men with low self-esteem do not rape and pillage. They sit at home eating doughnuts, trying to decide if they have the energy to masturbate.

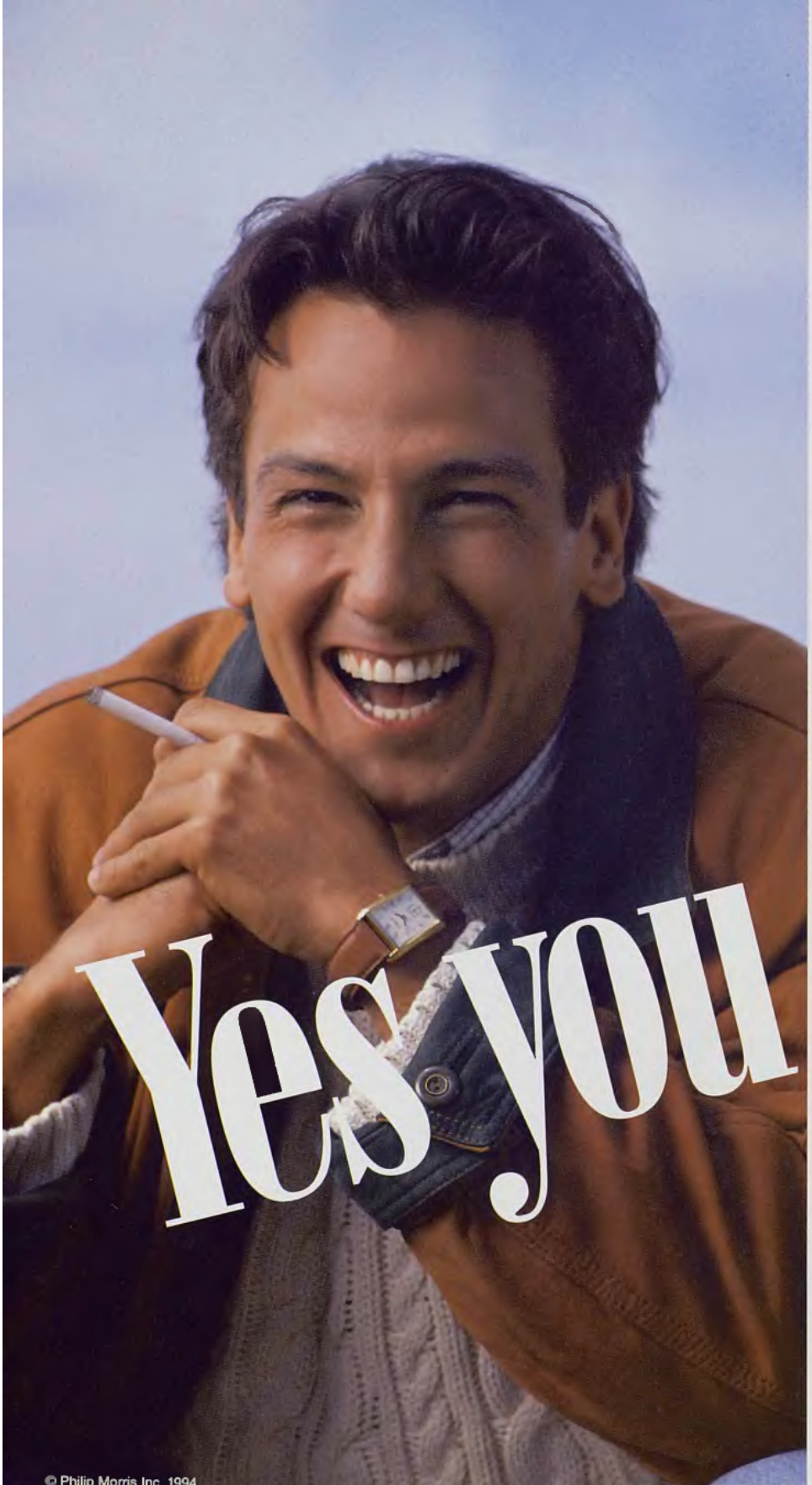
I'm a journalist just like Robert Wright, so I'm allowed to have a theory too. Ready? We humans are a monstrously sadistic and power-hungry species. We kill for fun and profit. We step on another guy's face whenever we can. We want total control, and if we can't get it we resort to assorted mayhem. In cave-people days it probably made lots of sense: The meanest, most competitive and bloodthirstiest were the survivors who got to pass along their genes. In our overly populated inner cities, it's a slight problem.

This power-hungry sadism is also prevalent in our most personal relationships. Everybody wants control, wants to be on top. One really good way is to fuck around on our mates. When we fuck around we need our mates less, and we get the ego satisfaction of proving our attractiveness, proving that the nose job is still working its magic.

(Although it is true that men are less picky. Women can't turn a magazine sideways and look at a centerfold like you just did and get sexually aroused. Women have to know a whole lot more about a man before going to bed with him. They have to smell him and know his literary tastes. And I believe that *is* genetic. If guys sleep with a hundred babes a year, their contribution to the gene pool will be much greater. Women have to make do with one birth a year, tops.)

My reality may be just as skewed as Wright's. But the media have picked up his book and are running with it. *Time* had him write a cover story. Many TV shows are doing stories on the story. Which means it's going to get watered down and watered down some more and pretty soon we'll have guys fucking around and saying, "Hey, babe, it's not my fault! It's in my genes." Then women will fight back.

And, of course, our merry nightmare will continue.



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Karaoke? We don't need no stinking Karaoke.

(yes, it's real gold.)

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My boyfriend and I were lounging in our underwear when we started fooling around. He likes to watch me touch myself. So, in between his licking my nipples and performing oral sex on me, I was happy to oblige. After I was really worked up and had had at least one orgasm, he put me on the floor on my knees. He was pinching my nipples and I was massaging my clitoris. I had a tremendous orgasm, after which I passed out for a few seconds. Is this unusual?—L. W., Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Not at all. People laugh, yell, convulse, grunt, whine, shiver, wag their heads and gnash their teeth, all in the throes of ecstasy. Judging by the letters we've received over the years, primarily women are blessed with shuddering blackouts. Blissful unconsciousness poses no health risks, as long as you take a few precautions. Don't screw and drive. Don't do it standing on the stairs. You might inform any future lover of your eccentricity. Otherwise, you might wake up in the arms of the paramedics he just called.

The other day I noticed a red stain on the inside of a bottle of red wine that I had decanted. It wasn't the usual sediment one expects to find—this stain almost seemed to be part of the glass. The wine tasted fine, but I wondered what I was seeing.—T. P., New York, New York.

Researchers in Australia have identified the stain as a mixture of tannins, red pigments and grape protein. (Normal sediments are almost pure potassium hydrogen tartrate—a salt.) According to a report in "Science News," the deposit is similar to the tannin-based stain inside teapots. It may appear years after bottling. It could indicate a continuing maturation of the wine. So enjoy, and let the recycling center worry about the stain.

It's inevitable. I've gone out with dozens of guys, and every relationship ends the same way. It'll be a few weeks into the relationship, and we'll be in bed, building up to some serious passion, when he'll breathe the question into my ear. Would I ever consider asking my twin sister to join us in our lovemaking? I don't know why these guys are unable to anticipate my disgust. What's the deal with the twin-sister fascination?—L. M., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Don't be too hard on them: They are drawn to your physical appearance. It's no surprise they have to deal with feelings of attraction for your twin. Then there's the question of requited love: You like them; might not your sister? Because, presumably, none of these guys are twins, they might not realize that the two of you have spent a lifetime trying to create separate identities. Rather than

make this the test for Mr. Right, why not bring up the issue first?

One of my skiing buddies swears by the new style of powder ski. The oversize monsters look like regular skis mated with snowboards. What's your opinion?—F. E., Reno, Nevada.

The same we had of the first oversize tennis rackets and jumbo drivers: Anything that makes a sport more fun and less punishment gets our money. The manufacturers already have taken a simple premise (why do skis have to be 63 millimeters wide?) and have come up with a remarkable variety of oversize shapes—ranging from 79 millimeters to 114 millimeters at the waist, and 104 to 134 millimeters at the shovel. The wider the ski, the easier it is to negotiate powder and crud. The narrower the ski, the more sweetly it performs on groomed runs. Most fans say the extra-wides allow them to ski among trees and in conditions that used to force them indoors. So here's our advice: On your next ski trip, set aside one day for the fat skis. And set aside the $500 to $600 needed to buy them.

I have been dating my girlfriend for three years. Lately, she has become anorexic. She now weighs less than 95 pounds, her period hasn't happened since last year and I am frightened for her life. She has become very aggressive toward me, and when I try to help her, she yells at me. Other girls flirt with me, but I don't want to hurt my girlfriend. I still love her, but my friends say that I should move on. Should I?—K. M., Lubbock, Texas.

Her antagonism is one part of the larger problem. Don't fail this test of loyalty and compassion. Forget your friends, and forget your dick. Collect medical literature and discuss it with her. She doesn't want a sermon, but she may listen to a medical authority. So recruit a friend in medical school, an acquaintance who is a physician or even a new doctor to speak with her informally, on the phone if you can't arrange a meeting in person. Anorexia can be life-threatening, and with no easy cure, it needs to be managed and controlled. Don't give up. If all else fails, rally her family and girlfriends together and escort her to the doctor's office.

My honey likes to watch X-rated movies, but not with me. Is there a way I can join him without making him upset?—G. T., Bloomington, Illinois.

Try instituting the Mystery Date program. One night, you do whatever he has secretly planned. The next night, he's at your mercy. Rent an X-rated movie geared for couples and grope each other in the flickering light. Or try this: Ask him to choose some tapes you might like to screen privately. Then, the next time you make love, play Name That Tune—have him try to guess which movie you're acting out. If this doesn't work, you may have to give him his privacy.

My fiancé and I have been together for three and a half years, and about eight months ago, he asked me to have sex with another woman while he watched. I have done this now about four times. I would love to do it again, only without my fiancé watching. How do I tell him I don't want him to watch anymore? Could these feelings mean that I prefer women?—S. A., Sacramento, California.

Tell him what you've told us. Like many arrangements of the senses, your fiancé may be in over his head. Sexual experimentation can be the basis of a relationship, or its curtain call. As for your second question, we can't answer it. You have to experiment. This may be a great new discovery—the real thing—or it may prove too hot not to cool down eventually. Better to satisfy your curiosity before sending out wedding invitations.

By now everyone knows that when you exercise you have to hydrate. This is fairly easy to accomplish in a gym or on a playing field. But what about those of us who in-line skate, kayak, jet-ski or windsurf? Any suggestions?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

The sports jocks who say you have to drink a quart of water for every 20 minutes of exertion, to drink before you get thirsty and to drink after you're finished must live near water fountains. But there is help from an unexpected source for the rest of us. Mountain bikers have invented backpack-style water bags with drinking tubes, so you can

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

drink and keep both hands on the handlebars, paddle or boom. The packs are more expensive than water bottles, but they let you stay out forever. For more information on fluid replacement, see this month's "Fitness" column.

I am baffled by the variety in collar styles. It seems that everywhere I look every man who's not wearing a T-shirt is in a fully buttoned shirt. Are buttondown collars considered stuffy? Who wears those collars that have three-inch gaps between the points—weight lifters? Is there a code to collars?—T. J., Detroit, Michigan.

There's nothing quite as constricting as a code. Almost anyone can wear anything. Think fit and formality. With the shirt buttoned, the points of a collar should rest on your collarbones without a bulge. Tall-necked geeks can wear taller collars, guys built like fireplugs should, obviously, wear shorter collars. Consider how formal you want to appear. Buttondown is casual and short-point is standard for business; the spread or English collar is quite reserved. Choice will be influenced by the kind of tie you favor. Buttondowns and short points support several styles of knot; collars with tabs and pins require small knots; the wide points are for full or half Windsors. Always buy your shirt and tie as a unit, so you will have at least one perfect combination for each.

My friend and I decided to test our current relationships by attempting to seduce each other's girlfriend. My girlfriend refused to have sex, while his girlfriend and I had a great time. My friend feels ripped off and has issued an ultimatum: Either my girlfriend agrees to sleep with him, or he will terminate our ten-year friendship. Please help.—D. S., Winter Park, Florida.

Your plan was doomed from the start. The only one emerging with integrity intact is your girlfriend. If you try to buy back your friendship with her sexuality, not only will you lose her (if you haven't already) but you'll also be no better than a pimp. Tell your friend to grow up. If you want to compete, do it the old-fashioned way—mano a mano, not ménage à ménage.

Last night my boyfriend got on top of me in the 69 position, held my ass in his hands and performed oral sex. After 20 minutes, I had such an intense orgasm that I almost suffocated him. He was so aroused that he came all over my breasts. The problem is that he now wants me to give him a blow job. I really want to, if oral sex will please him as it did me, but not without protection. The box of lubricated condoms says "for vaginal use only." Could a nonlubricated condom be the answer?—M. B., New York, New York.

Yes. A nonlubricated condom will provide protection without an unpleasant aftertaste. But we have to ask—protection from what? We assume you've already tried the other form of oral sex, i.e., you've talked about your sexual past, assessed your risk and, if worried, taken an HIV test. You can use a condom, but it seems to us that you're on the edge of a no-holds-barred, bare-knuckle sexual ball. It seems a shame not to go all out. If you are worried about gagging, a condom can be a bridge. (You can learn to predict when he's going to come and then finish him off by hand if you are put off by swallowing.)

When I try to talk dirty, my girlfriend complains that I've "ruined the mood." Any suggestions on how I can talk dirty without sounding vulgar?—J. B., Providence, Rhode Island.

Maybe this isn't the girl to talk dirty to. If she wants sex in the Martha Stewart mode—fluffy pillows, nice fragrances, floral language—let her live in a different century. But still, it may be worth a try. Tell her that language can create a mood—down and dirty, loud and lusty, informal or informative. Snuggle her and tell her you love the way she smells. Kiss her labia and tell her you love the way she tastes. On the lighter side, you have phrases such as "Oh, yes," "Feels so good," "Don't stop," "Do it, honey" and "Do you like it like this?" The closer either of you get to climax, the more leniency you'll be afforded in your exclamations. And the stronger your relationship grows, the riskier your language can get.

I recently read about a suction tube intended to increase the supply of blood to the penis. If the suction creates a vacuum to decrease air pressure, then do airplane pilots have bigger ones the higher they fly?—E. J., Lawrenceville, New Jersey.

Pumping up can blow you out, and we've never recommended vacuum tubes for any penile activity. As for trouser turbulence in the cockpit, flight engineers long ago pressurized airplane cabins. Without this, yes, at high altitudes your pecker would pop. And so would your skull.

My girlfriend is intimidated by dildos. I'd like to give her a sexual gift that will offer the same thing—added stimulation. Any suggestions?—T. B., Royal Oak, Michigan.

This new item gives Gene Simmons a run for his money: the Tongue. Made by the thoughtful women at Lady Calston in Toronto, Ontario (800-690-5239), the Tongue looks like lunch meat on a stick, but women can't seem to get enough of it. The company has thousands of back orders. A five-speed control allows the lonely to shift into high bliss, and at the other end of the wand, the "tongue" is red, outfitted with "taste buds" and moves in a circular motion. It's not a vibrator, but it does boast optional attachments, including dildos should your girlfriend gain confidence. There is also one bonus application. You can use it to give the cat a bath.

My wife says that she gets more turned on by sex videos made by women than those made by men. She says female sex-video producers are in better touch with women's sensuality. But based on what I can tell—her breathing, the wetness of her pussy and the way she fondles me—she seems to get equally turned on no matter whose videos we're watching. I wonder if her expressed preference is real, or just a bow to fashion.—L. M., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The "Archives of Sexual Behavior" recently reported a Dutch experiment involving 47 women who watched male- and female-produced pornography while fitted with physiological sensors in their vaginas. Genital arousal did not differ between videos (as you have noticed), but the women said they felt more turned on by female-produced material. The researchers concluded that there's more to feeling turned on than getting physiologically turned on. University of Connecticut psychologists came to the same conclusion in a study published in the "Journal of Sex Research." They screened sex videos intended for men or women before an audience of male and female college students. The men were equally turned on by both kinds. But the women found the women-oriented videos more arousing. After viewing them, women reported having considerably more intercourse. So if videos are part of your foreplay, her fire will burn hotter if you screen videos created by and for women. We especially like the ones by Femme Productions.

Does a condom's shape change how it feels on the penis? I've tried straight-sided and contoured, and haven't really noticed any difference.—F. M., Brooklyn, New York.

We've never noticed much difference either. But recently some of our "Advisor" test bedroom volunteers tried Pleasure Plus, an odd-looking brand that has extra latex up top which creates a small pouch just under the head of the penis. It fits tightly around the shaft, but loosely around the glans. During intercourse, the loose material rubs against the penis and, according to users, feels more sensual than condoms that fit snugly all over. Check it out.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. (E-mail: advisor@playboy.com.) The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*

SLEEPING *With the* VIRUS

who's behind the campaign to sabotage condom use?

By T.G. Rand

The lies are everywhere. In New York City one of a series of subway ads sponsored by the Catholic League warns: "Want to know a dirty little secret? Condoms don't save lives." Focus on the Family, a conservative religious group, takes out full-page ads with a boldfaced headline: IN DEFENSE OF A LITTLE VIRGINITY. The text of the ad is crammed with "statistics": "The University of Texas Medical Branch recently found that condoms are only 69 percent effective in preventing the transmission of the human immunodeficiency virus in heterosexual couples. Dr. Susan Weller of UTMB conducted a meta-analysis of 11 independent HIV transmission studies. Her conclusion: 'When it comes to the sexual transmission of HIV, the only real prevention is not to have sex with someone who has or might have HIV.'"

The ad continues: "Those who would depend on so insecure a method must use it properly on every occasion, and even then a high failure rate is brought about by factors beyond their control. The young victim who is told by his elders that this little latex device is 'safe' may not know he is risking lifelong pain and even death for so brief a window of pleasure. What a burden to place on an immature mind and body."

One expects this kind of drivel from the religious Right. But the struggle to find a morally safe (and liability-free) position on condoms has infected doctors as well.

In Georgia, a group representing about 7500 doctors passes a resolution: "Whereas the pores in latex condoms allow the passage of human immunodeficiency virus in 33 percent of those tested; and whereas the HIV infection rate associated with condom use ranges from 13 percent to 27 percent; and whereas it is a disservice to encourage the belief that condoms will prevent sexual transmission of HIV; be it resolved that the American Medical Association aggressively promote the policy of delaying sex until a lifetime, mutually faithful, monogamous relationship with an uninfected partner who does not use intravenous drugs can be established."

Scary pronouncements. Are they based on fact?

"It's unfortunate that studies with a high degree of scientific integrity can be twisted by people who have an agenda," says Dr. Thomas Arrowsmith-Lowe, a medical-device expert at the Food and Drug Administration. "The real issue here is not science, it is lifestyle. For some people, condoms represent sex outside marriage or individuals having same-sex partners."

"'The real issue here is not science, it is lifestyle.'"

For one thing, the primary study cited by the Catholic League and the Medical Association of Georgia is not a study at all.

Published last year by social scientist Weller, it is a meta-analysis, a jerry-built research method that scientists use to formulate loose, eclectic perspectives about particular topics. Weller collated 11 previous research studies. In two of the studies condoms were used regularly by the subjects; in others they were used rarely. Mixing those studies is akin to judging the effectiveness of parachutes by comparing incidents where people jumped from an airplane wearing parachutes with people who jumped without. It's mixing night and day and calling it dusk.

Bert Peterson, chief of the women's health and fertility branch of the Centers for Disease Control, adds that Weller failed to include in her analysis the two most definitive condom studies to date. Known commonly among public health experts as the Italian study and the European study, they looked at 550 serodiscordant partners—that is, couples in which one partner was HIV-positive and the other HIV-negative. The European study found that among 124 couples who used condoms regularly there was no transmission of HIV; the Italian study uncovered only three cases of transmission among 171 couples who were followed over a period of two years. Based on that study, the risk of contracting HIV, say experts, works out to 1 percent per year.

Let's repeat that: For situations in which you are sleeping with a person who has HIV—where condom failure can mean infection—condoms work quite well in preventing transmission of the virus.

What of the 33 percent condom failure rate cited by the Georgia

VIRUS

(continued)

doctors? That figure is misleadingly drawn from a study conducted by the FDA. A 1992 article published in the *Journal of Sexually Transmitted Diseases* asserts that "leakage of HIV-size particles was detectable for as many as 29 of 89 condoms tested." But according to the study's author, Dr. Ronald Carey, the tests, which were done in a lab, exaggerated aspects of intercourse in order to find the limits of condom effectiveness. In some tests, a fluid much thinner than semen carried HIV-size beads. The solution was left inside the condom for 30 minutes after simulated ejaculation. The pores in the latex proved to be so small in size and so few in number that they severely limited passage of the beads. "We could see leakage in our tests where we would expect to see none in real use, or none that would involve viral transfer," says Dr. Carey. His conclusion, one you will not see quoted by the Catholic League, is that even the worst quality condom "is 10,000 times better in terms of reducing exposure to HIV" than unprotected sex. "That's the conclusion we think is valuable," Carey says.

If the anticondom campaign continues, its proponents may someday deserve credit for fueling the AIDS pyre with a steady supply of corpses. If you disparage the effectiveness of condoms by exaggerating the risk of failure, then those who should be using them may decide not to bother.

The misinformation being disseminated by conservative organizations comes at a time when the promotion of condom use is essential. A study in the *Archives of Internal Medicine* found that nearly one third of gay men living in small cities engage in frequent, high-risk sex, a figure confirmed by studies in San Francisco and New York indicating that the use of condoms is down among gays.

Among groups of sexually active straights the main problem is image. According to one study, only 17 percent of college students use condoms, and a survey by *Fitness* magazine found that fewer than half of its readers (most of whom are female) use condoms during random sexual encounters.

Our response to the AIDS crisis is characteristic. Instead of receiving detailed information on routes of transmission—the dangers of anal sex or sharing needles—we have had a dry, almost technical discussion of a sexual accessory.

Politicians dwell on condom effectiveness. The AIDS crisis goes on—unabated by drugs, vaccines or prayer. A little truth might help.

NIPPLE

Everywhere you look today there are missing nipples. It seems there is a campaign afoot (or is it abreast?) to rid America's women of nipples—at least in representation, if not in fact. In the name of decency, photographs are retouched to make chests as plain and uniform as white bread. Normal, God-given nipples are airbrushed out of sight and out of mind, Scitexed into never-never land, lest they offend an increasingly nipple-fearing populace.

A chic New York clothing store recently received the following letter expressing outrage over the mannequins in its windows:

Dear Sir or Madam:

As a mature and responsible citizen, I have been shocked and offended by the mannikin [sic] in the far left window who is draped with the body-clinging black dress.

You know the one I am referring to. It is the one whose breasts are so shamelessly modeled with the large nipples protruding as if she were excited. Even the areolae are outlined. This display leaves little to the imagination and is obviously intended to raise the most obscene and lascivious thoughts, and I can assure you it does.

I hope you will take note of this letter and either put a proper padded brassiere on her to hide those big nipples, or better, a light jacket to completely cover those breasts.

Sincerely concerned, [etc.]

Adel Rootstein, a prominent mannequin manufacturer, introduced mannequins with nipples in the late Sixties. "Before that there were really no mannequins, there were just dummies," says Nellie Fink of Adel Rootstein. "We introduced the realistic mannequin. All of our mannequins have nipples. And we not only sculpt the nipples, we also paint the nipples on the mannequins. About 20 years ago we had a shipment of mannequins going to Filene's in Boston wearing sheer blouses with velvet collars. When the display staff put them in the windows the nipples were quite prominent. When the management saw the windows the next day, they made the staff take the mannequins to a workroom and actually file the nipples off of them.

"I really don't understand why people have a problem with nipples. We also got a letter from a woman in Minneapolis who said that people like us are the ruination of the youth of America. These are sick people. I don't think a normal, well-adjusted person feels that way."

This seems to be a peculiarly American problem. European advertisements for fashion and beauty items regularly depict bare breasts or nipples. Women of all ages there bare them at the beach without a thought. But American magazines that have the temerity to do the same things

European magazines do are assailed by angry people accusing them of being pornography and worse.

That the nipple is at the heart of the fashion–smut controversy became apparent recently when designers began featuring the see-through look and the slip dress. Two tawny, quarter-size patches under a white T-shirt or the bump of a nipple under satin proved enough to elicit outrage among seemingly sophisticated people who wouldn't find themselves all that upset about some cleavage or a string bikini.

So what is it about this small gland of postnatal nourishment that puts a

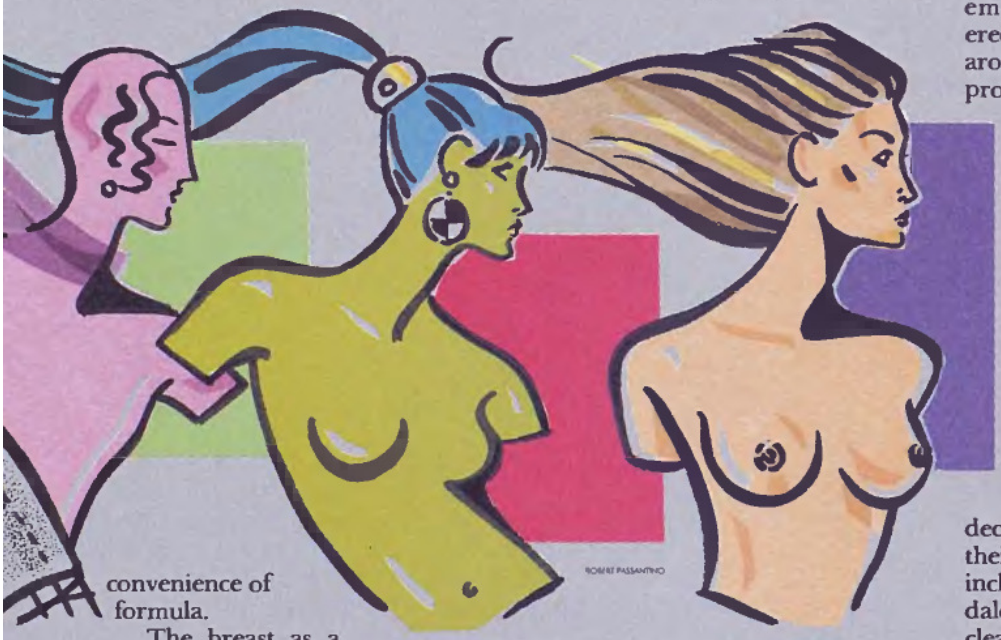
PHOBIA

decriminalize the nipple—now!

By GLENN O'BRIEN

great nation in a dither? Perhaps America is turned off by nipples because America is so turned on by nipples. American men seem to be so excited by this arbitrarily erotic region that it's a wonder they can take off their own shirts without lapsing into a prurient coma. Whatever happened to the land of milk and honey? Before you know it, we'll be reduced to the land of just plain honey.

Perhaps the problem has to do with generations of men who didn't get enough nipple when it really counted. During the post–World War Two baby boom it was considered lower-class to breast-feed, and in certain regions and among certain ethnic groups breast-feeding is still considered déclassé. It's for people who can't afford the modern convenience of formula.



The breast as a private part is a predominantly Western idea, and nowhere has breast mania been advanced more than in America. It's not that women themselves find breasts so exciting. Kinsey noted that 50 percent of women were not turned on by breast stimulation. Women often list less controversial body parts, such as the neck and lips, ahead of the breast in terms of erogenous appeal.

Perhaps nipples are taboo because they are an inescapable reminder of women's role as mother, a role that has been de-emphasized, deglamorized and de-eroticized in our society. Women's involvement in professional fields that were once exclusively male are trumpeted, while traditional women's roles are not talked about. The nipple is a persistent reminder of women's exclusive ability to bear and nurture children. Women do not want to be regarded solely as bearers of children and homemakers, or as sex objects. They want to be taken seriously and feel that their nipples may distract from that goal. Nipples are not politically correct.

Girls often want to wear a brassiere long before breast development warrants it. This is often seen as a desire to appear womanly, to play an adult role by dressing as a sexually mature female. But they may be actually wearing a bra as a nipple covering. The pubescent girl is aware of the nipple as a sex object—her nipples change before her breasts begin to get larger. Her newly eroticized nipples, which once went uncovered on the beach like a boy's, are now the emblems of her impending womanhood.

In fundamentalist Islamic cultures the entire female body is taboo because it is considered erotic. The nipple is erotic, but so are the arm, the leg and the face. Eroticism, perhaps even more than beauty, is in the eye of the beholder.

"Breasts aren't all that different," says a friend of mine. "There are about three basic shapes. But there are so many different kinds of nipples. The nipple is the personality of the breast."

It's true. Nipples are almost like fingerprints in their variety. To reveal one's nipples, then, is to reveal oneself. To show one's nipples is to make a personal statement. In the Sixties, while men burned draft cards, women burned bras. They were rebelling against confinement and the convention of the ICBM-warhead-shaped breast. But what did braless, liberated, urbane women do about their nipples? Many covered them with Band-Aids. As if the nipple were a wound.

Why are nipples considered to be an embarrassment? Because they are erectile. When a woman is sexually aroused her nipples become more prominent. Of course this may also happen when she's chilly, but the fact that it happens when she's aroused makes it problematic. How will observers of her erect nipples interpret this biological stiffness? Could be trouble. Imagine men walking city streets with erections. It could be the end of civilization as we know it. Better to keep those nipples in check.

In many parts of the U.S. it is legal for a woman to show her breasts but illegal for her to show her nipples. This is the reason for pasties, the little cones that for decades strippers have worn to cover their nipples. In some municipalities, including New York and Fort Lauderdale, exotic dancers wear a layer of clear vinyl over their nipples in order to stay legal. Nipples wrapped like ground beef are apparently less of a threat to public order than are bare nipples. Exactly why is a bit of a mystery, but mystery, it seems, is what nipples are all about.

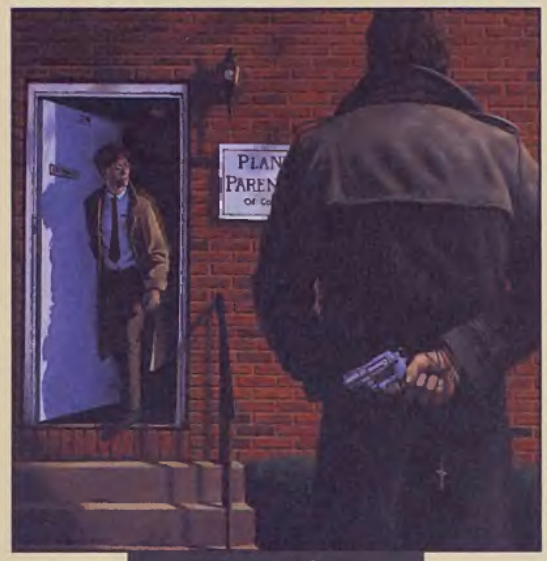
But maybe we'll come to our senses. It is now legal for mothers to nurse their children anywhere they please in the state of New York. And with women now having the right to take off their shirts in the parks and on the beaches of that great state, Americans may soon see enough nipples to lose their fear and to relax and enjoy.

READER

HARASSMENT

Ted Fishman's article "Kangaroo Campus" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) focuses on claims of sexual harassment, which have become all too commonplace. However, it is the harangue of the politically correct regarding intellectual harassment that presents a more chilling and pervasive danger. At the University of Pennsylvania, legal studies lecturer Murray Dolfman was accused of referring to some of his students as ex-slaves. Professor Dolfman asked his class to identify the constitutional amendment related to involuntary servitude. When no one responded, he expressed surprise that black students, whom he termed ex-slaves, could not answer the question and did not celebrate the passage of the 13th Amendment. A student complained of racial harassment. At one point, a college committee voted 15–4 to suspend Dolfman. An investigation revealed that he had drawn attention to the 13th Amendment by citing his own celebration of Passover as a Jew and former slave. The students' reaction, based on extreme sensitivity, amounted to another layer of PC bullshit smothering the life out of free expression, including their own.

Gerrold Clayton
St. Louis, Missouri



FOR THE RECORD

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER: TAKE TWO

"Please keep in mind that if Jesus had not been allowed to be born, none of us would have ever been allowed to enter heaven. How do you think you would be judged if you had been in a position to save Jesus' life and not made the effort?"

—RATIONALE OF THE REVEREND DAVID TROSCH, A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST SUSPENDED FROM HIS PARISH FOR TRYING TO PLACE NEWSPAPER ADS CALLING THE MURDER OF DOCTORS WHO PERFORM ABORTIONS "JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE"

In more than a dozen recent cases, allegations of sexual harassment have forced the removal of artwork from classrooms, public art galleries and government buildings. Donna Vincent, a computer operator in Menlo Park, California, charged that a city hall exhibition of woodcuts depicting women in various states of nudity disrupted her work environment and thus constituted sexual harassment. A day after Vincent's complaint was filed, city officials removed two of the offending pieces. A victim of art? How can art be sexually harassing?

Ted Keene
San Antonio, Texas

Quite easily, under current antiharassment and nondiscrimination policies that prohibit "posters, notices, bulletins, cartoons or drawings that are offensive or derogatory to a reasonable person and which may create a disruption in the workplace." A 1993 Supreme Court decision determined that the victim of harassment doesn't even have to prove psychological harm. Now the easily offended have what lawyers call "the heckler's veto." Whoever whines first, wins.

Everybody is jumping on the harassment bandwagon. Newspapers had a field day with a cultural-diversity workshop given to some air-traffic controllers, in which men were fondled, rated on penis size and propositioned. The exercise was supposed to make them more sensitive to sexual harassment in the workplace. What it did was make them feel harassed. They complained, and one lawsuit is pending. Role reversal? In this case it was just plain revenge.

Sharon Stanley
San Francisco, California

Let me see if I have this straight. Get your boobs grabbed, get $7 million. Die inappropriately over Iraq, and your family gets about $12,000. Yep, I think I understand now: If I can get my boss to grab my dick, I'll take home millions.

D.C. Collins
Tacoma, Washington

ANDREW BLAKE

After reading "The Prince of Porn" by Susie Bright (*The Playboy Forum*, October), I realize that my girlfriend and I aren't the only ones who enjoy Andrew Blake's films. We simply cannot watch any other erotic movies—anything else seems below acceptable levels. Blake's films are masterpieces. If he experiments with some of Bright's criticism, we will be the first in line to add to our evergrowing collection of Blake films.

J.M.
Evansville, Indiana

Please give Susie Bright my thanks for the Andrew Blake story. It answers most of my questions about the man. I always thought he was too heavy into solo women and lesbian scenes. Maybe one of these days someone will explain to me why men like watching lesbian scenes. The sense of being left out, of just watching, is one of the most boring things I can think of. All I really like about porn comes from watching a woman's face. The hard-core shots just show why she's acting that way. I could do quite well if her face stayed on-screen the whole time, with split-screen shots to prove that there's a reason for her squirming. I buy director John Leslie's features sight unseen, because he comes closer to my ideal mix of hard-core and reactions than anybody else. Bright should direct porn features; I like the way she thinks they should work. I try to buy tapes that have no more than one scene without men, but

for her, I could live with two. If it's a two-hour tape, maybe three.

Michael Paul
Cincinnati, Ohio

I thoroughly enjoyed reading Susie Bright's article about Andrew Blake. I'll order a porn movie through the mail, but I can't handle walking into an adult-movie store and purchasing one. I'm too worried about who I might run into. I would appreciate it if you would provide an address and/or a phone number so I can purchase these tapes. Susie, keep up the good work.

K.C. Wachter
Chicago, Illinois

The Sexuality Library, a mail-order catalog of erotic books and videos, carries the entire Andrew Blake collection, as well as other tapes reviewed by Susie Bright. Contact the library at: 938 Howard Street, Suite 101, San Francisco, California 94103, (415) 974-8990, (415) 974-8989 (fax), goodvibe@well.sf.ca.us (e-mail).

STACKING THE DECK

"Jury Duty" by James Petersen (*The Playboy Forum*, October) hits on the problem with our current jury selection process. Constitutional guarantees of trial by jury are subverted by a selection process in which lawyers for both sides—and often the judge—seek to impanel a jury favorable to their side. This is especially troublesome when the prosecutor and judge attempt to ensure that only jurors favorable to the government are seated. Prospective jurors who seem to be bright and independent are eliminated during the intrusive process of voir dire, in which the lawyers or judge inquire into the personal lives and beliefs of the jurors. They ask about jurors' financial situations, reading habits and religious beliefs. Jurors who fit a sexual, racial or social stereotype are eliminated by peremptory challenges, for which no reason need be given.

Even worse is the elimination of jurors whose political beliefs challenge the status quo. America's founders believed the jury to be a political institution that is charged with providing a check-and-balance on the government. Traditionally, the jury had the right to judge the merits of the law itself and had (and still has) veto power over laws proposed by the other branches. A jury can refuse to enforce a bad law and can decline to go along with a political prosecution. Even if their verdict is "contrary to law," jurors cannot be punished for their verdict, nor can a verdict of not guilty in a criminal case be overturned. In most jurisdictions, a single juror can prevent a conviction by hanging a jury. When jurors are eliminated from the panel because of their political beliefs, defendants are denied a right to a fair trial by a cross section of the community. Jurors should be selected randomly, as in Britain, and be stricken only for a clear and specific bias against the defendant.

Don Doig
National Coordinator
Fully Informed Jury Association
Helmville, Montana

NANNY BOYS

If the Democrats, including Bill Clinton, have finally decided to go on the offensive against what is commonly called the religious Right, the appropriate question is: What took them so long? The religious Right is out of step. Through its media cheerleaders, though, it has rushed to paint a different picture, one that is false on several counts: If the radical religious Rightists are in the American mainstream, why do their candidates run "stealth" campaigns in which they try to conceal their affiliations and sources of funding plus a cultural agenda that seeks to ban abortion, censor books deemed obscene, deny equal rights to homosexuals and end all sex education but the preaching of abstinence?

In no other industrial nation is it considered radical to provide teenagers with information on and access to birth control. The result is that American teenagers, though they have no more sex than European teenagers, have the world's highest rate of out-of-wedlock pregnancies. The religious Right's position on population control—that it's either not needed at all or can be handled adequately through the rhythm method—has justly inspired outrage and incredulity throughout the world.

Despite the government-off-our-backs rhetoric of the Reagan era, nanny Rightists want to expand the power of the state to promote, where it cannot impose, what are variously called "traditional values," "family values" and "Judeo-Christian morality." Because surveys show that most Americans at least profess to be religious, the ploy of trying to dismiss all criticism of the nanny Right as "Christian-bashing" is effective. But when made aware of it, most religious people reject the heart of the nanny-Right agenda. Anyone who cherishes freedom should oppose those who, in the name of religion or anything else, would erode America's principled heritage of church-state separation and individual liberty.

Bradley Miller
Washington, D.C.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

BY INVITATION ONLY

is it hot—or is it not?

What happens when concern about date rape reaches Madison Avenue? Charles Hall, a creative director formerly of BBDO in New York City, took on the complicated issue after a friend had a firsthand experience with mixed signals and unwanted sex. With the help of three art directors, Hall devised a public service ad campaign that explores the line between fashion and force. The result is a provocative assault on blame-the-victim mentality. Shown here are print ads, a script for a television spot and a series of stick-on warnings (some of which have begun to show up in New York). We suspect that real rapists aren't swayed by public service ads. And nothing about the ads gives a clue as to when these moments signal a yes to passionate sex between consenting adults. For that, you have to ask your partner.

rape.

a kiss is not a contract
a feel is not consent
and a hard-on
doesn't give you
the right to force yourself

inside a woman.

VOICE-OVER:

this is raw.
this is hip.
this is cool.
this is raunchy.
this is striking.

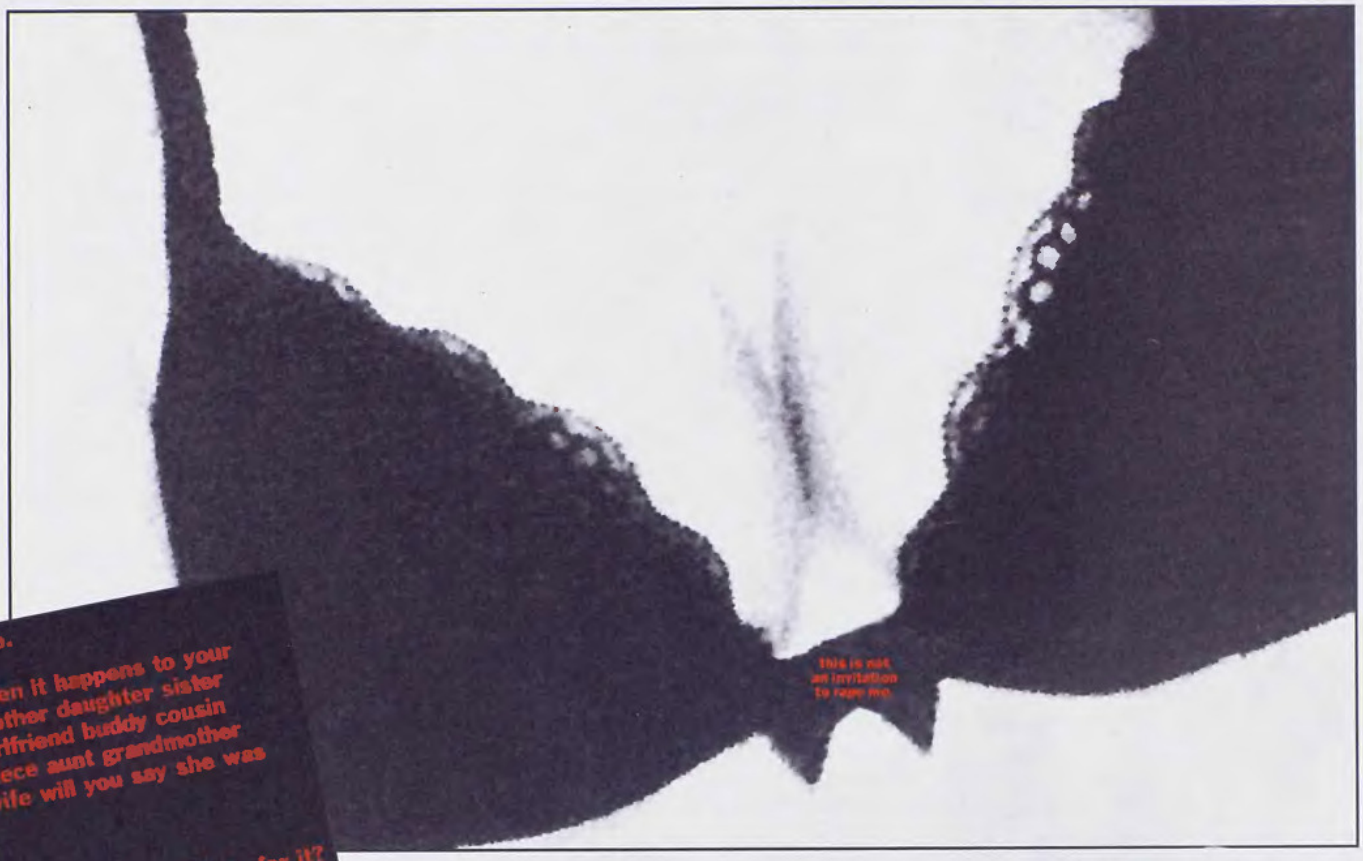
this is fashion.

but this is not an invitation to rape me.

rape.

when your looks
wit style status
personality
clothes cars cash
dinners and drinks
don't entice her to have
sex with you

what will you use?



rape.

when it happens to your
mother daughter sister
girlfriend buddy cousin
niece aunt grandmother
wife will you say she was

asking for it?

rape.

you call you meet you talk
you laugh you eat you drink
you dance you flirt you leave
you kiss you touch you feel
she stops you don't she stops
you don't she stops you don't

what are you doing?

HALL/BADE/MCCLELLAN/STEARN

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DEADLY MILK

BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA—*A 21-year-old woman, an admitted drug user, has been tried for murder and felony child endangerment after her two-month-old baby apparently was poisoned by methamphetamine in the woman's breast milk. The defense argued that the baby died of sudden infant death syndrome. The jury deadlocked 11 to 1 on the murder charge but found the mother guilty of child endangerment. She received a six-year sentence.*

CHAMELEON HIV

ATLANTA—*The Centers for Disease Control reports that variants of the AIDS virus can elude detection by most blood-screening tests now used in the U.S. A CDC spokesman said that there is presently no risk to the blood supplies in this country, as the variants so far are confined to a few cases in western Africa. The new findings indicate that the virus is demonstrating greater genetic variability than expected. Manufacturers of the current tests will have to be vigilant to stay ahead of the new variations and subtypes, which could also impede the development of vaccines or new treatments for the AIDS virus.*

CRY RAPE

More than 40 percent of rape complaints turn out to be false, according to an article in "The Archives of Sexual Behavior." A Purdue sociologist found that in about half of the false accusations, the complainant used the charge to dodge responsibility for a consensual sex act. Another quarter of the cases involved revenge against a boyfriend. Other false charges were efforts to elicit sympathy.

Meanwhile, Britain's House of Lords voted unanimously to make rape of a man a criminal offense, giving it the same legal status as rape of a woman. Under present British law, male rape is categorized under sexual assault or nonconsensual buggery.

FRENCH TWIST

PARIS—*Using shock tactics to promote safe sex, French language police are making an exception in their efforts to purge English words and expressions from the national vocabulary. The government erected 8000 billboards bearing the slogan* CONDOMS: FUCK AIDS.

REALITY BITES

PLEASANTON, CALIFORNIA—*A stripper performing at a birthday party for a policeman had her posterior bitten by a guest. The entertainer filed a civil lawsuit seeking damages from the biter and the guest of honor, the owner of the house where the party was thrown. Her assailant pleaded no contest to battery and received a $500 fine plus three years' probation.*

HEALING HANDS

BERN—*Swiss prostitutes practice what in government parlance used to be known as a therapeutic trade—and were therefore exempt from certain taxes. Now national lawmakers have recognized prostitutes as an untapped source of revenue. As of 1995, prostitutes will be asked to pay a 6.5 percent value-added tax, which is expected to raise tens of millions of Swiss francs and, presumably, the cost of sex.*

BIG BOBBY IS WATCHING

The United Kingdom's increasingly pervasive closed-circuit TV surveillance systems have made the populace safer from thugs and muggers and have greatly reduced property crime. But the electronic eyes that never sleep also make civil libertarians nervous. Britain has no laws to govern the use of video surveillance, access to tapes or the accountability of camera operators, who in most cases are private security companies under contract to town governments. And while polls show that four of ten British citizens believe the cameras will be used to spy on people, one home minister claimed that "law-abiding citizens have nothing to fear from the presence of these watchful guardians. Only those engaged in wrongdoing should be fearful."

BAD DREAM

STAFFORD COUNTY, VIRGINIA—*A 28-year-old woman faces sodomy charges after allegedly breaking into the home of her former boyfriend, removing her clothes and performing oral sex on him as he slept. The man woke up and kicked the woman out. When police arrived to investigate the disturbance, the man pressed charges.*

FALWELL UNPLUGGED

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA—*A local TV station pulled the plug on the Reverend Jerry Falwell's "Old Time Gospel Hour" when he stopped citing verse and went for vice. It seems that Falwell attacked President Clinton, referring to the latest charge of gubernatorial philandering filed against him. Parents discovered that their kids were getting off on some highly explicit TV gospel when the youngsters started asking questions about oral sex. Station managers said they might reinstate the reverend if he sticks to the business of religion.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

SCARED TO DEATH

the greatest menace to our health isn't smoke or sex or silicone—it's our obsession with risk

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Maybe it's because I live in southern California, but everyone I know is obsessed with risks to their health. One day, the luncheon topic is radiation in cellular phones; the next, it's salmonella in chicken. The risk need not even be real. All that's necessary is a modicum of uncertainty that lawyers can spin into a class-action suit far more profitable for them than for the plaintiffs.

Lawyers feed off the assumption of too many Americans that they have a right never to die. Faced with a life-threatening illness, real or imagined, Americans assume the disease is the work of some conspiracy rather than the natural order of things.

The fact is, despite the hysteria over carcinogens, fat in our arteries and sexually transmitted diseases, our collective health has never been better. That's why our life expectancy has steadily increased. Americans can now expect to live an average of 75 years—twice as long as at the start of this century.

Longevity is the real epidemic, the greatest danger to our health. Because we live longer, we are more likely to develop health problems associated with aging that our shorter-lived great-grandparents didn't face.

Take breast cancer. Most of the women I know are preoccupied with this disease, which they believe is a rapidly growing threat. Often we hear that a woman has a one-in-eight chance of being diagnosed with breast cancer, a statistic that is repeated hundreds of times a year in media scare stories. What is invariably left out is that those odds apply only to women who live to be 90. According to the American Cancer Society, more than 75 percent of breast cancers diagnosed occur in women over 50.

That's still a lot of suffering, and 46,000 women will die from breast cancer this year. But, as the American Cancer Society reports, mortality rates from breast cancer have remained fairly stable for the past 50 years. With early detection the percentage of survivors can reach 93 percent. Early detection, unfortunately, is sometimes thwarted by hysteria over another risk—that of radiation. Many women avoid a yearly mammogram for this reason alone, unaware that the danger posed by a mammogram is the same as that of flying between New York City and Los Angeles. Which means there is no real danger. That risk is 1 in 11 million, according to a recent piece on the media's faulty assessment of risk written by *Los Angeles Times* media critic David Shaw.

As Shaw points out, the media make a living off hyping dire statistics because bad news plays better than good news. Stressing risk, even if it's as minuscule as that posed by saccharine, or margarine, is easily marketed bad news. Shaw cites the coverage of recent bad-news reports from the Center for Science in the Public Interest claiming that Chinese, Italian and Mexican food are unhealthy. Remember last summer's popcorn panic? Moviegoers suddenly were gaping at the popping apparatus as if it were a Chernobyl reactor.

Then the center issued its report on what it called the good news in the world of food and nutrition, listing ten foods including fat-free tortilla chips and frozen yogurt. The media response was a big yawn. A search of databases, Shaw wrote, showed that not one major news program, not one major magazine and only one major newspaper *(The Dallas Morning News)* used the story.

Bad-news reporting heightens the public's perception of risk. This applies to the number one public-health concern, crime, which is presumed to be spiraling out of control. In fact, FBI statistics show a fairly constant level of major crime over the past two decades.

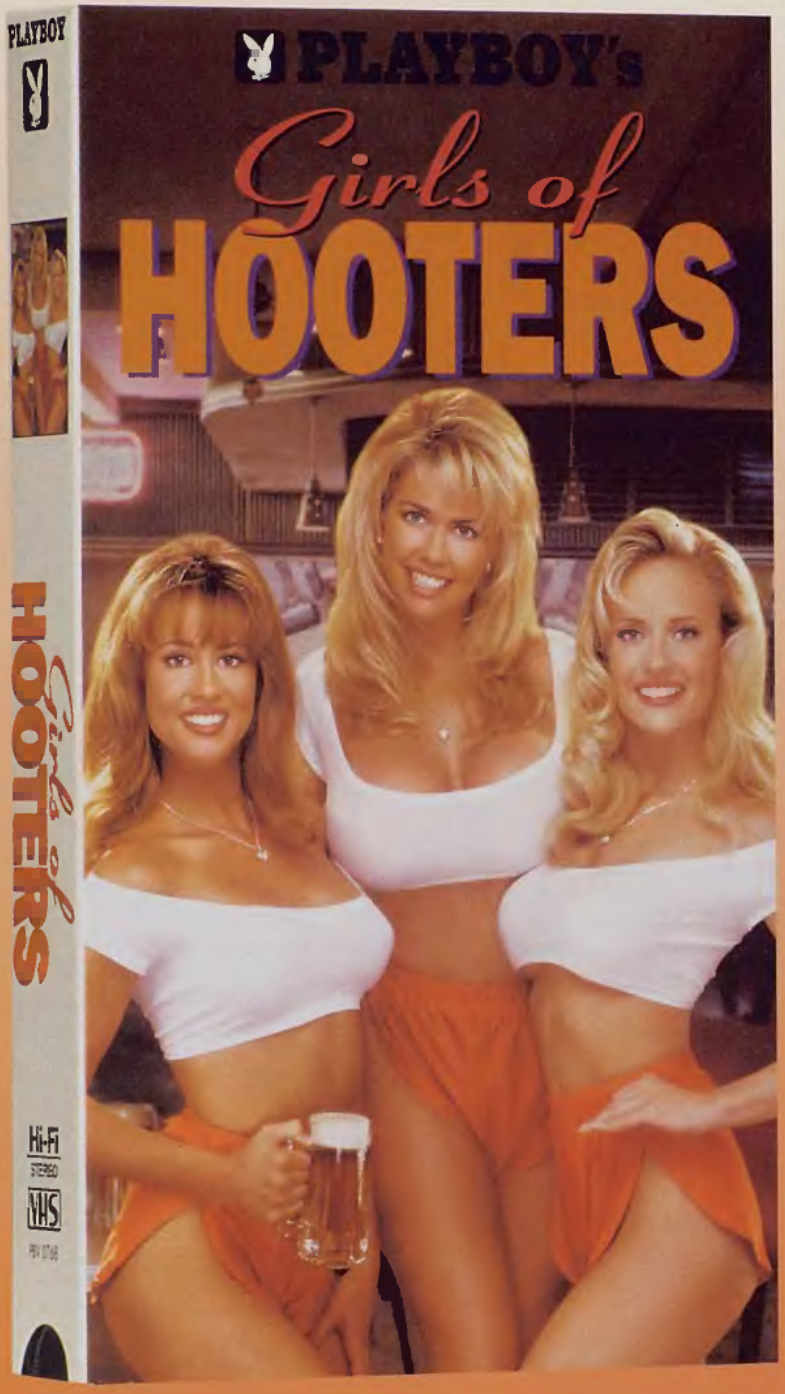
Crime remains a real threat, but the media, and therefore the public, have lost all sense of proportion. The fear of carjacking in Los Angeles, for instance, is so pervasive that a lot of people I know have bought Range Rovers, Land Cruisers and other auto tanks to thwart attack. The evening news loves to report carjackings, drive-by shootings and any other urban terror that will alarm its audience. The reports never point out that because the population base is so large, the odds of being victimized are three in a million.

Risk inflation of this sort is the true hazard to our health. Pseudoscience debases real science and spawns a counterculture of skepticism. Too many things have been pronounced bad for you, then good and then bad again. I can't keep track of which shellfish kills and which saves. What about eggs, apples, margarine and tap water? For years I drank Perrier, which I detest, as a presumably healthful alternative to my beloved red wine, only to wake up one morning and discover that the French water had been temporarily condemned for a reason I can't remember. Now red wine is celebrated for its power to prevent heart disease.

The fact is, too many alarmist, half-baked studies are rushed into print. Public-health advocates seem content if the end justifies the means, and they are willing to exaggerate risks no matter how small and uncertain. Such was the case when the Environmental Protection Agency cooked the stats on the presumed dangers of secondhand smoke. There was no clear evidence then—and there still isn't—but the EPA presented sensational claims and the media hyped them inordinately.

The same distortion occurred at the Food and Drug Administration, which banned silicone-gel breast implants not as a result of serious medical evidence but rather in response to pressure from consumer advocates and an army of lawyers out to make bucks. Upwards of 2 million women have received implants with relatively few reported problems. Now those women feel as if they're living with a time bomb. They aren't. This past June, the Mayo Clinic, in the most exhaustive study to date, concluded that it could not establish a connection between implants and the medical problems attributed to them.

The strategy of risk assessment ought to be veracity, not scare tactics. People have shown that they are quite willing to modify their behavior in response to genuine danger. Many of us have devoted considerable energy to exercising, dieting intelligently and consuming vitamins and other healthful potions. But the hyperinflation of risk threatens to make us cynical, indifferent or anxious. We throw up our hands and say everything is going to kill us—and then we choose our weapon.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME

a candid conversation with hollywood's hottest action star about brains versus brawn, infidelity versus romance and kicking his way onto the big screen

It was like a scene from a movie: Two private jets wait side by side on the tarmac at Burbank Airport. Two identical black limousines pull up within minutes of each other. Each one parks by a different plane. A tall, muscular man with a ponytail, wearing a red-and-black leather jacket, gets out of one limo, while a shorter, equally muscular man in a colorful silk shirt gets out of the other. But these men have more in common than private planes and limos. They are two of Hollywood's biggest names: Steven Seagal is flying to Montana, Jean-Claude Van Damme is on his way to San Diego to appear at a comic-book convention. And while the competition between the two is fierce—Seagal has even bad-mouthed Van Damme on TV—there's no confrontation between the two on this hot afternoon. In fact, neither acknowledges the other's presence. They simply get into their respective jets and fly their separate ways.

Of the two, Van Damme is clearly the rising star. While Seagal's latest films have misfired with moviegoers—and the star has taken hits offscreen for his temperamental behavior—Van Damme is on a hot streak. His most recent film, "Timecop," opened to good reviews and even better attendance, setting a box office record for the 33-year-old actor. So as he flies south with his fourth wife, Darcy LaPier, and Kristopher, his seven-year-old son from a previous marriage, his mood is relaxed. Throughout the 20-minute flight, Van Damme dotes on his son, touching his face, telling everyone who will listen what a good boy he is. And when Kris tosses his cookies on the plane's carpet, it is Van Damme who apologizes and cleans up the mess.

Later, as Van Damme enters a banquet hall at the San Diego convention center, 2000 fans give him a standing ovation. No sooner does the crowd quiet down than a woman shouts, "Take off your shirt!"

Van Damme smiles. His wife tries to smile, too, even though she doesn't much like listening to strange women asking her husband to disrobe. It's something she might as well get used to, because the adulation is unlikely to stop any time soon. Van Damme is just now crossing over from the limited world of martial arts films into mainstream movies. Studios that dismissed him only two years ago as a good-looking kickboxer now see him as the action-adventure star of tomorrow—a franchise that they can build on well into the future, thanks to Van Damme's relative youth. He's 22 years younger than Chuck Norris, ten years younger than Seagal and 14 years younger than the man he's now most often compared to, Arnold Schwarzenegger.

After a half hour of talking to his fans he waves goodbye and is escorted into another room for a press conference to promote his two latest films: "Timecop" and "Street Fighter." A reporter notices the bump on his forehead and asks if he had an accident. "No," Van Damme says, "it's a cyst. My wife says now that I'm a big movie star I should cut it out. What do you think? Should I?"

Van Damme was an unlikely prospect to face such movie-star dilemmas. He was born Jean-Claude Van Varenberg in Berchem-Sainte-Agathe, outside of Brussels, Belgium. A skinny, knock-kneed kid, he didn't care for school, talked with a lisp and got into trouble for mimicking his teachers. His father, who owned a lingerie shop, then a convenience store and then a flower shop, had him study ballet and put him in a karate class when he was 11, where the boy suddenly became focused. He trained every day and was participating in bodybuilding and kickboxing competitions by his mid-teens. He won the Mr. Belgium bodybuilding crown and the European middleweight black-belt karate championship. He married at 18, opened a gym in Brussels and became a trainer to his customers. But he wanted more.

Van Damme was eager to travel and have adventures—and even more eager to be a movie star. When he visited Paris, a photographer spotted him and offered him a job modeling clothes for Jean-Paul Gaultier. Another time, in Brussels, he was "discovered"

"The combination of Steven Seagal and Van Damme can be a hot movie. It's like putting Arnold and Sly together in a comedy. It's like seeing Holyfield and Tyson. But it will never happen. We both have to win."

"People who train are very sexual—you clean your body from the inside, you regenerate all your cells. But making love before a fight? I will never do it. It would be like doing something wrong."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEOMAN

"I'm more mean now. When you get older you become more vicious, like an old wolf. I'm dangerous. I'm not to play with. I will not lose any more fights. If I fight for real, I will kill. I swear to God, I will kill."

and offered a job playing a soldier in a Rutger Hauer film. He decided to leave his first wife to pursue acting. He tried to break into the martial arts film industry in Hong Kong but had no luck, so he went to Los Angeles when he was 20, with little money and even less knowledge of English.

For the next six years he struggled—placing his picture and résumé on the windshields of movie producers' cars, working as a bodyguard, bouncer, aerobics instructor, taxi and limo driver, pizza deliveryman and carpet cleaner. Someone suggested he change his name and he did, from Van Varenberg to Van Damme. He married and divorced a second time.

He appeared briefly as a gay biker in a film called "Monaco Forever," and Chuck Norris hired him as an extra in "Missing in Action." In 1986 he landed a role as a Russian bad guy in "No Retreat, No Surrender." But his big break happened when he ran into Cannon Films' co-owner Menahem Golan outside a restaurant. Figuring he had nothing to lose, he got Golan's attention and then shot his leg straight out and over the producer's head. Golan was sufficiently impressed and offered to make him a star. The vehicle was "Bloodsport," a kickboxing movie, and Van Damme felt the long wait was over.

But the movies created new frustrations. Cannon didn't release "Bloodsport" for 19 months. In the meantime, Van Damme (who was now promoting himself as Van Dammage, the Muscles from Brussels and Wham, Bam, Thank You, Van Damme) signed contracts with independent film companies to do other low-budget films. By the time "Bloodsport" was released and became a cult success, Van Damme was tied to low-paying companies for the next five years, making such action films as "Cyborg," "Kickboxer," "Death Warrant," "Lionheart" and "Double Impact," which all made money. When he was finally released from contractual obligations, he made "Universal Soldier" for Carolco, "Hard Target" with Chinese director John Woo and "Nowhere to Run" with Rosanna Arquette.

With "Timecop," Universal Studios was confident that a big budget and an expensive publicity campaign could break Van Damme out of martial arts films and into mainstream movies. The gamble paid off. Now Matsushita, Universal's parent company, is thinking even bigger, paying Van Damme $6 million (twice what he got for "Timecop") to star as Colonel Guile, the hero of Street Fighter, a wildly successful video game that Matsushita is turning into a movie.

Van Damme's rise has not been without controversy. He lost a recent lawsuit brought by an actor injured during a fight scene in "Cyborg"—Van Damme will pay close to a half million dollars in damages. Another lawsuit, by a woman who claimed the actor forced her to perform oral sex on him and then demanded a foursome, was settled.

There was also a divorce from his third wife, bodybuilder Gladys Portugues, who is the mother of his two children, Kristopher and four-year-old Bianca. Wife number four, Darcy, was married to Ron Rice, the Hawaiian Tropic suntan-oil mogul. An affair between Van Damme and Darcy led to the breakup of both marriages and has resulted in Van Damme's greatest anguish: He is separated from his children, who live with their mother in Belgium.

Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** *(whose last interview for us was with Christian Slater) met with the man who might be Arnold in San Diego, the San Fernando Valley and Pittsburgh. He reports:*

"Our first meeting took place in Van Damme's private jet; the second was at his home in the San Fernando Valley. We met the third time in Pittsburgh, where he was getting ready to make a movie called 'Sudden Death.' But the schedule was arduous. Our talks would begin two hours before midnight and continue until nearly dawn—that's when Van Damme felt most comfortable. Part of Van Damme's charm is his mangled English and heavy accent. Still, he was quick with his answers and candid with his thoughts. His moods changed each evening: The first night he showed me his muscles. 'Look at how much better shape I'm in than when we saw each other last week,' he said.

"And I kicked above his head, like a 6'2" kick. I impressed him. He gave me his card and said, 'Call me tomorrow.'"

The second night he was more subdued, the third, contemplative. At one point he shouted to me, 'I'm only 33, too young for a "Playboy Interview." I'm a baby, I have so much to learn.' But when I challenged his prowess as a martial artist he went from baby to professional, asking me to stand so he could demonstrate how, in two lightning-swift kicks to my shoulder, he could easily disarm someone like Steven Seagal, who comes from another discipline, aikido, which is all arms and finesse. Van Damme merely tapped my arm, but I felt it the next day.

"Earlier, I had visited Van Damme at his house in the San Fernando Valley. It was one of the hottest days of the year—more than 110 degrees—and Van Damme was on an inflated raft in his swimming pool. He invited me to join him and I did. 'Do people think you have a tough job?' he asked. 'You don't think this is tough?' I answered, trying to balance my tape recorder on my chest so it wouldn't fall into the water."

PLAYBOY: Here we are, on the hottest day of the year, and you are floating in your swimming pool at high noon without an ounce of sunscreen. Are you brave or foolish?

VAN DAMME: I never use those creams. I don't need them. It's the genes. My mother never used creams. I sit in the sun, I get red, then I get dark.

PLAYBOY: The red part means you burn like the rest of us. That's not too smart these days, Jean-Claude.

VAN DAMME: I do not worry. It doesn't harm me.

PLAYBOY: Do you really think that you're Superman?

VAN DAMME: I've got news for you—I'm nothing special. You are talking to a guy who was not raised on the street, who didn't do drugs or crazy stuff, who comes from a simple country with simple people. I'm not deep, not super smart, not stupid, just a normal guy. I have two dogs, a house. I like to train, I love life.

PLAYBOY: You don't wind up with two major releases within three months by being simple. The expectations for *Street Fighter* are high—it's supposed to be your $100 million breakthrough film.

VAN DAMME: I would love the movie to be successful because the guy who did it, Mr. Sugimoto of Matsushita, put two big studios—Columbia and Universal—together for the first time since *Towering Inferno*. He put in his own money from his company and I received a good salary, double what I got for *Timecop*. So I would have been crazy not to do it.

PLAYBOY: He has already invested more money in remaking the Street Fighter video game with your image. Have you seen it?

VAN DAMME: They've had 600 people working on this one video game for the past two years. When I asked what it was about they said, "Top secret." I know it's unusual and that they're using my face as Colonel Guile. So now the kids can play with Van Damme—jump, dance, kick, get punched. I'm part of a phenomenon.

PLAYBOY: And how are you in the film?

VAN DAMME: I'm funny, like *Over the Top*.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel that way about *Timecop*?

VAN DAMME: In *Timecop* I do everything—break arms, kick, jump, do a split, do karate, aikido, street-fight, knife-fight. I even fight with tools. Plus, it is an intelligent movie.

PLAYBOY: No one would say that about your two previous movies, *Hard Target* and *Nowhere to Run*.

VAN DAMME: *Hard Target* was a bad script, but we had some great action scenes, and John Woo made me look like a samurai with greasy hair. *Nowhere to Run*, the script was also not that good. The writer told me he was going to fix everything. I was in his house, he shook my hand, he promised me, but he didn't fix it.

PLAYBOY: Did you always want to be a movie star?

VAN DAMME: Absolutely. I was crazy about movies since I was born. I wanted

to go to America to become a movie star. My father was against me to go to the U.S. "Crazy," he said. "You'll never make it. So many kids like you, and they speak the language." Everybody tells me it's impossible, but when you have something in your head, you have to do it.

PLAYBOY: But weren't you already a success? You owned a gym in Belgium when you were still a teenager.

VAN DAMME: I was making a fortune with the gym—$7000 a week, more than my father ever made. I was 19. I called it California Gym, and it was the biggest in Belgium. But I gave it all up—the business, my family, even though I love my parents, my first marriage—to come here. And when I came here it was difficult. I didn't speak English, I had no work permit. But I was happy. And full of ambition.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound easy.

VAN DAMME: It was not easy. Nothing happened for a long time. I learned the hard way. But you have two ways to go to Rome—you can take the freeway or you can take the road.

PLAYBOY: Before you came to America, didn't you try your luck in Hong Kong?

VAN DAMME: Yes, I had all these business cards from Hong Kong producers, but nothing happened. Then I came to America and nothing. Few people responded to me.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel like you didn't belong here?

VAN DAMME: No, I felt right, that L.A. is my place, like it's part of me, like I was here before.

PLAYBOY: Did you continue to train while you looked for film work?

VAN DAMME: I was very methodical. I was training four times a week, working at least ten hours a day, then going to casting, talking to people. I was always pushing, pushing, pushing.

PLAYBOY: Did you get any interesting work?

VAN DAMME: No. I was driving limousine. I did massage. Delivered pizza. Cleaned carpets. I was a bouncer.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy any of that work?

VAN DAMME: When I drove a limousine I took two women from Texas who were fortyish. They asked me, "Driver, do you have something to chew on?" I said, "Yes, bubble gum." "No, we want something to chew on, something in our mouths." They were trying to take me.

PLAYBOY: In other words, they wanted to chew on you?

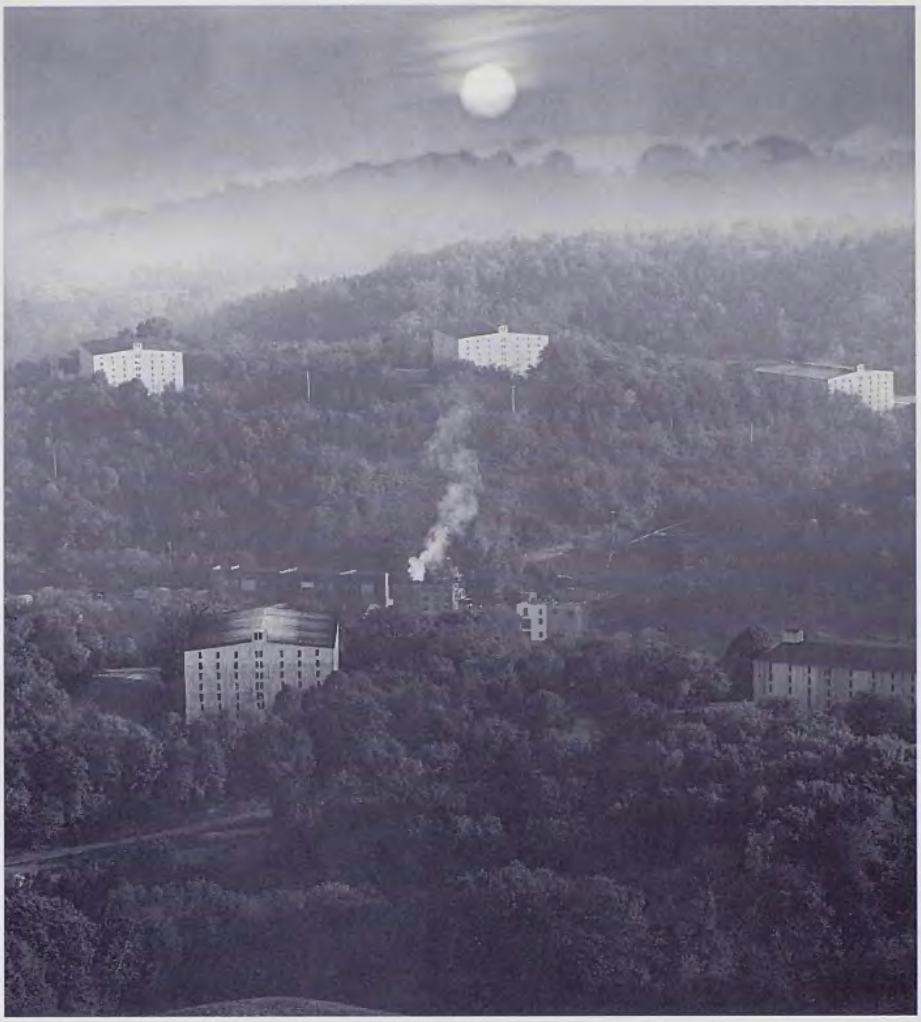
VAN DAMME: Something like that. Their husbands sent them to Beverly Hills to have plastic surgery and they wanted something to chew on.

PLAYBOY: And you didn't want these women to perform oral sex on you?

VAN DAMME: They were ugly.

PLAYBOY: Did you run into such problems when you gave massages?

VAN DAMME: My first one. This guy took off his robe and he was naked. I said,



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"Do you have a towel?" He said, "Oh, I don't need it." I started to massage his back and he opened his legs. I said, "Buddy, that's it. I'm leaving." He stood up, it was half hard. I have nothing against homosexuals—I have lots of friends who are gay. But that was it for massage.

PLAYBOY: As a bouncer, did you ever have to throw anyone out?

VAN DAMME: Never. It was in Newport Beach, at Chuck Norris' wife's restaurant. I drove three hours every day back and forth.

PLAYBOY: And when did you eventually work for Chuck?

VAN DAMME: I went to see him when he was with a friend of his and I said I could train him. But he wasn't sure so he have me spar with his friend and he sat and watched. I jumped in the air, started kicking—the guy didn't expect that. Then I trained Chuck for months, for free.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't he pay you?

VAN DAMME: Ask him. I will never ask for something. After I train him every day he took me for dinner sometimes, and I also became an extra for him in *M.I.A.*

PLAYBOY: During this time you were also sticking your picture on car windshields, hoping a producer might call. Did you ever hear from anyone?

VAN DAMME: Nobody. I even went to the parking lots of the big studios like MGM and Fox, and also to the independent studios, which were more approachable. I always looked at the big cars—they were the producers'. I left pictures of myself and my phone number. Thousands of pictures. Sometimes I followed some cars to see the houses. People think I'm nuts, but it wasn't to harm anybody.

PLAYBOY: It sounds pretty desperate. Did you ever wonder why you were having such a tough time?

VAN DAMME: Before I came to America I was on vacation in the south of France and had my dog Tara with me. She was a black chow. I really loved this dog. I treated her like a girlfriend, like the love of my life. I was walking her when I saw a man walking a big male dog, very healthy looking, and I thought he was the perfect guy to take my dog because I cannot take her with me to America. So I gave my dog to him. A year later I went back to see her, but when I got there I thought maybe it wasn't a good idea that she see me—it will make her sad again when I leave—so I bought sunglasses and I put on a hat for the dog not to recognize me. When I saw my dog walking, she had holes with no hair and I said to myself, "You are such an idiot. You give that dog away to follow your dream, and they're treating you like shit in America. You're doing two-bucks-an-hour jobs, and here is the dog who is loving you like nobody else, and you left her." I wanted to go and touch her, smell her, but if I did then she would be happy for one day and then become even more broken. Like if you go back to a woman you once loved but now respect as your best friend, she thinks that it's love—a woman will not understand. So I stayed away for three days, looking at my dog every day and night, like a detective. Crying beneath my glasses. I left and returned a year and a half later, and she was gone. Gone. And the same happened to my parrot, a gray female. She loved me, she'd sit on my hand, stay on my shoulder. I gave her to an old lady and the bird died. The woman never called me. I will never give an animal away again. I thought, That's why God gave me such a hard time making it, to punish me. He loves the animals, they die, now you're going to suffer before you see the light.

PLAYBOY: Your suffering stopped when you finally got Menahem Golan, the coowner of Cannon Films, to put you in a movie. What's the real story of how you caught his attention?

VAN DAMME: I tried to meet him for five, six years. Then I was going into a restaurant and he was coming out. I said, "Menahem, it's me, Jean-Claude Van Damme. Remember all the pictures I sent you?" He was busy doing business. So I said, "I can do great action films." And I kicked above his head, like a 6'2" kick. I impressed him. He gave me his card and said, "Call me tomorrow."

PLAYBOY: He didn't think you were crazy? You could have kicked him in the head.

VAN DAMME: No, the guy is from Israel. He came with 20 bucks to this country, he liked that stuff. The next day I called him, he wasn't available. So I drove to his office. Now, imagine me, I was driving a taxi, cleaning carpets, delivering pizza. Here I am in the penthouse of Cannon, the biggest independent company at that time. They had signed Stallone for $12 million for *Over the Top*, and I was on the sofa outside waiting for Menahem, who was on the phone shouting some deal. I thought, He likes to yell, he's a salesman. I was there one P.M., two P.M., three P.M., four P.M., five P.M., six P.M. Sitting there all day as people came in and out. Finally he came out, tucking his shirt into his pants, and I go inside. This time I think, Jean-Claude, you're here for six years, everything is shit, this is your only chance to have a small part in a movie. Don't panic, don't sweat your hand when you shake his, be strong. I felt all Belgium was behind me. Because many times people there cross my father, and they say to him, "Hey, we heard your son is a punching boy in America. How's the punching boy?" My father was in shame. I gave up my gym and everything. Imagine my father. I know about how Menahem came to America with $20, so I say to him, "I came to this country with $40 and I have nothing and I hope one day I can be somebody. I'm here for six years, nothing is going well in my life, so let's cut the bullshit. I know I've got something special. I'm inexpensive and I'm very good. You can make so much money with me, you can make me a star." I was almost in tears, and he saw my eyes were real. I said, "Look at my body," and I started to take off my shirt. "See the muscles I have." Then I took two chairs and did a split balanced between them. "See, I am flexible. I can do kicks, everything. I'm a young Chuck Norris. Maybe one day a Stallone. So what do you say?"

He said, "You want to be a star? I'll make you a star. You got a green card?" I say yes, which is a big fucking lie. "Do you have a lawyer?" "I will tomorrow." "An agent?" "Tomorrow." "Then you're going to make a movie. You're going to be the lead in *Bloodsport*."

My legs are like cotton balls. I can't believe it. When I leave I'm jumping all over like an idiot.

But then *Bloodsport* was delayed and delayed. Four months later I was on a plane to Hong Kong. Thank God it was set in Hong Kong.

PLAYBOY: Could you have done it in the States without a green card?

VAN DAMME: No. It was a good script, but they kept changing it. So the story ended up in the garbage and they kept losing sight of the movie. I had to recut the film myself.

PLAYBOY: Why would Golan allow you to do that?

VAN DAMME: Because he saw the movie. He hated it. He said, "Van Damme, it's a very bad movie." I go, "Menahem, I beg you, I saw it too, let me recut it." And I cut the movie every night with the guy who cut *The Towering Inferno*. The producer didn't know I was recutting it. I was such a politician. I didn't say nothing to him, I reported to Menahem every week. Then they put the film on the shelf, so he never saw the new version. It was not released for a year and a half. Then Menahem released it in France and all those countries, and I flew everywhere to promote it. I paid my own ticket to Malaysia, where it was the biggest box office. Two weeks later I flew to France, did karate kick for a magazine, did a split on the Champs Élysées. Big success because of the fighting scenes. Now you go to Asia, Hong Kong, Japan, Korea, *Bloodsport* is unrentable in the video stores—it's always gone. It's a cult film.

PLAYBOY: Did Golan know he had a hit?

VAN DAMME: After he saw the box office he knew. He called me into his office and said, "Van Damme, the iron is hot. We'll do two more movies." By then I had waited so many months. I had other things I wanted to do, and also I had signed some contracts with small companies. So I said, "You said you don't need

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me no more." He said, "My friend, I made you a star. I'm going to sue your ass off." He didn't pay me a penny more. Instead of giving me $100,000 for the second movie, he gave me $50,000. Big mistake. I did *Death Warrant* and *Cyborg* for him and that was it. But I love Menahem because he gave me my first chance.

PLAYBOY: After the success of *Bloodsport*, you really weren't free to work for any of the major studios, were you?

VAN DAMME: No. So many studios called me for projects, but I wasn't available for, like, five years. I had signed these other contracts before *Bloodsport* came out. With Cannon it was one film, two options. With another company one film, two options. A third company also one film, two options. That's nine low-budget films, below $5 million for each one. That's why I made all those movies like *Kickboxer* and *Double Impact*. It was a factory, three movies a year, no cast, first-time directors. I didn't do good as an actor. But you know what? They all made money. I became a star with those movies.

PLAYBOY: You've said in the past that they were "silly" movies.

VAN DAMME: They were not silly. For what they were it was . . . OK. I'm proud of them, and I'm not proud. You know what I'm saying?

PLAYBOY: Yes and no.

VAN DAMME: I just wish that before those movies opened people should know that they were made for low, low money. So forgive this actor if sometimes he has to scream for two minutes and he has no explosions and no bullets, no special effects.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps that's why they seem so authentic, like in *Kickboxer* when you kick down those big bamboo stems.

VAN DAMME: I kicked them for real.

PLAYBOY: Did it hurt?

VAN DAMME: When the camera was rolling it felt good. It was my second time in the movies—I was hungry.

PLAYBOY: You must have been pretty hungry to sign up to play the alien in *Predator*, especially when you discovered you were too small for the costume they had made.

VAN DAMME: I did only two scenes and had to quit because it was impossible to work in it. I wanted to do good stunts in the suit, but it was too heavy. My head was in the neck, my feet were in a cast, I was in deep shit.

PLAYBOY: But you got to meet Arnold Schwarzenegger.

VAN DAMME: Yeah. The first thing he said to me was, "I like your belt. Where did you buy it?" I go [*affecting an effeminate manner*], "I bought it on Santa Monica Boulevard." He turned around and left. Two years later I saw him on the set of *Red Heat*, and without knowing it I was sitting in his chair. He came back from

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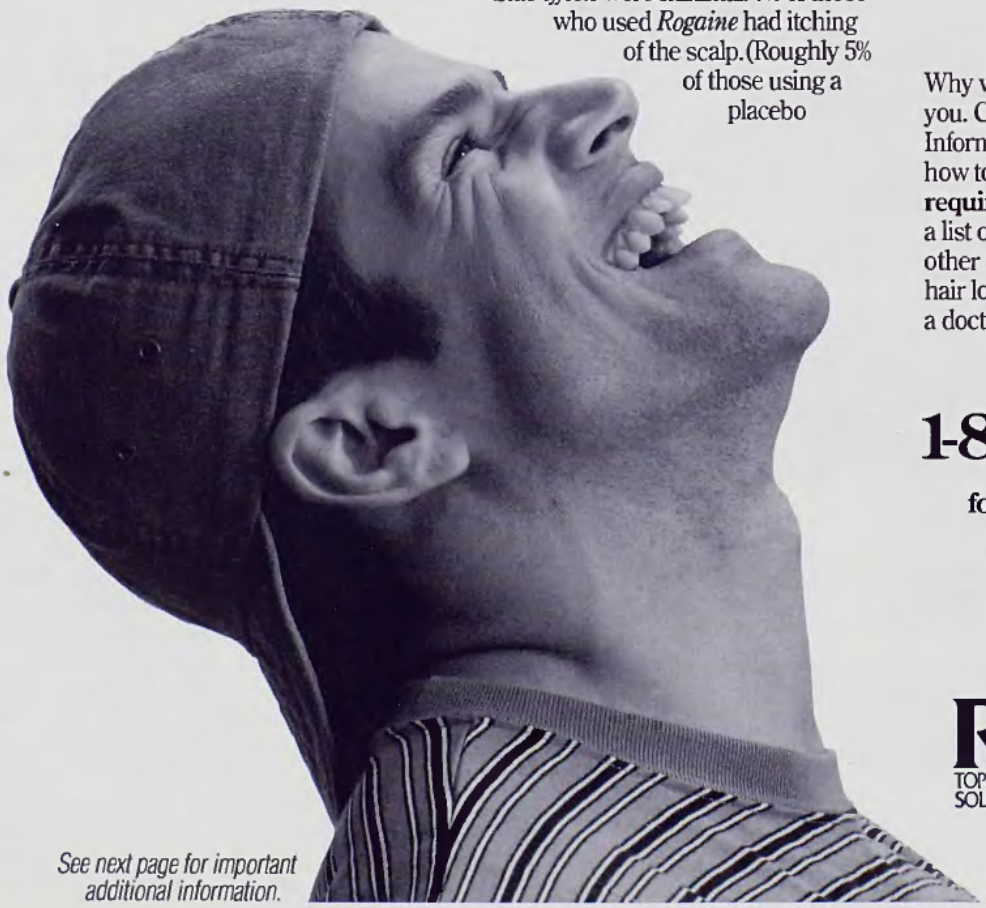

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What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 59% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked *to* ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

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his scene and looked at me and I said, "I like your belt. Where did you buy that belt?" He left nice. He's smart because he remembered his line about the belt.

PLAYBOY: What else impresses you about Arnold?

VAN DAMME: He makes sense when he talks. He doesn't talk with complicated words, he's direct. You look in his eyes, they are good. He will never try to hurt you or take advantage of you. He's too busy and too rich, he has his own focus, his own mission. He's not looking at how your arms are so big and the way you dress. He's above all that. I like him a lot.

PLAYBOY: Do you like being compared to him?

VAN DAMME: Arnold is smart and I think I am smart, too. We both came from Europe—he came with bodybuilding, I came with karate, and maybe that's why people compare us. But you cannot compare Arnold and Van Damme.

PLAYBOY: What about as actors? Arnold has proved himself to many critics, but there's still that question about you: Can he act? Does that annoy you?

VAN DAMME: Yeah, it annoys me. People look at me with attitude if I tell them, Yes, I can act. There are two different types of acting: body acting and face acting. Brando dying in *The Godfather*, Stallone punching the meat in *Rocky*—if you can act emotionally you can act visually, physically. You don't learn acting—it's all mood, it's all from inside, from your heart. Why do people come to see me? Because I cannot act? I think deeply I can act, but I know I'll become better. I'm not there yet. Imagine if I can do action, drama, romance—what's going to be next? How far can I go? It's all a question of wanting. But if I say that one day I'd like to be perceived as a Pacino, a De Niro, a Hopkins, they're going to say I'm a nut case.

PLAYBOY: Do you foresee a time when you will make films without exhibiting your martial arts skills?

VAN DAMME: Absolutely. But it's difficult to leave the image behind. It's difficult for Stallone to leave *Rocky*, he was so good. That and *Rambo* are like a stamp on his forehead. But when he made *F.I.S.T.* he was a good union guy. When you become a thing it's difficult because you're a piece in a puzzle.

PLAYBOY: Another action star you're often compared with is Steven Seagal, who apparently bad-mouthed you on *Arsenio Hall*. What do you think of him?

VAN DAMME: I like him a lot. The first movie I saw of his, *Above the Law*, I knew he was going to be a big star. Seagal has a quiet, strong presence and he was very smart about something: He did action movies with a suit on. People like that.

PLAYBOY: Why did he bad-mouth you?

VAN DAMME: I don't know. He doesn't know me. When I was promoting *Timecop* every reporter asked me about

Seagal. I've met him only twice in my life. Why does he hate me?

PLAYBOY: Maybe he thinks there isn't room enough for the two of you.

VAN DAMME: We're two tough guys. If he loses weight we will have enough room.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to do a movie with him?

VAN DAMME: The combination of Seagal and Van Damme can be a hot movie. It's like putting Arnold and Sly together in a comedy. If Seagal and Van Damme joined forces it could be great because people want to see Van Damme against Seagal. It's like seeing Holyfield and Tyson. But it will never happen.

PLAYBOY: Because one of you would have to lose?

VAN DAMME: Exactly. And I hate to lose.

PLAYBOY: Which means Seagal would have to lose to you?

VAN DAMME: No, we both have to win.

PLAYBOY: Seagal has called the people in show business pukes, scumbags and money grubbers. Do you see it that way?

VAN DAMME: My answer to Steven Seagal: Quit. Go back to Japan and work for the CIA.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Seagal ever really worked for the CIA?

VAN DAMME: Honest to God? I think if a guy worked for the CIA he will not be authorized by the CIA to go on a television show and tell people he was a CIA expert.

PLAYBOY: And Seagal supposedly doesn't think you're a world champion karate expert.

VAN DAMME: When I was practicing karate I became the best. I had the best legs in the world, and still do. I can do things with my legs you wouldn't believe. I can jump 360 degrees. I was writing my name in chalk with my toes on the board at school. When Seagal says I'm full of shit, people don't pay attention. Because I trained.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your training. How old were you when your father put you in a karate class? And why karate?

VAN DAMME: I was 11, the youngest in the class. In America you have all these sports. In Belgium we had to choose from wrestling, boxing, bodybuilding, tennis, karate. The others were too expensive—membership fees every month, equipment. With karate it was $100 a year with everything included. So I was stuck in karate. My father said to me, "It was my best investment in life. I gave $100 for my son to play karate and he became a movie star because of that. Now he's bringing back millions. I never thought that $100 was going to make me so much money."

PLAYBOY: When you started competing, did you lose many fights?

VAN DAMME: Of course I lost some fights. Not many. When I was 18 I lost to Angelo Spitarro, who was 28, in the final. I'd been fighting for three days, 12 fights, winning, winning, winning, going home to sleep, back the next day, winning. I lost the last fight because I was so young, so nice to people. I'm more mean now. When you get older you become more vicious, like an old wolf. I'm dangerous. I'm not to play with. I will not lose any more fights.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get hurt when you competed?

VAN DAMME: I broke my jaw once. Here's what happened: When you do karate, if you put one knee on the floor the judge stops the fight. I had my knee on the floor and the guy I was fighting came at me full speed. Bam! Shot my head like a football! I stood back on my feet, fighting not to go down. But I lost control and I hate to lose control. The fight was canceled. That guy later became world champion and I fought him for the championship. I broke his jaw in 17 seconds. I did that famous kick, and boom! He slept.

PLAYBOY: *Inside Edition* implied that there's no record that you ever won a championship. Do you have any belts to prove it?

VAN DAMME: No belt. I received a free pair of plastic gloves, and the next day I saw my name in the newspaper. But it doesn't mean shit to me. Tell *Inside Edition* to look in the archives in Belgium under the name Van Varenberg, not Van

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Damme. They have the fight on film. Look at *Bloodsport*. You think a guy can do that and be a fake?

PLAYBOY: What about fear? Do you feel fear before a fight?

VAN DAMME: Always. The guy who tells you he's not scared is full of shit. Because that's what God gave you to survive: fear. If not, you'll become a kamikaze.

PLAYBOY: Are your legs considered lethal weapons?

VAN DAMME: I fought a lot in the ring, but if I fight for real, I will kill. I swear to God, I will kill. I cannot fight because my kicks will kill. Also, if I hit somebody now I'll be sued for millions.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever lost your temper outside the ring?

VAN DAMME: Once. I was 17, driving my little Citroën at three A.M., and this bus driver from Morocco cut me off and almost killed me. I stopped in front of him, stood below where he was sitting and called him a nut case. He said, "Fuck you." I was so pissed I kicked straight up with my leg and touched his face. It was the first time I lost control. He was knocked out, so I went into the bus and said to the passengers, "Guys, I'm sorry, you'll have to walk." I was in full right—he was crazy. He woke up I don't know when, maybe a half hour later, and he went to the cops. Some people had taken my license and the next morning the police came to my house and said to my father, "Your son kicked a bus driver in the face and broke his jaw in five places." My father didn't want me to have a police record so he paid them $75,000 for me to be clean. He was so pissed. "I'm teaching you karate to control yourself. You're an idiot, you're crazy."

PLAYBOY: Were you crazy?

VAN DAMME: Maybe. When I was 15 I was jumping from roof to the ground. I thought I was Spider-Man, Dare Devil. I once hurt my back badly.

PLAYBOY: Did you know anything about steroids then?

VAN DAMME: I knew everything about it, and I knew the consequences. I've seen people taking it like candy, by mouth, by injection. You'll have fast results and then you'll pay with your tendons, your prostate, your kidneys, liver.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever take any?

VAN DAMME: Never. When I was 19 I weighed 99 kilos [218 pounds], pure muscle. I was a beast. Enough for me. Right now I am 78 kilos [172 pounds]. I know what to eat, how to train.

PLAYBOY: The old taboo about not having sex before a fight—is that a myth?

VAN DAMME: People who train are very sexual—you clean your body from the inside, you regenerate all your cells. But making love before a fight? I will never do it. It would be like doing something wrong.

PLAYBOY: Why would it be wrong?

VAN DAMME: When some people make love, they do just one fuck. When you really make love you spend hours, you spend all night with a woman, you give a lot, you're sweating. You want her to feel good so you spend five, six rounds, and the next day you have to go 12 rounds. That's 17 rounds.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you have five or six orgasms each time you make love?

VAN DAMME: I'm not saying I'm coming five or six times. It's just a metaphor.

PLAYBOY: Seagal practices aikido, and you've studied Thai kickboxing. Which is more dangerous?

VAN DAMME: In aikido you do something with your hands, you have to grab somebody and roll them down. You don't grab a guy with kickboxing—that's bullshit. In a real street fight you don't grab people. Kickboxing, you hit first. The guy will not grab you.

PLAYBOY: Can a kickboxing champion take a boxer like Mike Tyson?

VAN DAMME: You cannot compare. If you take the best champion in Muay Thai kickboxing, what he will do with Tyson is go for his legs with powerful, low kicks. He can break your knee. Kickboxing allows elbow, knee, foot. A boxer knows from the waist up, not the legs. If Tyson comes at me, I kick him—boom!—he's out. If I'm backed into a corner against the rope, who's going to win? Tyson? Maybe. But a kickboxer can give him an elbow, bam! Twelve stitches. When Tyson fights, he thinks about his next fight. When a Thai guy fights, there is no tomorrow. Elbow in the face, knee in the head. The boxer cannot use his knees, his elbows, his head.

PLAYBOY: So you wouldn't be afraid to go up against Tyson?

VAN DAMME: Now we're talking like two kids in school. Your father's a boxer, mine's a karate guy. Who's going to win? Forty-year-old businessmen love to talk about who will win between me and Seagal and Tyson. Men love competition. They want to be that guy in the ring.

PLAYBOY: No, we want to put you in the ring. Who would win between you and Iron Mike?

VAN DAMME: I've trained for 20 years. I can give him shit with my legs, you feel the power. I can triple-kick, like a mosquito. I hate to fight because I hate to lose. If I put my thumb in the eyes of somebody, I will take his eyes away. So if a guy insults me or makes fun of me, I turn my back and leave. It's good to know karate and kickboxing, but a guy who never trained in his life can come at you with a knife. Who is stronger than who?

PLAYBOY: Name the best martial arts films.

VAN DAMME: *Enter the Dragon*. And that Kurosawa movie where the girl comes to the village and the guy cleans the village of all the bandits, *Seven Samurai*.

PLAYBOY: What about *The Karate Kid*?

VAN DAMME: It was good for kids, but I hated it.

PLAYBOY: *Enter the Dragon* was one of Bruce Lee's most popular films. Was he a role model for you?

VAN DAMME: Bruce was fantastic, very special. The camera loved him. He was one of the first actors who came with a body on the screen. Before, there was Steve Reeves. But don't forget, before Bruce Lee was a karate guy he was *sur la planche*—on the wood. That means theater. When he was 13 he was acting. If you look at some of his movies, when he fights in slow motion, frame by frame, it's not too technical. But it looks great on camera.

PLAYBOY: You're saying that he exaggerated certain moves for the camera. Don't you do that, too?

VAN DAMME: The same. But I have my own style. I don't imitate anybody.

PLAYBOY: Who are some of the authentic tough guys on the screen?

VAN DAMME: Sean Connery's real tough. I heard stories from people. I met him once. Strong. The guy you see on the screen is the guy you see in life. I met Charles Bronson once too. He's a very powerful guy, a man's man. I love *Hard Times*. Robert De Niro, Steve McQueen. Mickey Rourke. To me, he was as gifted as Al Pacino and he lost it. Maybe he can come back.

PLAYBOY: Are these some of your favorite actors?

VAN DAMME: Some. I love Jimmy Dean, Marlon Brando, Christopher Walken, Pacino, Anthony Hopkins, Paul Newman, Montgomery Clift, Kirk Douglas, Stallone. And French actors like Alain Delon, Fernandel and Belmondo—my favorite. To me he is a god.

PLAYBOY: What about Jack Nicholson?

VAN DAMME: He's an animal. I love animals. He eats life with big fangs.

PLAYBOY: Robin Williams?

VAN DAMME: Genius. Comedy, he's the top. So gifted.

PLAYBOY: Steve Martin?

VAN DAMME: No, I don't like him. He does nothing for me. I like Tom Hanks and Jim Belushi.

PLAYBOY: Mel Gibson?

VAN DAMME: Very commercial, from action to drama. *Hamlet* was a good movie. You know who's great too? Johnny Depp—he's always lust. And Sean Penn. I saw a film with him and De Niro as priests. He ate De Niro alive.

PLAYBOY: Charlie Sheen?

VAN DAMME: Doesn't do it for me.

PLAYBOY: Christian Slater?

VAN DAMME: Love him.

PLAYBOY: Keanu Reeves?

VAN DAMME: Doesn't do it for me. In *Speed*, I just didn't buy that he was that tough. If you see that guy coming at you to fight with you, are you scared? No.

PLAYBOY: Which films captured your imagination as a kid?

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VAN DAMME: I loved American films. *Ben-Hur*, *Spartacus*, *The Wild Bunch*. Later, *Star Wars*.

PLAYBOY: How often did you go to the movies?

VAN DAMME: I would go with my father on Sunday. I was expecting to see a movie once a week, but it happened once a month because he was always very busy.

PLAYBOY: Was this when he was a florist?

VAN DAMME: Yes, and before that he owned a lingerie store. And then my mother did that when he started a library, which in Europe means you're selling cigarettes, newspapers, bubble gum, like a 7-Eleven. It was hard, he was counting on every penny. I remember once my mother took us for pasta when he was working late and she said, "Don't tell your father we ate spaghetti." But I remember that smell, with mashed carrots, onion, some meat. I was ashamed to ask for a toy more than once a week because all the money they were making they were investing in something else to become more successful. And I was always helping them. I was a happy kid. You give me a piece of wood and a shoe, I would make a boat.

PLAYBOY: Did you get an allowance?

VAN DAMME: No, he gave me food and lodging and love. You don't give money to a kid of 16 in Europe. I cannot see kids who have their own bank accounts at the age of 16. What is this? It's a joke.

PLAYBOY: Earlier you said your father paid $75,000 to keep you from having a police record. How could he pay that much if you were so poor?

VAN DAMME: That was later, when he opened his flower shop and it was successful. That's when he made what for him was big money. He had all the Jewish clientele of Belgium. He was doing everything for those guys—marriages, receptions. One of his clients was Onassis. When I was living there I was selling flowers at night for him. My father was so good to me. I wish lots of people could have my parents. I remember when I had to have my appendix out. I was scared, but I was also sad for my father because he was in a panic. I saw his face, his eyes. He said, "If I could be in your place I would do it." I saw so much love that I started to cry. I said, "Dad, you are a wonderful father." He slept in the hospital by me, on the floor.

PLAYBOY: Other than the time you broke that bus driver's jaw, did you ever do anything that upset him?

VAN DAMME: When I shot my BB gun into our neighbor's laundry. I was shooting at clothespins and sometimes I missed and it went into the laundry. She came to my father, who yelled at me like crazy. Then I once killed a pigeon, shot it in the neck. It was a female and my father told me she was probably looking for food for her newborns and they were all going to die because of me. Oh, I feel bad.

PLAYBOY: Did you get into many fights as a kid?

VAN DAMME: I was not a fighter, but I made fun of people. I was always running, scheming. I never liked to fight; I liked to compete.

PLAYBOY: You sound like a real family man, but you're already on your fourth marriage.

VAN DAMME: I'm young, what do I know about life? I've got so much to learn. Maybe that's why I was married so many times, because it was too early to get married. I made mistakes.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps you didn't try hard enough to keep a marriage together.

VAN DAMME: Trying is easy, faking is not easy. So I didn't fake. Love comes and goes. Love is a strange phenomenon.

PLAYBOY: When did you first think you were in love?

VAN DAMME: I was 15—she was a blonde girl, cute. I was in love with a kiss. You know your first kiss? It was so new, like a breath of fresh air. Not even with the tongue, just the contact of the male and the female. It was soft, breakable, crystal . . . special.

PLAYBOY: Did she feel that way as well?

VAN DAMME: I don't think so. She never called me back. But at that time I was not too good-looking. I was a strange-looking kid, white-blond hair, big thick glasses. And I was shy, so shy.

PLAYBOY: When did you have your first girlfriend?

VAN DAMME: I met some girls at school, first love, second love, third love. But they would complain after—they were sad and brokenhearted. But there was one girl who came to live with me in my house with my parents. She was 15. I was in love with her for two years and we never had sex. My dad told me, "Don't touch her, you're going to make her pregnant." She was an angel.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever pay for sex?

VAN DAMME: When I was 17, I went to Paris with a bunch of friends and we went to a prostitute. She was nice, dark, flashy. When it was my turn my heart beat like in *The Mask*. She sat down on the bed, crossed her legs and asked, "Have the money?" I said, "Sure." I give her the money and say, "Can we talk?" I ask her, "You happy here?" She looked at me like I'm a priest. She said, "You want to talk or you want to do it?" I didn't feel like making love, so I said, "Keep the money," and I left.

PLAYBOY: Was it because you couldn't get it up?

VAN DAMME: I tried, it didn't work. If you go with a prostitute and you have to pay money to make love, can you have a hard-on?

PLAYBOY: Obviously many men can.

VAN DAMME: I think not. Anyway, that was my impression of Paris, of hot Paris.

PLAYBOY: Has it been easier to attract women since you've become famous?

VAN DAMME: Before I became a star it was more easy for me. Because I'm a good-looking kid. When I was unknown I had all the girls I wanted in the world. Since I'm known, they are scared of me.

PLAYBOY: Four of them apparently weren't. How old were you when you first married?

VAN DAMME: Eighteen. She was 27, mature. She was from Venezuela, very beautiful. We stayed together for a couple of years, then she left. Or I left her.

PLAYBOY: Why?

VAN DAMME: Many reasons. The gym, film business, me training every day, running around, traveling, pushing hard. When a woman loves you a lot she likes to be your companion, but it's hard for a woman to stay next to you when you travel. I said I'm going to go in the film business. If I don't make it, what's going to be her life? Maybe I'm going to be a loser. A bum. If I go into the business and she follows me for years and nothing happens, then what? I said to her, "I'm no good for you. I am not what I'm supposed to be. And I will never sleep until I do my dream." So I left her to live like a gypsy in America.

PLAYBOY: And what happened with wife number two?

VAN DAMME: The second wife, Cindy, she wanted me to be with her in her father's business. Her father told me he had wanted to become a movie star and it never worked and that I should be smart, let him buy me a nice car, house, give me a salary, work for him in his carpet factory. I said I cannot do it, so she left me because she supported her father.

PLAYBOY: Your third wife, Gladys, and you have two children. She was a bodybuilder who at first ignored your advances, correct?

VAN DAMME: She's a fantastic woman, great woman. If I were a woman, she would be better than me. I followed her to Cancún, Mexico, but she resisted me. But when I want something, I want it.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe what it's like to have sex with a bodybuilder?

VAN DAMME: Gladys was not too sexual. It was like sister and brother with us.

PLAYBOY: And along came wife number four, Darcy.

VAN DAMME: Darcy was something you cannot fight. Our chemistry, the first date . . . I tried to fight, I tried to find every excuse to have a fight. For a year and a half I tried to have a reason to come back to my family. Because it was too much to lose, the kids and all that stuff. And she tried too. We fought. Passionate. Unbelievable. She flew to Hong Kong when I was there. She called me from her big suite upstairs. I came, there was music and champagne, like *Bugsy*.

PLAYBOY: She was married to Ron Rice,

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who owns the Hawaiian Tropic suntan lotion company.

VAN DAMME: He's a nice guy, very down-to-earth, smart. I like him a lot. I invited him to my house for a drink. I felt bad because I'm the one who did something bad to his marriage.

PLAYBOY: How angry was he?

VAN DAMME: He's too smart to let me know. He does not show his feelings—too much of a businessman. She knows, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Why the need to marry instead of simply live together?

VAN DAMME: Women, they want marriage. And I like marriage too. It's building a relationship and a future together. Love is love. Marriage is a deal. Will that make the love stronger? It will make the woman happy. She thinks, He's my territory now, he's mine, my luck. Maybe they feel more secure that way. But that will not elevate or diminish love.

PLAYBOY: What qualities attract you to a woman?

VAN DAMME: Intelligence, charm, class, beauty, sense of humor.

PLAYBOY: And if you're having an affair, should you tell the woman you live with or keep it a secret?

VAN DAMME: I don't have an affair.

PLAYBOY: If.

VAN DAMME: If I have an affair should I tell the woman I'm with I'm having an affair? Naturally, I'm laughing. If you want to lose the wife who loves you, just tell her you are having an affair. If you want to keep the marriage, at least to try, you tell her something happened: "I was drugged." "She put something in my tea." Whatever. Let me ask you: If you come home and you hear your wife screaming and you walk into the bedroom and see her making love to a guy, what will you do?

PLAYBOY: It could lead to violence.

VAN DAMME: I would not get violent. I will be pissed like crazy, but I would go, "Guys, sorry to disturb you. Take your time, enjoy and when you finish I'll come back for my baggage, OK?" Because if I get violent, it's one more reason for her to fuck around. You want to be the champ, you act like a champ.

PLAYBOY: You're telling us that if you walked in on your wife and she was screwing another guy in your bed——

VAN DAMME: No, not in my bed. When a guy touch my bed, it's no longer my bed. If he touch my toothbrush, it's not my toothbrush.

PLAYBOY: And if he's touching your wife——

VAN DAMME: It's finished. No going back. The guy fuck you once, he fuck you twice. Same with a woman.

PLAYBOY: Suppose that it's you fucking around and your wife walks in.

VAN DAMME: You're talking fiction, right?

PLAYBOY: Fiction or fact. You have been married four times.

VAN DAMME: I never, ever fucked around in my house. I would never do that.

PLAYBOY: Are you splitting hairs here? If it's in your house it's taboo, but if it's outside it's OK?

VAN DAMME: You're talking about if, if, if. I'm giving you if. So when you go "if," I go "if."

PLAYBOY: So you're saying that if you walk in on your wife with another man, the marriage is over. If your wife walks in on you with another woman, is the marriage also over or does she try to work it out?

VAN DAMME: She will leave me.

PLAYBOY: And has that been the reason that any of your marriages have ended?

VAN DAMME: No. A woman never left me because I fucked around. It's always something else, which I've already explained. Because there's nothing worse than lying. When you love a woman and she thinks you fuck around and she's accusing you because she's heard some stories, there's just nothing worse than to spend your life with someone who doesn't trust you.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to movies. Who are the directors you admire?

VAN DAMME: Oliver Stone is really special. I love also Adrian Lyne, Alan Parker, James Cameron, Brian DePalma, John Milius, Sergio Leone.

PLAYBOY: Did you talk with any of them when you decided to direct *The Quest*?

VAN DAMME: I talked with Stone. He's talking to me because he's got some respect—he likes me because I came from Belgium with nothing and then became somebody. I explained to him the story, my opening scene, and he said, "Why do you need me? You have all the shots in your head."

PLAYBOY: In each of your films, you always get pretty beaten up before you emerge victorious. That doesn't happen much with Seagal. Is that part of your formula?

VAN DAMME: It's good to see a guy who gets some beating. Because all the world champions take punches in the ring. Besides, it is just fun stuff, it's not dangerous. In a real fight, a guy takes a glass, breaks it and goes for your face. That's what I call a fight.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once meet Muhammad Ali?

VAN DAMME: I met Ali nine years ago. He invited me to his house. He did some magic tricks for me. He was slow, and I felt sorry for him. I was having tears in my eyes when I saw him. What a great champ.

PLAYBOY: What did you talk about?

VAN DAMME: Religion.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in organized religion?

VAN DAMME: I believe in God. I talk to God every day. It helps me a lot. It's a big difference between religion and believing in something.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once say that religion is only to make money?

VAN DAMME: Yes. Am I right or wrong? When you go to a church or a mosque or a temple, it's so much luxury, so much money spent just to pray. That money can be used to help people. Religion can be dangerous. Look at all the fanatics. It's because of religion we have so much war. But my father told me don't talk about religion or politics in America and I'll be OK.

PLAYBOY: Does having a baby face help your career?

VAN DAMME: It helps. Look at Tom Hanks, Tom Cruise, Harrison Ford. Baby faces. Look at Arnold—even if he's smart, strong, mature, he has that baby look. Look at Jimmy Dean, Montgomery Clift. They're vulnerable, all of them.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've said that you would prefer to look older.

VAN DAMME: Because people like me more when I'm older, they have more respect. When you're 33 and look 28 on the screen trying to kick ass with a big bandit, you look like a kid. To me Arnold, Sly and Seagal have better faces—you believe them.

PLAYBOY: Are there any actresses you'd like to work with?

VAN DAMME: Roseanne. She's very funny. I would love to do a film with her. She is fantastic and a good actress. So clever. And in a sense she is beautiful. Look at her face, her eyes. She's lovable. Imagine a guy like Van Damme who dates a woman like Roseanne in a movie—pure love, it can be so special.

PLAYBOY: Roseanne is a surprising choice. Anyone else?

VAN DAMME: Madonna can be hot. You saw *Truth or Dare*? She's got something, pal. She's got tons of charisma. Imagine a movie: Madonna and Van Damme!

PLAYBOY: You've picked two women who haven't exactly sizzled at the box office.

VAN DAMME: I'll make them look good on film, don't worry about it.

PLAYBOY: How about someone like Winona Ryder?

VAN DAMME: She's very frail, very pasty. I like women who look like they've been through a lot.

PLAYBOY: Like Debra Winger?

VAN DAMME: Great. And Madeleine Stowe. Ellen Barkin. Barbra Streisand. She's a woman with a brain, talent, attractive. Goldie Hawn is beautiful and very sexy.

PLAYBOY: Last year *Entertainment Weekly* said you were known as egomaniacal, erratic, homophobic and sexist. How do you plead?

VAN DAMME: What's homophobic?

PLAYBOY: Antigay.

VAN DAMME: What's erratic?

PLAYBOY: All over—one day hot, the next day cold. Irregular.

VAN DAMME: I am high and low, that's true. Sexist?

PLAYBOY: To be chauvinistic, not to treat women as equals.

VAN DAMME: Wrong. What else?

PLAYBOY: Egomaniacal.
VAN DAMME: They are right only in one thing: erratic.
PLAYBOY: What are your weaknesses?
VAN DAMME: I love food. And I'm impatient.
PLAYBOY: That's it? What is the image you have of yourself?
VAN DAMME: I'm very happy with myself. I'm straightforward. I'm honest with people. I've got real balls. If I need to save a friend, I will go headfirst. So I'm more of a hero in real life than in the movies. Because in movies I let people do this and that to me as an action star. In real life I'm very strong.
PLAYBOY: You mean you want to be a bigger hero on the screen? Isn't it enough that women scream for you to take off your shirt?
VAN DAMME: I'm glad they are thinking about me and that they love the guy on the screen. But if they meet the real Van Damme they will go even more crazy. Because in real life I'm a romantic. I love classical music, I love beautiful things.
PLAYBOY: Like those Cuban cigars you're smoking?
VAN DAMME: Why does a cigar relax you so much? I love to smoke cigars—when you light up, you have to do it with small puffs, small suction, like when you make love to a woman. You can't do it like an animal. I would never smoke in public because I have an image. If kids see me with a cigar then they think, Hey, Van Damme is smoking, it's cool.
PLAYBOY: Speaking of kids, how strict are you as a father?
VAN DAMME: I believe a father has to be strict. You are preparing them for the jungle. It's a miracle to have a kid. People take it for granted. When you have that miracle you've got to cherish and take care, you have to prepare them to be a winner. You have to talk to your children, spend time with them. A father will give more advice to them than a teacher, because he loves them. But you also have to be very careful with your kids—you can fuck them up badly. One word from a father or a mother can give them sequels for the rest of their lives. When I go shopping, sometimes I see kids who treat their parents with no respect. They are telling their mother what to do, they throw stuff on the floor. If my son does that to me, he's in deep trouble.
PLAYBOY: Have you ever laid a hand on your son?
VAN DAMME: Yes, once.
PLAYBOY: On his behind?
VAN DAMME: In his face. I told him something, he didn't do it and he kept on. I was so pissed. He insulted me. Today my son respects me like crazy.
PLAYBOY: Do you feel guilty that you are separated from your children?
VAN DAMME: Absolutely. It's a huge problem. Every day I feel about it. I call my son almost every day. When I'm working out on the bicycle I listen to music on a Walkman because I can't think right. My son and daughter are in my head every day.
PLAYBOY: We watched you object when your son left a slice of melon half-eaten.
VAN DAMME: That's because when I came to America I was unable to buy a Dannon yogurt. Taco Bell was my Sunday—I enjoyed that Taco Bell from the beginning to the end. Even if I've got millions, billions, trillions of dollars, my children are going to finish their melon. Because I paid for it, I worked for it.
PLAYBOY: And if they protest that they aren't hungry?
VAN DAMME: Then I send them to bed. I will yell. Are you my child or what? You talk to me like that? You're my blood. Are you crazy? I will put that melon in the fridge and the next day when they wake up, there's the melon. They will eat nothing else until they finish that melon. We have this saying in Europe: Who stole an egg will steal a cow. If you answer me for a melon, what will you do later when you have a car? If your father's telling you something, it's your duty as his child to listen to him. You have to respect stuff in life.
PLAYBOY: You're one tough dad.
VAN DAMME: It's my duty.
PLAYBOY: Are you as tough with your friends?
VAN DAMME: I love friendship. When I

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have a friend, I'm giving everything. I've got the biggest heart on earth. Ask my friends.

PLAYBOY: Your childhood friend Michel Qissi may not agree. He claimed that you never paid him his $22,000 salary for appearing in *Lionheart*.

VAN DAMME: Lie. I pay more than that. He made a fortune with me. I gave money to his mother. I flew him first-class from Europe to America. He stayed in my house, we shared food. I gave him a car. Put him in *Kickboxer*, *Lionheart*, two movies back-to-back. Then he met a woman. He never dated too many women in his life. She told him, Jean-Claude is taking advantage of you. He said to me, "I'm going to go on my own because you're bad for me." Maybe this woman doesn't want us to be together. He left me and now I think he's in shame, back in Belgium doing groceries. Go ask him: Who brought you to America? Who gave you food? Who pay your first dollar bill? Who put you in the movies? Why you back in Belgium? Because you fucked up. But all of my friends, they all come back to me, they cry to me and say they're sorry.

PLAYBOY: Truman Capote said that when he became famous he lost 80 percent of his friends. Has that happened to you?

VAN DAMME: Ninety-nine percent of my friends. I return to my country, I go to visit a friend, but I have to make some phone calls. He says, "Who do you think you are?" I say, "No, no, I'm not snubbing you. I've got to make these calls or I'll lose something." "Go to hell." It's sad. Small mind. Those guys, when you leave the country and you come back, they don't understand your change. They don't know about the dog I lost, the bird that died. They don't know about me sleeping in the car. But what goes around comes around. If you do something bad to somebody, you will pay. I always pay, trust me.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of paying, an appeals court recently upheld a $487,000 award to Jackson Pinckney, whom you apparently injured during the filming of *Cyborg* in 1988. You stuck a rubber knife in his eye?

VAN DAMME: Here's the story. Pinckney was a big, heavy guy working in a gym. He was a bodybuilder, a soldier. But he didn't know how to fight. There was a fight between us. It was raining, muddy, difficult to see at night. He was supposed to attack me and I was supposed to kick him. He came too close to me and the knife touched his eye. It was hard plastic, not rubber. I felt sorry. I drove to his Army base, I invited him to dinner. He was wearing a patch. With surgery he'll have his view back to normal. It was not my fault. I said, "You should call Cannon and make sure you have insurance." "No, it's fine," he said. Four years later, a lawsuit. Why? I became a hotshot. He has a lawyer, I have a lawyer. It was a great show, like a circus. I was on TV. They said, "Jean-Claude likes to hurt people to increase his popularity and his career." He won half a million dollars.

PLAYBOY: What did it teach you about our judicial system?

VAN DAMME: It scared the shit out of me. Imagine when a guy has to be sentenced to death and he has 12 people who will decide. They have no power of their own in life, only this day they have power, and if you have one leader among those 12 people who can talk well, that leader can decide your life.

PLAYBOY: There was another lawsuit, this one in December 1993, by a woman who claimed you forced her to have oral sex, and that you demanded a foursome with her and her boyfriend and with Darcy. Even though the suit was settled, would you like to take this opportunity to set the record straight?

VAN DAMME: First of all, if Darcy see me look at a woman, she will go nuts. I was in all the papers. It came into Belgium and France, my parents read about it. Imagine me divorcing Gladys to be with Darcy, and then she claims this? She was dating my trainer. She once came in my trailer to shake my hand.

PLAYBOY: And you never had sex with this woman?

VAN DAMME: Absolutely not. It's absurd. But what am I supposed to do? What's the next step for me? I even paid some detective to see what's going on there, but it's a long story and I prefer to keep it off the record. My lawyer tells me to do nothing: "Today it's in the papers, tomorrow it will be gone."

PLAYBOY: Another bit of trouble occurred during the filming of *Universal Soldier*, when you were arrested for speeding in Arizona. The papers said you were going 108. How fast do you admit to?

VAN DAMME: Eighty. It was at midnight, nobody was on the road. The cop put the handcuffs on me and at the jail he took them away, but he said, "Don't kick my face. My partner has a gun, he will shoot." I told him, "It's in the movies I do that."

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there also a lawsuit that you filed to get out of doing a sequel to *Lionheart*?

VAN DAMME: I filed a lawsuit because they rented a car for me on the first movie and they never paid for the car.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that because you used the carphone a lot and the bill came to $64,000?

VAN DAMME: I had the car for three months. I left it with my assistant for a month and he used the phone to call Europe. But what does $50,000 have to do with the $295,000 profit the producer made, plus the ten percent he has on *Sudden Death*? He's rich. I'm happy for him. But he should have paid for the car.

PLAYBOY: That about covers the controversies about you—except for the one involving your *Universal Soldier* co-star, Dolph Lundgren, whom you apparently got into a pushing match with at a screening of *The Player*.

VAN DAMME: That was on purpose. Our movie wasn't ready, so we had to do something to create some controversy at Cannes. I came up with pushing each other on the red carpet, where we'd have all the cameras on us. He agreed and it worked. He pushed me, I pushed him back. The bodyguards jumped in and stopped us. Then I walked off the carpet and he stayed there like he was pissed. It was exciting. People wanted to see us fight in the movie. That movie made $100 million over the world. We used the media for that. It was my biggest movie up to *Timecop* and *Street Fighter*.

PLAYBOY: If *Street Fighter* doesn't do as well as you're expecting, you'll have to find somebody else to push.

VAN DAMME: Yeah, I'll push you. It'll be in all the papers.

PLAYBOY: "You push me, I'll push you." How's that for an epitaph?

VAN DAMME: Better: "Do what you believe is right in life, and if you don't succeed, at least you tried."

PLAYBOY: Where will that wind up? What country do you want to be buried in?

VAN DAMME: I don't want to be buried in the ground, rotting, with all those worms. What I would love is to have my body dropped where you have those big icebergs and the water is so cold and pure, to be eaten by a polar bear or a seal or an otter.

PLAYBOY: Have you always been as confident as you come across?

VAN DAMME: I'm hard on myself always. I'm very insecure. But I believe in my dream and I was pushing every day to make it happen. So when I hear people complaining about jobs or not having work, asking for money, it's a bunch of bullshit. People don't understand in this country, they should kiss the ground in America. Go to Hong Kong and try to find some homeless. Very few. They want to make money, they clean shoes, they clean tires, they clean floors. Nobody has limitations in life except people who are born stupid or handicapped. If you saw me when I was young, I came a long way. I was not born this way. I became. I changed. I came to America without the language, without the permit, and I became a movie star. People call me lucky, they say I was in the right place at the right time. You have to make it happen, pal. You have to push hard, because it pays off. Maybe not as a movie star, maybe as a co-star or as a bad guy, who cares? If you want to make it badly, you can make it. When you know who you are in life, you can go so high. I really believe so.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man with a passion for performance. It was true in the Fifties and it's true today. The PLAYBOY reader wants the car he drives to say who he is. Facts: One out of every eight male sports car owners in the U.S. is a PLAYBOY reader. So is one out of every ten male convertible owners. And 1.2 million of our readers own luxury cars. Last year, one out of nine readers bought a car—that's 2.25 million men and 2.25 million cars. That's more car buyers than you can find in *Esquire*, *GQ* and *Details* combined. Just another example of the power of PLAYBOY. (Source: 1994 Spring MRI.)

PROZAC
20 mg
DISTA
1105

sex and prozac

IS THE WONDER DRUG OF THE NINETIES CREATING A GENERATION OF HAPPY EUNUCHS?

BILLY GAYNER, a 36-year-old oil company engineer in Dallas, gazed at the woman sleeping by his side. He had met her just a few weeks earlier, at a church camp, of all places, and here she was curled up once again in his bed. Aggressive and determined, she had taken all the steps to get there, which was just what he needed after his wife left. It was great, except for one problem.

They had been having sex for three weeks and he hadn't had an orgasm. He knew he had things on his mind—the divorce, his parents' illnesses—and she wasn't complaining, really: She had never been with someone who could go all night. But Billy had never experienced anything like this.

The doctor who had put him on Prozac to help him through the divorce told him that the drug couldn't be causing his inability to climax. Prozac had no serious side effects, or so everyone thought; it was being given out like cough drops. The problem, he said, was Billy's depression.

Billy was becoming alarmed, and he began to find excuses not to have sex. His girlfriend thought he had grown tired of her; actually, he'd just had enough anticlimaxes. Eventually, the poison from the bedroom would drive the couple apart. Which was just as well—a short while later, Billy's sex

article by
STEPHEN RAE

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MC LEAN

drive completely stalled.

Listen to Charlotte, a New York University student (whose identity, like Billy's and those of the other antidepressant users in this story, has been disguised). A year ago, after a friend committed suicide, she became distraught, "more upset than I'd ever been." The NYU health clinic referred her to a psychiatrist in Manhattan. "He immediately slapped me on Prozac," she says, "with no medical testing, questions about my prior history or anything. He said, 'This is what you need to function.'"

Soon she felt so much better—energized, outgoing, carefree—that many of her friends were scheduling appointments with her doctor. But then she began to feel jittery and anxious and soon was unable to reach sexual climax. "Prozac sort of puts a limit on your feelings," she explains, "as if they are on a shelf that you're not quite able to reach. You're on the edge of feeling good or bad, but you're not quite able to. It's like having a lid inside." Sexual fulfillment is on that shelf, too, she says. "You get to a certain point and it's just a stasis. You can't go beyond it because you're numb. And the sex is going on and on"—she laughs—"and you're slowly getting less and less interested in the whole idea."

Martin, a New York lawyer in his 20s, wrestles with the same problem every day. A Yale grad who imparts an infectious air of optimism, he became a "convert" to antidepressants after reading *Listening to Prozac*, Dr. Peter Kramer's 1993 best-seller, and watching his dad use that drug to recover from a "mid-life crisis/depression." Last spring he went on Zoloft—a Prozac clone reputed to wreak less sexual havoc. "I probably wouldn't have thought about taking it if I hadn't been around so many people on antidepressants," Martin says. "In my group, there's almost a stigma not to be on the drugs." As his peers got happy, he realized he'd been in "probably a depression" for a year and a half. "I was having problems at work, hating my job, very listless. I had a lot of the symptoms. So I figured, What the hell, I'll give it a try."

But mostly he went on the drug because Melissa, his girlfriend of ten months, told him she'd leave him if he didn't. "He was just miserable about his job," she told me one night over dinner. "And I knew it couldn't possibly be as bad as he was feeling about it. He wasn't working late hours, it wasn't taxing, it wasn't that stressful. His reaction to it was so overblown that it seemed like a symptom of depression."

A statuesque redhead who had segued from Vassar into a high-paying Wall Street career, Melissa wasn't feeling so hot, either. "I was having some sort of seasonal disorder," she says. "I've been depressed, off and on, for four years." Her depressions strike mostly in cold weather, and on "at least three" occasions, Prozac had helped her over the hump. Now she was having symptoms again—crying, sleeping poorly, not wanting to go to work—and it was *April*. "I was getting pretty alarmed," she says. "So I was like, Screw this. He's on it, so I should just go back on it."

From past experience, Melissa knew that she would soon lose her ability to have an orgasm. "Normally, I climax at the drop of a hat. But it seemed like I didn't have much choice: It was no job and no sanity versus no sex."

Martin, who'd been warned, still found the change distressing. "He started asking, 'What's going on? Am I doing something wrong? You're not that interested in sex.' And I kept saying, 'It's the Prozac, it's the Prozac, it's the Prozac.'"

•

It wasn't supposed to do that. You were supposed to go on Prozac to improve performance, to sharpen your focus and to function with heightened efficiency. The ideal drug for a performance-minded era, Prozac was the antidote to those annoying personality traits—shyness, oversensitivity, self-criticism—that were previously beyond the reach of modern chemistry. Prozac was great for weathering crises and for use in singles bars, the boss' office, on the tennis court—anywhere you needed to function with all your confidence and verve. Oh sure, it was intended for immobilized souls caught in the grip of an excruciating agony—acute depression. They could have it, too, as long as they left some for the rest of us.

And the great thing about Prozac was that you didn't have to worry about side effects. Or so it said in Dr. Kramer's *Listening to Prozac*. The author, a Brown University professor of psychiatry and columnist for *Psychiatric Times*, presents ten case histories of patients who became "better than well" on Prozac. Prozac, Kramer wrote, could "give social confidence to the habitually timid," "make the sensitive brash," "lend the introvert the social skills of a salesman." His patient Tess dropped her taste for abusive married men and filled her datebook with offers from nice, eligible bachelors. Sam, an architect, became "more vitally alive, less pessimistic" and "was able to speak at professional gatherings without notes." The book spent 23 weeks on *The New York Times*' best-seller list—it's still selling briskly in paperback—and set off a stampede to doctors' offices by readers in search of this anabolic steroid for the head.

Prozac turned out to be extraordinarily useful. The drug loosened the hold of obsessive-compulsive disorders, and not just the garden-variety kind—such as never leaving the house because every time you try, you have to check to see if the oven is off. Prozac worked on such newly recognized exotics as body dysmorphic disorder, which stops you from leaving the house because, for instance, you're convinced your penis is crooked. Prozac also relieved the compulsions of gamblers and bulimics, took the sting out of PMS and combated attention-deficit disorder, arthritis and chronic fatigue.

Prozac "works essentially to dim the pain centers so that they're not registering as much upstairs," explains Dr. Michael Lowney, a Boston physician who prescribes it for back pain. As a bonus, it boosted his patients' spirits, "because people who have back problems can't play golf, or they can't make love or they can't do other things, and then they're depressed." Prozac's "typical effects—assertiveness, vivacity, mental acuity—fit a competitive, business-oriented culture," *Newsweek* commented. One 39-year-old direct-seller said the drug allowed her to "put on a happy face for Tupperware." Even dogs and cats were being put on it.

Not surprisingly, the purported need for the drug was growing. In the Eighties, people complained of being dysfunctional; after Prozac came out in 1988, everybody decided they were depressed instead. People were now suffering from "atypical" depression, which afflicted high-functioning types who led lives of quiet despair. They were also afflicted by dysthymia, a disabling condition just below the threshold of clinical depression that, according to one recent study, strikes nearly half of the population. Almost all of them may qualify for Prozac. Thousands were sitting in front of light boxes to ward off seasonal affective disorder, the full-fledged depression that winter blahs had become. In 1992, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reported that people who were born after 1955 were three times more likely to be depressed than were their grandparents.

"Maybe ordinary people have a low-grade depression they're not even aware of?" suggests James Goodwin, a clinical psychologist in Wenatchee, Washington. "The statistics just keep going up. They used to say one in 12; now they're saying one in two people apparently have a mental illness at some point in their lives. I just read in

(continued on page 88)

"Friendly crowd tonight."

the scion of the barrymores comes of age

TRUE DREW

WHO IS THE real Drew Barrymore? You may know her as one of Hollywood's sexiest young actresses, the one who put the sizzle in her latest film, *Boys On the Side*, and wielded a six-shooter in last year's feminist Western, *Bad Girls*. Or maybe you recall her star turn in *The Amy Fisher Story*—the version that beat all others in the ratings because only Drew had the sweet-tart stuff that might make you identify with Joey Buttafuoco. Fright-film fans know her as the engine of sexual obsession in *Poison Ivy* and *Doppelgänger*. ("A psycho bitch from hell," raved Joe Bob Briggs.) Spielberg fans know her as the little girl in *E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial*; theater historians know of her acting ancestors, particularly her grandfather, John Barrymore. In spite of (or perhaps because of) her pedigree, she doesn't talk much about her past. "After I became famous through *E.T.*, my life got really weird. One day I was a little girl, and the next I was being mobbed by people who wanted me to sign my autograph or pose for pictures, or who just wanted to touch me," she has said. "I was this seven-year-old who was supposed to be going on a mature 29." Now 19, Drew has had to grow up fast. But after fighting off the temptations of celeb life, she once again put her talent to work, and began showing some of the same magnetism grandpa John had. You may be looking at the film female of the Nineties.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELLEN VON UNWERTH

Nymph, moll, object of male fantasies: In movies, Drew seldom plays the type of girl you want to take home to Mom. Her bad-girl persona isn't all playacting, she admits. She loves to have a good time, and with the way she exudes youthful exuberance and sex appeal, gaad times often find her even when she isn't looking. Perhaps that's what made her Amy Fisher a kind of working-class Lolita far our time. But Drew can play even mare tempting types than she has shown so far now that she has blassomed into young wamanhoad. The proof is an these pages—all you have ta do is keep turning them.

In the Hollywood of John Barrymore's day, a glimpse of stocking was considered quite shocking. Even in our less repressed era, his granddaughter has usually shied away from nudity on film. A glance or a smirk served to suggest the passions that drove the killer beauties Drew has played, but audiences had to imagine the rest. Once she became old enough to vote and do other adult things, however, she decided to do the nude scene to end all nude scenes: her own PLAYBOY pictorial. What Drew calls her "sexy girl act" made a strong impression on us, especially when we began to suspect she was only being herself. Even at 19, Drew

retains a stubborn streak of teenage goofiness in her, a teacher's-pest wildness you can't miss in these photographs. But there is something else on display here as well. Call it womanhood, a quality that allows Drew to seem Venus-like even while she's riding the waves on an inflatable raft. As she regards herself in the looking glass, she must like what she sees. We certainly do.

Fine, she still acts like the teenager she is. She may drive too fast, dress too slinkily and make faces when she's supposed to be serious. But today she's also unveiling a maturity that many Barrymore-watchers never expected to see. It is the answer to the question we started with. Who is Drew? Surprise—she's a woman at last.

Drew tells us that she decided to do this pictorial because of her respect for lenswoman Ellen von Unwerth, whose photographs she calls works of art. She adds, "I was also intrigued about working with PLAYBOY, and I thought the amalgamation of everyone doing this together would be an amazing and daring adventure." Judging from the outcome of the collaborotion, you would have to say she was right. Of course, posing for the photographs on these pages isn't all that Drew has been up to lately. She has the Barrymore family tradition to uphold, after all. Appropriately, the actress is coming off two movie projects, the first being *Boys On the Side*, directed by *Steel Magnolias'* Herbert Ross. In *Boys*, Drew takes off on a cross-country jaunt with Whoopi Goldberg and Mary-Louise Parker. After that comes a more serious effort, *Mad Love*, in which she plays a manic-depressive who is searching for love and sanity. But while you're watching her in the movie theaters, Drew will be out of here: She's taking off on a world tour, "to expand my mind." It's nice that she left behind some pictures for us to remember her by.

MAKEUP BY LUCIA PIERONI FOR SMILE MANAGEMENT
HAIR BY WARD
STYLING BY CATHY KASTERINE FOR SMILE MANAGEMENT

SARA LOVED MEN—AND HADN'T WORKMAN'S FATHER BEEN A MAN FOR A LONG TIME?

THE ICING ON THE CAKE

fiction by **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN**

CONVINCED at one time that he would have to go through life with a slight weight on his heart, Workman had now found what appeared to be peace. He had rented a cabin in his favorite area in the world, a place where thick woods ran suddenly into sand and it was take your pick on whether to call it the beach or the woods. People who went there liked a little of each. Even in the dark days of his first marriage, Workman could feel his spirits start to lift when he rounded an intersection ten miles from this area and made first contact with the summer freshness. One fear of his was that the ghosts of his first marriage would return to haunt him if he spent the summer in the same area. What actually happened is they paid no attention to him and let him go about his business. In fact, to his surprise, the whole complex tangle of his first life had simply slipped off his shoulders like a huge overcoat.

Everything tasted wonderful to him in this summer place. A blueberry muffin or a spoonful of rice. Half a cocktail in the evening made him ferociously hungry, ready to eat tables and chairs. And the sleeping—profound, damp and thorough—was perhaps his favorite activity of all. He had loved this special sleep, even when he had to do it alone, with his first wife in another bed three or four feet away. Now he had someone under the covers with him, Sara, wife number two, with young legs and a furnace of a bosom. Workman could turn any way he liked, twist himself into any sleeping position, and, no matter how gymnastic it was, she would twist into it with him, a perfect carbon copy. He had found her at a university in Michigan, prying her away from a young, sorrowfully bearded professor who knew he was going to lose her the second he saw her with Workman.

"You're going to wind up with her," said the young fellow.

"Don't be ridiculous," said Workman. "I'm just passing through, lecturing."

But the young, sorrowful fellow was right. And he had known about his loss before Workman knew of his gain.

Now Workman had Sara. He could see her outline through a gauze

PAINTING BY JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS

Cuevas
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screen, light, trim, ecological, her movements midway between walking and dancing. The long, straight coppered hair. Workman had once felt that a decade stood, like a high fence, between him and that style of hair. Now all he had to do was reach over and he could slide his fingers into it, any hour of the day or night.

It was early September. He was in a separate room, watching a closely matched football game, enjoying it even though he didn't have a favorite team competing. That was another thing he loved about this place—you could rough it and at the same time pick up first-rate television reception. He had his cigars, too, and for the first time in many years could sit and pour out clouds of smoke with a light heart. His style, in earlier days, would be to take a short, thieflike puff and then look for some invisible exhaust so he could get the smoke to disappear before his wife turned a laserlike glare on him. Only on this one issue had he been a little suspicious of Sara. Did she really mean it when she gave him the go-ahead on unlimited cigar smoking? Or would it change the second they were legally hooked up? Happily, she remained the same during and after the brief courtship. The only difference was that now, settled in a bit, her fragrance was even more sweet and Midwestern.

To cap it all off, Workman had his father with him, taking a two-week vacation at the cabin. If Workman had to point to one issue that had finally sent his previous marriage up in smoke, it was his first wife's attitude toward his dad. Silvered at the temples, immaculate and still spry in his 70s, the old man had been widowed for ten years and had little going for him. He lived alone in a studio apartment on the edge of the city and worked a few hours each day at his old factory job. It was the owner's way of throwing him a bone. The old man traveled about the city on foot; always in the back of Workman's mind was the thought that he would get a phone call one day telling him that his dad, after putting up a struggle, had been pummeled to death by a gang. Workman had always felt guilty about allowing his father to live in a studio and not getting him a one-bedroom apartment or one with a terrace so that at least he would have a second area in which to walk around. Not once did Workman's first wife, acting on her own incentive, ask the old man over for dinner. In truth, he got invited, but only after Workman himself said: "Hey, I'd really like to have my dad over." With a certain resignation and a telltale wiping of her forehead, she would say, "Sure, go ahead and invite him." And it would be Workman who would have to make the call. Once he was invited, she would cook a fine and fairly delicious dinner, one that would be difficult to quibble with. All very decent and correct. But what kind of man was this to be correct to? He played a banjo. He could find fun in almost anything, including the fact that his wife, Workman's mother, because of a graveyard mix-up, had been buried in the wrong part of the cemetery, and for months Workman and son had prayed at the wrong stone.

"What should I have done," said the old man, "sued?"

Once, he had been a bank guard and carried a gun; after months of not getting to use the weapon, he had gone up to the roof of the bank and fired it a few times to hear what it sounded like. He'd won his wife by turning lightning on her in the form of a smile from the balcony during a Jolson performance on the Lower East Side. She'd caught it from an orchestra seat below and met him in the lobby, where he cinched the deal. He could whistle any song in perfect pitch and knew how to produce a sound that was like two separate whistlers in perfect harmony. He could imitate George Raft's intricate tap-dancing style. Do you go around being correct to such a man? Wasn't he the kind of father a daughter-in-law should tease and poke in the belly? Shouldn't she cavort around in front of him and give him a little peck on the cheek? Flirt and call him an old slyboots? The old man had never had a daughter, only Workman. How many years did he have left to live anyway?

Summers had been a particularly grim time for Workman. He would rent a house in that favorite magical area of his and immediately feel like a rat for enjoying himself while his aging father lay in a hot studio apartment in the city. Finally, Workman would invite his father out, and the old man, sensing he was in for a tense time, would come, not because he was in search of pleasure but only so that he wouldn't add to his son's grief. He would stay a few days, sunning himself and taking lonely evening strolls on the beach. Then he would suddenly appear with his suitcase, packed and ready to go.

"I have work that has to be cleared up," he would say. "And when I have that, I can't relax."

Some work. That factory could have gone on for a hundred years without him. What he wanted was to be away from all that correctness and the sound of his son's heartache, back in his studio where he could trust the stiffness of his bed and be reasonably comfortable, even if he was surrounded by fun-loving singles. Workman asked himself if he was crazy. Did his first wife have any case? She and Workman's mother had been fierce enemies from the opening gun, and in that department he could sympathize with her a fraction since his mother had uncompromisingly fought the marriage and never relaxed, even when it was off and running. But to carry this coldness over to his father, a whistler, jokester, tap dancer and innocent bystander—this struck him as being incredible. And it was no small factor when it came to a choice between trying to shore up the marriage and letting it slip down the drain.

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When Workman started hanging out with Sara, he studied her with an eye toward guessing how she would behave with his father. His method was to watch her with other men, at faculty parties. He didn't mind the little room-length separations. How could he when they were welded together with the confident knowledge that they would soon be going home together to eat each other up? Her manner was easy, gay, generous; she actually did poke men in the belly. She gave them unself-conscious hugs, and her goodbye kisses were more than cordial, too, standing somewhere between friendly and passionate, all of which was terrific because it built up these men and at the same time gave them no reason to think that there might be more fertile territory to explore. A neat trick.

Workman felt little apprehension when he first took Sara to dinner with his dad, and he was right on the button in his thinking. She loved men—and hadn't his father been a man for a long time? How could Sara and his father not get on when they both had such fine feelings about Workman? Just as she had nothing up her sleeve in the cigar department, she was the same Sara of faculty parties with the old man. Wearing a long country skirt, her bosom young and generous, she bent over and took his hands immediately, kissed him, and before the dinner had ended, was nuzzling into him like a freshly purchased pup. At the same time, miraculously, she kept a certain dignity and allowed the old man to keep his. In spite of his occasionally rakish manner, this was important to him. She touched him lightly when she spoke to him and at the same time didn't appear to be fussing over him, something the old man would have resented. Soon he was fussing over her, pressing her like a district attorney to make sure she'd had enough to eat. When the waiter said the cream was fresh, and he said, "It better not get

(concluded on page 186)

"You've been dreaming of <u>this</u>?!"

"Sexual function comprises three phases: desire, arousal and orgasm. Prozac can wreck all three."

The Wall Street Journal that overweight people may be feeding their depression, and 30 percent of the population is overweight. It's possible that a big percentage of these people have mild to moderate depression they don't even know they have."

Working through a network of physicians, Goodwin has put upwards of 600 people in Wenatchee (a.k.a. the Apple Capital of the World) on Prozac. "It's probably less toxic than aspirin," he says. He admits that in his wildest dreams he fantasizes about putting it in the water.

But there are naysayers. Dr. Peter Breggin, the author of *Toxic Psychiatry*, is the psychiatric equivalent of Ralph Nader. He's been called "the conscience of American psychiatry" and, more frequently, a crank. Americans love Prozac because "Americans love speed," he says. "Speed fits with the compulsively driven, shallow-relating, things-are-going-great character of the American personality." Prozac, says Dr. Breggin, is clinically similar to speed; it has the profile of a stimulant drug.

In his new book, *Talking Back to Prozac*, Breggin calls the double-digit incidence of nervous system symptoms reported in Prozac's clinical trials—headaches, nervousness, insomnia, nausea, diarrhea—indistinguishable from those of amphetamines and cocaine. In a section titled "Listening to Cocaine," Breggin quotes an 1878 advertisement for coca leaf that praises its usefulness for "young persons afflicted with timidity in society." He claims that now adolescents are breaking open their parents' Prozac capsules and snorting the contents.

But Breggin is in the minority. With more than 1 million prescriptions being written each month and worldwide sales of $1.2 billion a year, Prozac was the *Jurassic Park* of psychiatric medications: the all-time best-seller. After complaints that the standard 20 milligram dose was too strong, Eli Lilly & Co., the drug's manufacturer, brought out a half-strength capsule (for the same price).

In the Eighties, thanks mostly to Prozac, the number of patients receiving antidepressant prescriptions from psychiatrists increased more than 50 percent. Handling the overflow, and writing most Prozac prescriptions, were general practitioners—more than half of whom, according to a 1993 Rand Corp. study, spent three minutes or less with a patient complaining of depression before reaching for their pens. "Listen," one psychiatrist told me, "I had a patient whose veterinarian prescribed it."

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Many antidepressants work by boosting the level of serotonin, a neurotransmitter, in the brain. The more serotonin you have, the more likely you are to feel confident, energetic and secure. If you have less, you slide in the opposite direction. Early antidepressants boosted serotonin, but clumsily, mucking with many other neurotransmitters and producing side effects that included constipation, drowsiness and dry mouth. Prozac, in contrast, was a psychopharmacological smart bomb: It raised serotonin levels while leaving other neurotransmitters alone. The problem was that, unlike most neurotransmitters, which act on limited areas of the brain, serotonin is found all over the brain, and it is involved in just about every higher brain function, including the ones relating to sex.

Sexual function comprises three phases: desire, arousal and orgasm. First there is the desire for sex. Then, there's the mechanics—the ability of a man to get an erection and of a woman to lubricate. Finally, there is orgasm, the point of it all. Prozac can wreck all three. Although much remains to be learned about the neurophysiology of sex, we do know that the pituitary gland (which is controlled by a region of the brain called the hypothalamus) is the key to sexual hormone production. "There are many serotonin connections to the hypothalamus," Breggin points out. Also, "there is serotonin in the spinal cord, and spinal cord reflexes affect sexual function," he says.

Writing in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, two Boston doctors of a patient who developed "prolonged, painful erections" after he went on Prozac noted that "serotonin has been hypothesized to be the central nervous system mechanism responsible for the production of penile erections." And in an article in the *Journal of Clinical Psychiatry*, a team of Chicago researchers observed that serotonin has been shown to have inhibitory effects on ejaculation in animals. Serotonin may also affect muscles involved in orgasmic contractions, the researchers wrote, and may play an important, if still unknown, role in inhibiting other sex-related neurotransmitters.

"What they're really saying is that the brain affects sex, and Prozac affects the whole brain," Breggin explains. "So pick your function."

It was never a secret that Prozac could impair sexual ability. In the data from the Lilly-sponsored clinical trials submitted to the FDA to gain marketing approval, sexual dysfunction was listed as occurring in 1.9 percent of patients. This became the accepted figure, printed on the drug's package insert and in the *Physicians' Desk Reference*. But as Breggin reports in *Talking Back to Prozac*, under a category called nervous system effects, "decreased libido" was cited as occurring at a rate of 1.6 percent. Apparently, for the drug company, a disappearing sex drive didn't count as a sexual dysfunction. But if you add the two figures, the true incidence of sexual side effects in Lilly's own studies rises to 3.5 percent.

That's much less than what others were reporting. "Sexual dysfunction occurs in 85 percent of the women and 60 to 75 percent of the men," estimates Dr. Jane Zirin, a Manhattan psychiatrist. "When Prozac first came out, I saw that immediately and called the drug company. I felt they weren't even reporting it, really." She was told by Lilly representatives that the company's experience "wasn't anywhere near what I was seeing."

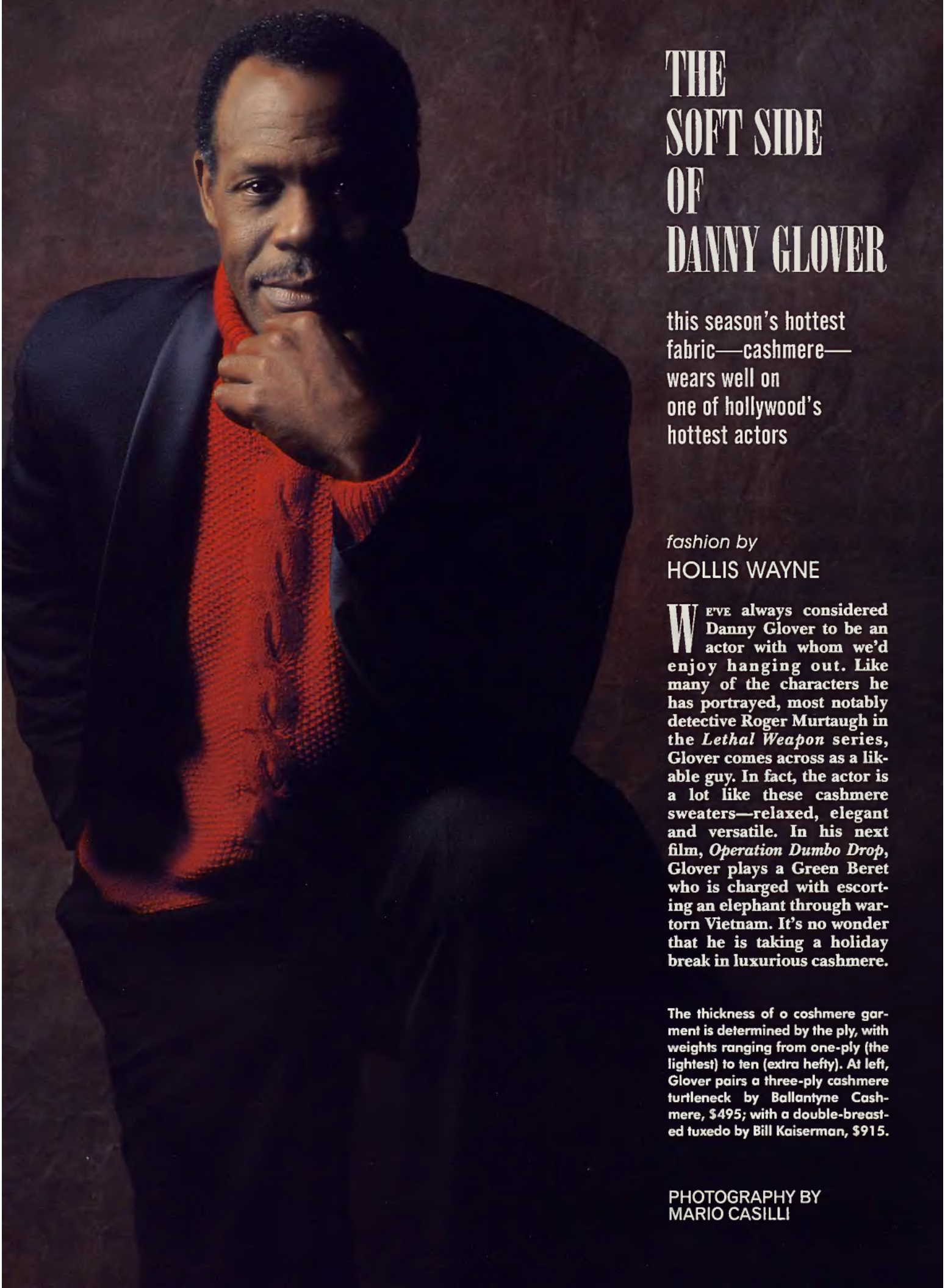
In a letter published in the February 1993 *Journal of Clinical Psychiatry*, Dr. William Patterson of Birmingham, Alabama wrote that of 60 healthy, middle-aged men taking the standard daily 20-milligram dose of Prozac, 45, or 75 percent, experienced "retarded ejaculation or ejaculatory incompetence." Other studies published in leading psychiatric journals cited rates between 7.8 percent and 43 percent, with the higher numbers coming from studies in which the investigators bothered to ask the patients about sexual problems.

"One of the reasons they didn't find out about this early on was that nobody thought to ask the question," explains Dr. Randolph Catlin, chief of mental health services at Harvard University. "Gradually people began to say, 'You know, something funny is happening when I try to have sex.'"

"A lot of physicians are perplexed when it comes to sexuality," add syndicated health writers Joe and Dr. Teresa Graedon. "Some of them protest that if their patients learned the secret, they would refuse to swallow their pills."

Many patients can't bring themselves

(continued on page 156)



THE SOFT SIDE OF DANNY GLOVER

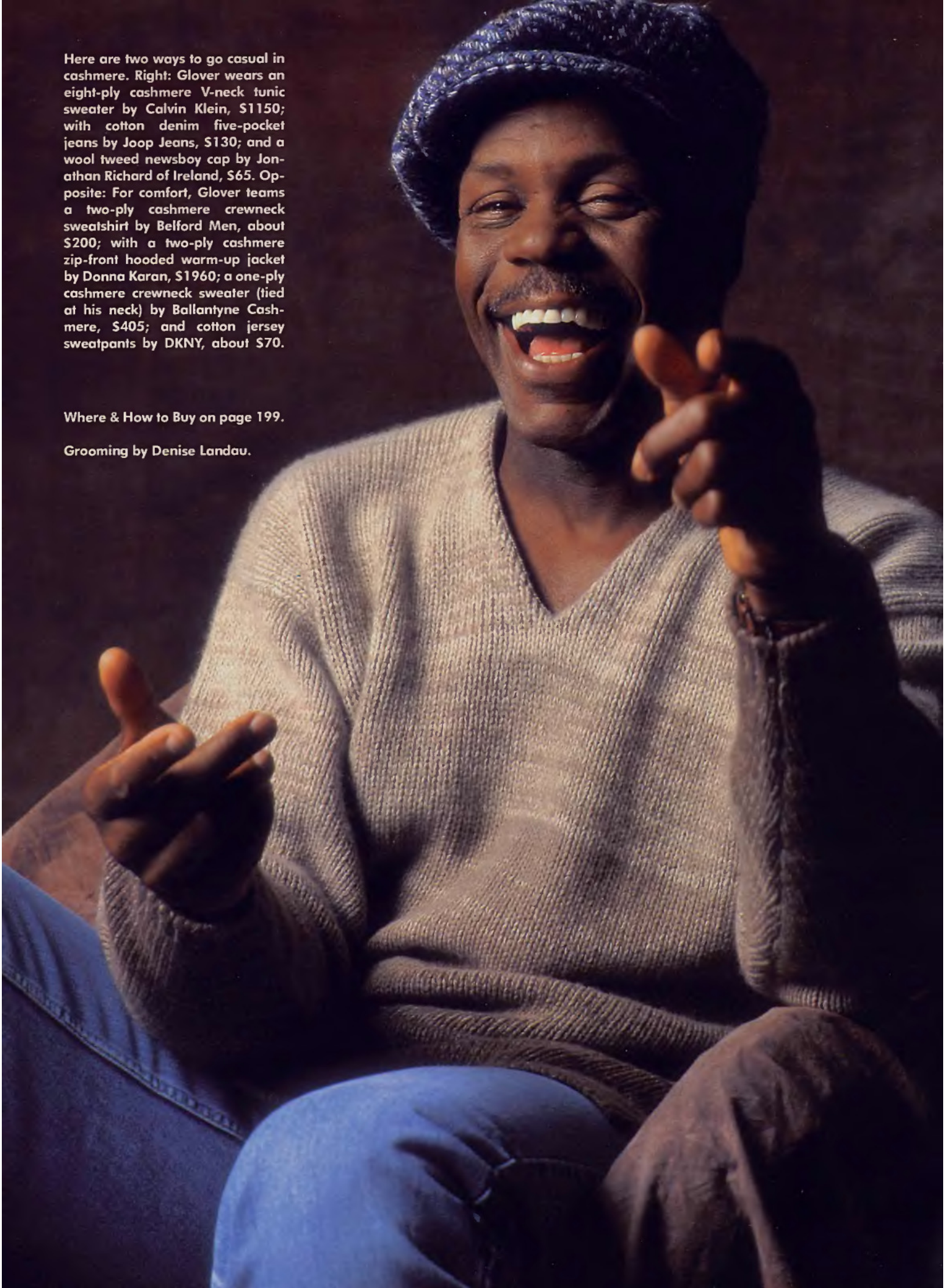
this season's hottest fabric—cashmere—wears well on one of hollywood's hottest actors

fashion by
HOLLIS WAYNE

We've always considered Danny Glover to be an actor with whom we'd enjoy hanging out. Like many of the characters he has portrayed, most notably detective Roger Murtaugh in the *Lethal Weapon* series, Glover comes across as a likable guy. In fact, the actor is a lot like these cashmere sweaters—relaxed, elegant and versatile. In his next film, *Operation Dumbo Drop*, Glover plays a Green Beret who is charged with escorting an elephant through war-torn Vietnam. It's no wonder that he is taking a holiday break in luxurious cashmere.

The thickness of a coshmere garment is determined by the ply, with weights ranging from one-ply (the lightest) to ten (extra hefty). At left, Glover pairs a three-ply cashmere turtleneck by Ballantyne Cashmere, $495; with a double-breasted tuxedo by Bill Kaiserman, $915.

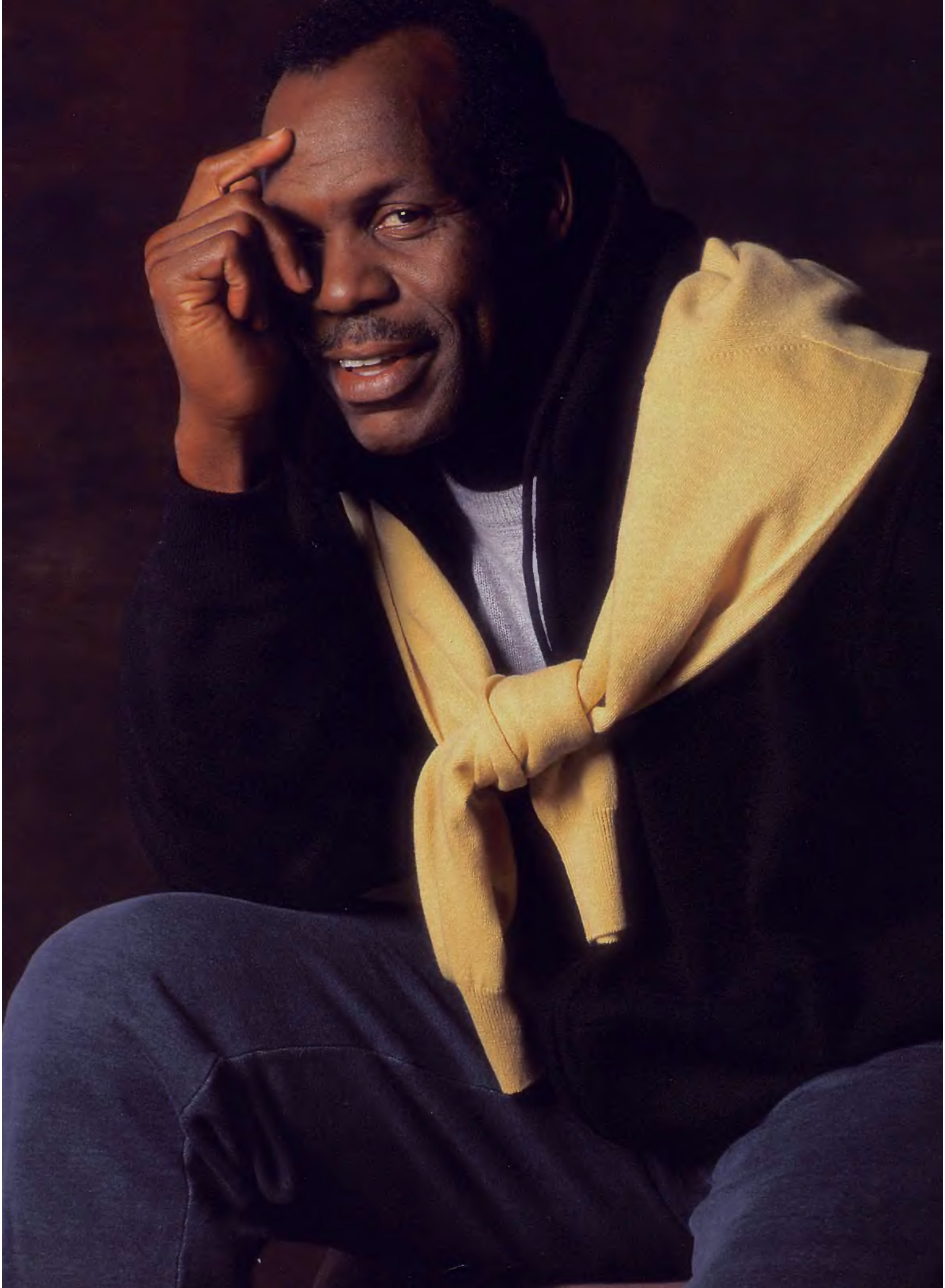
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARIO CASILLI



Here are two ways to go casual in cashmere. Right: Glover wears an eight-ply cashmere V-neck tunic sweater by Calvin Klein, $1150; with cotton denim five-pocket jeans by Joop Jeans, $130; and a wool tweed newsboy cap by Jonathan Richard of Ireland, $65. Opposite: For comfort, Glover teams a two-ply cashmere crewneck sweatshirt by Belford Men, about $200; with a two-ply cashmere zip-front hooded warm-up jacket by Donna Karan, $1960; a one-ply cashmere crewneck sweater (tied at his neck) by Ballantyne Cashmere, $405; and cotton jersey sweatpants by DKNY, about $70.

Where & How to Buy on page 199.

Grooming by Denise Landau.



posing as a man gave teena brandon what she couldn't get as a woman—adoring girlfriends and a fiancée. it also got her killed

DEATH OF A DECEIVER

TRUE CRIME

By ERIC KONIGSBERG

TEENA RENEE Brandon's mystery was over the moment her body was discovered, facedown on a bed in a farmhouse in Humboldt, Nebraska. It was early in the morning on December 31, 1993, and lying dead with Teena were two others. Each of the three had been shot twice, execution style, with a .38 revolver. "Through and through" is how the coroner would classify their wounds, meaning the bullets had entered the victims' heads from one side and exited the other. In addition, Teena had been stabbed in the liver and her skull had been crushed. She was 21.

Word of the triple murder raced through Humboldt, a town of 1003. At a bar called Big Mike's, townspeople gathered around a police scanner awaiting identification of the victims, and by dark the news came: The first was a local woman, and the second a young man, a friend of hers. The name of the third fatality, the one whose skull had been crushed, was Teena Brandon.

"Brandon?" The locals were perplexed. The barmaid remembered a boy named Brandon living in that house. He had shown up in Humboldt a month or two before and hung out with kids from nearby Falls City. He told people he was from Lincoln, about two hours away. He was small, 5'5" or 5'6", but good-looking: blue eyes,

PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA

a wide mouth, heavy eyebrows, and sandy hair combed into a halfhearted ducktail. He wore Western shirts and looked so young they had carded him at the bar. "Brandon Ray Tenna," his ID had read. "Date of Birth: 12/10/72. Sex: M."

The folks at Big Mike's pieced together bits of news and speculation, and came to a bizarre conclusion: Brandon Tenna, the boy who had waltzed into Richardson County and charmed a local girl off her feet, was dead; and Brandon Tenna had actually been a woman.

Teena Brandon was killed, prosecutors now maintain, by John Lotter and Tom Nissen, jealous friends of a girl she'd been dating. She was killed, essentially, because she was too successful in passing herself off as a man. She underestimated her own attractiveness and the envy it wrought.

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Teena Renee Brandon was born to 16-year-old JoAnn Brandon on December 10, 1972 in Lincoln, Nebraska. Teena's father, Patrick Brandon, was a housepainter who had died in a car accident eight months before her birth. She was named for her father's German shepherd, Tina Marie.

JoAnn is a Lincoln native, doe-eyed and slender, who at one time modeled children's clothing for department store ads. She raised Teena and her sister, Tammy, who was three years older, in a trailer park in northeast Lincoln. She was remarried once, from the time Teena was two until she was seven, to a man Teena didn't like. After that, JoAnn said, "it was Tammy and Teena and me against the world. We were the three musketeers."

Where Tammy was prissy and popular, Teena was awkward and impish, tattling to her mom when she caught Tammy kissing a boy. Even though JoAnn didn't have much money, she aspired to do good by her daughters and tried to teach them middle-class values. She bought them nice clothes and sent them to Catholic schools—St. Mary's Elementary and Pius X High School.

But Teena wasn't much of a student, and Pius' strict environment, coinciding as it did with her adolescence, made her feel out of place. She argued with her religion teacher, Father Fucinaro, whenever he lectured on the virtues of abstinence, and she rebelled against the dress code by wearing pants and a tie. She kept her hair short and told people she was allergic to makeup. She was into weight lifting. Teena's friends say she had crushes on a few boys, but she never dated. Her only close friend at Pius was a girl named Sara Gapp, whom Teena cared for so much that when Sara became pregnant, Teena offered to get legal permission to raise the baby with her.

During the fall of 1990, her senior year, an Army recruiter visited Pius. Operation Desert Shield was under way and Teena thought she had found her calling. She planned to enlist and began parading around her mother's trailer in fatigues, but couldn't pass the written entrance exam.

"She was real upset," JoAnn said. "And other things in her life started happening. She started to change."

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One day in late December 1990, not long after her 18th birthday, Teena was in her mother's living room, lying on the couch, watching TV. When the phone rang, she answered it. A girl had dialed the wrong number. Five minutes later, the phone rang again.

"Hello?" Teena said. It was another girl this time.

"My friend just told me a really hot-sounding guy lives here," the girl said.

"Oh," Teena deadpanned. She knew she had a husky voice.

"What's your name?" the girl said.

Teena drew a breath. "Billy Brinson," she answered, using her uncle's first name and a variation of her own surname. The two girls flirted on the phone for a few minutes. The caller was 13. They made plans to go roller-skating on New Year's Eve.

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Teena arrived at Holiday Skate World accompanied by Sara Gapp and a few other friends. She had explained the date to them as a gag, a dare for herself. "We just wanted to see if she could get away with it," Sara said later.

Teena wore her usual clothes—Dockers, tennis shoes and a button-down shirt—and wrapped her breasts with an Ace bandage. She hooked up with the 13-year-old girl and made it through the evening undiscovered. She even took her hand for a couples' skate, grinning like a loon each time she passed Sara, who watched anxiously from rinkside.

Within a couple of weeks, Teena hit it off with one of the girl's friends, Heather Kuhfahl. Heather was a petite, blonde ninth-grader in the Lincoln public school. She was 14. The two of them began to date, Teena still posing as Billy. Heather was Teena's first kiss.

Thus began the double life of Teena Brandon: uneasy tomboy by day, cool lady-killer by night. As a girl, Teena had never received the kind of fawning she so comfortably unloaded on Heather. And it was reciprocated. Teena's former life seemed disconnected and thin. She became a glutton for attention and got into trouble trying to impress Heather. She took money from her mother's bank account and bought Heather clothes and a stereo. Together they hustled beer with Heather's mother's credit card and cruised O Street until four in the morning.

School had never been much fun; now it was a big joke. Here was the new Teena Brandon: class clown and queen of the senior pranks—locking pigeons in a classmate's car and removing the toilet seats from the girls' washroom. But she got carried away and stole another girl's leather jacket, and she was failing classes. Just a couple weeks before graduation, Teena was expelled from Pius.

With school out of her life, the evolution of her male persona lurched forward. Teena started shaving her face, stuffing socks down the front of her pants and using the men's room in public. She went through her mother's photo albums and tore up all the pictures of herself wearing dresses. She was absolutely certain that this was what she was meant to be. A boy.

But how convinced was Heather? At one point early in their relationship, she had seen Teena's driver's license and read the name, Teena Brandon.

"It's an Irish name, *Tenna*," Teena offered. "Most people just call me Brandon. I was only kidding when I said my name was Billy." Somehow, that was enough for Heather. "He was always joking around about things, making up stories," Heather recalled. Like almost everyone who knew Teena as a boy, she still refers to her with masculine pronouns. "I just figured it was like him to make up a name on the phone when he told my friend his name was Billy."

Heather was the type of person Teena would stray little from as she traveled on her path of seduction. She was younger than Teena, sexually inexperienced, naive and poor. And like Teena, Heather had been raised by her mother, who worked several jobs and was rarely at home. She was needy and had never had a boyfriend. In Teena's estimation Heather was a girl she could outsmart and win over, largely because Heather's longings were not that different from her own. "I depended on having Brandon in my life so much," Heather said. "No matter what sex he turned out to be, I wanted him."

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The two had been dating only a few months when Teena moved in with

(continued on page 193)

"Don't you have any weapons, Santa? We feel the good little boys and girls should be able to protect themselves from the bad little boys and girls."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

ALL THAT GLITTERS

raise your glass and ring in 1995 with toast-of-the-town barware

Left to right: Spin-pattern highball glass, $12.50, holds an oxidized sterling-silver swizzle stick, $50. Skyline decanter, by Georg Jensen, $160. Sterling-silver panther-pattern corkscrew, by Cartier, $200. Mercure-pattern rocks glass, by Baccarat ($125), holds acorn-pattern sterling-silver ice tongs, by Georg Jensen, $645. Pepperoni-pattern martini glass, by Orrefors, $60. La Maison du Shogun crystal brandy glass incorporating leaves and raindrops to create a lotus effect, $140, sits atop a sterling-silver panther-pattern coaster, $225, both by Cartier. Chrome cocktail shaker, by Alessi, $225. Crystal champagne glass, by Sugahara, $40. Up front: Acorn-pattern sterling-silver spoon, by Georg Jensen, $330.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 199.

free and wild

and on the road,

texas jack and

linda lobo were

swinging out two

big jumps past ok

Border Music

When this nameless piece a' shit tore off Linda Lobo's G-string instead of sticking money in it like he was supposed to, Texas Jack Carmine went crazy over the edge and hit him with a pool cue. Four hours later and 200 miles down the road, Jack bought coffee and sweet rolls in Chisholm for him and Linda. After that they headed up to Ely, then cut southeast down through the Superior National Forest. Not moving too fast, understand, Jack more or less letting the 1982 Chevy S-10 have its own way.

And the day itself, something like Jack Carmine: one of those mid- to late-autumn jobs uncertain about where it was headed, starting out yellow-gray at sunrise, then eventually struggling up to the middle 60s and staying there through early afternoon before the night cold settled in again. Jack's favorite driving songs, what he called his road tapes, were coming out of a little tape deck sitting on the dash. He'd won the deck in a poker game without knowing it was the wrong size for the slot in his truck. Worked out anyhow, and the music blasted out of two tinny little speakers resting on the seat back, tied down there in a loose, rattly way with leather bootlaces so they wouldn't pitch forward when he hit the brakes.

On that day in that hour of the lives of Jack Carmine and Linda Lobo, things were going about two big jumps past OK. They were heading in the general direction of Lake Superior, weather good, windows rolled down. They'd started drinking beer in late morning, Linda pulling long-neck bottles out of the cooler on which she was resting her feet. With a long-neck balanced between his legs, Jack was leaning against the door, slapping the side of the truck in time with the music. He was steering all the while with one hand and tapping the wheel on the off beats. When Jimmy Buffett came on singing *Last Mango in Paris*, Jack took his right hand off the wheel, turned up the volume to max and went into honking the horn and singing and

fiction by the author of "the bridges of madison county"

ROBERT JAMES WALLER

PAINTING BY BRUCE WOLFE

slapping the truck door.

Linda started laughing and stretched out her long, long—longer than long—left leg, trying to steer the pickup with the heel of her old cowgirl boot. That didn't work, and the truck drifted over the center line toward a ditch shallow enough that it was nothing more than a little depression in the grass.

Jack laughed, too, hit the brakes and got the Chevy stopped a yard off the blacktop. He shut down the engine, stood on the running board with the tape still playing loud and screamed at the forest right over the top of Jimmy Buffett: "Hear me out there! I ate the last mango in Paris! Took the last plane out of Saigon!"

Linda spilled out the other side of the truck and started doing a little fandango across the road and into a small meadow directly opposite to where the trailer hitch pointed. Jack climbed onto the truck hood while Jimmy Buffett, who was hammering up toward the noonday sun and maybe reaching it, "took the first fast boat to China." Linda was shaking her hips, bending way back, her hair the color of wet blacktop and hanging down, nearly touching the ground. She wasn't fly-me-to-the-moon beautiful, but she was fine looking in her own special way. The kind of look that makes you think bad thoughts, or maybe good ones, depending on how you see the world. Bad or good, wet thoughts in any case.

Jack was waving a long-neck beer and trying to do a sort of Latin shuffle on the truck hood in his old lace-up boots, which was pretty funny since Jack never could dance worth a crap, though he made up in energy what he'd been shorted in grace and rhythm.

Jack's Wranglers had a small tear along the left thigh where a piece of sharp pipe had ripped through and cut his leg a little bit. His red-and-black flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows showed the leather band on his right wrist. No watch, though. Jack Carmine didn't believe in watches.

Jimmy sang, "'I had a Third World girl. . . .'"

Jack was on the hood doing his worse-than-awful version of some kind of foreign dance.

Linda sang, "'That's why we wander,'" still dancing. She ripped off her old denim shirt and got her bra undone in less than one half of half a second, moving to the music while she did it and then swinging both items above her head, glad to be in the sun again.

Jack screamed, "'I had a Third World girl,'" watching Linda shake it real good in his direction and then watching her some more when she turned and faced the forest so all the black bears or whatever was in there could get a good look.

He noticed, among other things, how nice her back was. The sweet arch of it running down to where her rear curved out just so pleasantly, and her vertebrae etched real clean against good skin.

He jumped down from the hood with Linda moving toward him, music still pounding out of the truck cab. They started dancing right on the highway, him looking down at her chest now and then, since a man couldn't help looking down now and then if he had anything at all going for him. Sunlight was falling late-October hard but still yellow and warm, and Jack Carmine and Linda Lobo went on dancing along the road in the direction of Ely. She told him later on it was the first time she'd really been happy in a long while.

They were dancing back toward the truck when Jack looked over her shoulder and saw a car coming toward them with a top-heavy profile indicating serious law. Jack flipped the long-neck into some brush while Linda wriggled into her shirt no more than 18 seconds before the trooper pulled up beside them. She was holding her bra behind her, squiggling it back and forth like a raggedy doll. Jack took it from her and stuffed it down the front of his jeans.

What the trooper saw was this guy with long brown hair that was turning pretty gray and hanging two inches over his flannel-shirt collar. And he also saw this interesting-looking woman who was kind of flushed in the face, had nice black hair hanging halfway down her back and filled out her jeans like she'd been born in them. He could have sworn she hadn't had any shirt on when he had come around the curve less than a half mile back. And what he heard was the tape deck moving into Waylon Jennings doing *Rainy Day Woman*.

The trooper was looking at the front of Linda's shirt, underneath which some pretty wonderful stuff had obviously been liberated and was pushing against the denim as if it were seeking even more freedom. He switched over to looking at the front of Jack's jeans. Kind of a funny-looking hump under the zipper. The trooper had seen about everything in 14 years on the northern roads, but the high-up bulge in Jack's Wranglers was something different.

"Everything OK here?" the trooper asked.

"Everything's A-OK. A-OK and a little better'n that," Jack said, smelling the scent of conifers and watching some kind of big bird land on the highway behind the trooper's car. The bird started pulling and tearing at a piece of something dead and smashed, stopped for a moment, then looked in Jack's direction, as if Jack might be next, somewhere down the hard miles of all the highways that ever ran toward sad-eyed endings.

"Where you from?" the officer said, glancing at the truck's license plate.

Jack grinned. "Alpine, Texas. Up here layin' gas pipe. All finished now. Me and the missus, we're sort of takin' the long way back home, seeing the sights a little."

Hard to say if the trooper grinned back or sideslipped into something a lot closer to benevolent doubt. He'd heard Texans were crazy and figured he'd come across a good example of that, so maybe it was best to let the garden grow as it grew and not fuss with it. The trooper glanced at his watch. His oldest son was quarterbacking the Two Harbors football team. If he were going to make the game, it was time to get moving.

"Well, you better take it easy and drive carefully."

"Will do, Officer, will do. Turnin' south for Alpine pretty soon," Jack said.

•

Back in the truck, Jack and Linda moved on southeast through an afternoon with its own virtues if you knew how to appreciate them, which Jack did for certain and Linda was trying to do. About a mile farther on he rose off the seat, reached down inside his jeans and yanked out Linda's bra.

"Careful there, mister. It's the only one I've got except for the tassels stuck in my purse, and they ain't gonna take me too far in polite company."

She pulled out two more beers while Jack hung her bra over the rearview mirror and pointed at it swinging back and forth. "Speakin' of tassels, this is a whole lot better than a damn string deal from a Hibbing High graduation hat hangin' off your mirror," he said. "We'll get you some extra equipment first town we hit. And considerin' we left—where'n hell was that we pulled out from in a shower of parking lot gravel, you carryin' your duds in both hands?"

"Dillon."

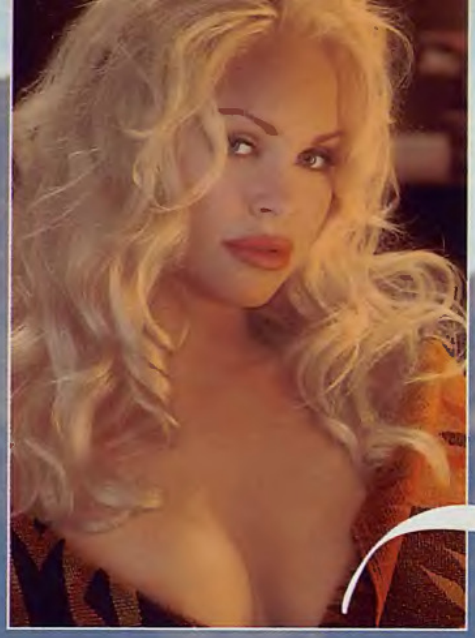
"Considerin' we left Dillon, Minnesota 11 hours ago in a fever, we ain't doin' too bad."

Linda stuck her right boot against the wing window support and tapped it to Kenny Baker fiddling his way into *High Country*. She took a swallow of beer and looked over at Jack Carmine. "Wonder how that guy's feeling you whacked with a pool cue."

"He's feelin' hard, I'd guess. Probably

(continued on page 187)

"This New Year's I plan to stay home and go to bed early.
Would you care to join me?"



Happy Holliday

miss january,
melissa holliday,
is a playmate
worth celebrating

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Melissa retreats to the backcountry near Denver when the pressure of trying to make it big gets too intense. "There is something purifying about nature. It makes you realize what's important, and out there you can always tell who your friends are."

IF MELISSA HOLLIDAY'S personal drive were manifested in physical form, it would be a 90-car freight train roaring down the Continental Divide behind her Denver home. She doesn't just dream about a career in showbiz; she's willing it into existence. As a kid, she pursued her goal in the best Judy Garland–Mickey Rooney, let's-put-on-a-show tradition, competing in every beauty contest she could find, playing stage roles in everything from *Annie* to something called *Capricious Pearls* and doing commercials for radio. When she got older, she signed on for entertainment duty at conventions and car shows, in which capacity she even performed before Lee Iacocca. Since then the pace has, if anything, increased. We had a heck of a time pinning down Miss January for an interview, what with backcountry photo sessions for PLAYBOY sandwiched between trips to Los Angeles to audition for a role in a gangster movie and to cut a demo tape of country songs. From there it was on to New York to present the tape to music executives who may sign her to her first record contract. If you saw vapor trails in the skies over the Midwest this past fall, it was probably Melissa. Stealing a reprieve at her parents' modest ranch home in suburban Denver, she savors a rare relaxed moment and a cup of coffee. "It's been so hectic lately that I sometimes long for peace and quiet," she laments. "But I have wanted to be an entertainer for as long as I can remember. I started singing when I was old enough to talk." When she's not singing, she's coming up with new songs. "I get up in the middle of the night when I can't sleep, and songs

are just running through my head. My music is my career, my fun, my escape." Her secondary escape is to the Rocky Mountains, which loom behind her house. "I like to be out in nature, and I love animals. They don't lie to you. They don't argue with you." Melissa pointedly avoids making that claim about herself. "I'm hardheaded," she admits. Just call it a defense mechanism against the slings and arrows of the outrageous music industry, which has already promised her more than it has delivered. "I was brought up to defend myself and to stand up for what I believe. If I see something I don't think is right, I have a hard time keeping my mouth shut." Her dreams for when she hits it big include a ranch in Arizona or Aspen where she can have a corral full of horses and a family, too. She knows that her ideal rancher is out there, and she knows how she'll find him: it will be by the music, of course. "Music has a lot of magic to it. You can fall in love with someone just by listening to a song. Love is strange that way."

—STEVE WILMSEN

MISS JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Melissa Deanne Holliday

BUST: 34 D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 10-30-69 BIRTHPLACE: Greenwood, S.C.

AMBITIONS: To become successful in the entertainment business.

TURN-ONS: Spontaneity, music and animal lovers, hopeless romantics and dreamers.

TURNOFFS: Cruelty to animals, people who are judgmental and closed-minded.

LOOKING AHEAD: I believe the most exciting day of my life is yet to come. Maybe it will be when I sign my first record contract.

I ADMIRE: Ralph Nader, because he has spent his life trying to help the average American. Hillary Clinton, because of her interest in health care for everyone.

MOST EMBARRASSING MOME When I was at a dance recital and fell off the stage.

Me in my dorky state costume.

Little Miss Valentine.

The big Winner.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

George's wife was furious at him for coming home drunk two nights in a row. "Lips that touch liquor," she warned him, "will never touch mine."

The man remained uncharacteristically silent for several minutes. Finally, her patience exhausted, his wife asked, "Well, what are you thinking about?"

"I'm trying to decide," he replied, "between 12-year-old scotch and 52-year-old lips."

Bumper sticker spotted in D.C.: IF CLINTON IS THE ANSWER, IT WAS A STUPID QUESTION.

A woman was making last-minute preparations for the gala dinner party she and her husband were throwing at their new Malibu beach house when she realized she had forgotten to purchase escargot. "Dan, run down to the beach and get me some snails, will you?"

Her husband reluctantly grabbed a pail and started walking along the shore. Before long he noticed a beautiful, bikini-clad woman strolling in his direction. Much to his delight, she stopped and began talking with him. Eventually, their conversation took a personal turn and she invited him back to her house. An intense mutual attraction drew them to her bedroom, where they made love so vigorously that afterward Dan fell into a deep sleep.

When he woke, he was horrified to see that it was seven o'clock in the morning. Throwing on his clothes and grabbing the pail, he sprinted down the beach to his house, where he took the steps two at a time. On the last one, he caught his toe and went flying, spilling the pail's contents. Just then his enraged wife yanked the door open. Dan looked frantically at the snails scattered all over the cedar deck, then at his wife, and then back at the snails. "Come on, guys," the fellow panted, "we're almost there."

Doc, you have to look at this," the panicked guy said, unzipping his pants. The physician gasped when he saw bumps and green spots covering the man's penis. "I was driving down Sunset Boulevard," the fellow explained, "and I see this gorgeous blonde. We start talking, I pick her up, take her home and make love to her all night. A week later, this! What should I do?"

"Next time," the doctor advised, "take Hollywood Boulevard."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The beautiful mistress of the house told James, the butler, that she and her much older husband would be out very late that night. He was free to retire if he liked.

Arriving home alone, and much earlier than expected, the mistress called James to her bedroom. "Please close the door," she said. He secured it behind him. "Take off my dress." He did so. "Now my stockings." He obeyed. "Now my bra and panties."

As the tension in the room mounted, she fixed him with a stare. "Now," she commanded, "don't ever let me catch you wearing my clothes again."

As night fell in a national park, a solitary hiker lost his footing and fell off a cliff. He desperately grabbed for a tree limb, which broke his fall but left him dangling over a yawning chasm with nothing but blackness below. "Is anybody down there?" he shouted.

"I am down here," a booming voice replied. "Let go of the branch. You can trust me. I am God."

There was a long silence before the hiker spoke again. "Is anybody else down there?" he asked.

The woman handed a private investigator $500. "My husband is having an affair with a 22-year-old redhead," she said. "I want you to follow them everywhere, watch them 24 hours a day. And then," she continued, "I want you to come and tell me what the hell she sees in him."

What do you get when you cross Dr. Jack Kevorkian, Dr. Ruth and Tonya Harding? Drop-dead sex that will bring you to your knees.

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: An Eskimo brought his disabled snowmobile to a mechanic for service. "Looks like you blew a seal," the grease monkey said.

"Oh, no, no," the Alaskan hastily replied, "that's just frost on my mustache."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Great New Year's Eve party, but I'm going to have to get some rest or I won't be worth a damn in the bowl game tomorrow."

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

from speech-command computers to car-navigation systems, the latest electronics walk it as you talk it

IN A SCENE from *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*, the crew of the Starship Enterprise has journeyed back three centuries to the 1980s. Scotty borrows a computer from an engineer and begins speaking to it, but the computer doesn't respond. The 20th century engineer, who probably thinks his 23rd century counterpart has had one scotch too many, offers him the keyboard. "Oh, a keyboard," notes Scotty. "How quaint!"

Star Trek's producers should pat themselves on the back for not letting that script gather dust, because in 1995 you can talk to machines and they will respond.

The technology (called voice or speech recognition) has been incorporated into computers and other gadgets since the start of the decade. But the industry has advanced tenfold since then.

In fact, Jerry Gutterman, chief financial officer of Voice Powered Technology, predicts that by the close of the decade "we'll be using voice commands to control virtually every appliance in our homes and offices—television sets, VCRs, security systems, thermostats, fax machines, you name it."

Voice Powered Technology, a California-based company, is fast becoming a leader in bringing speech recognition to the mass market. "Talking to machines is a natural way to simplify complex controls," says Gutterman, "but the option has to be affordable." That philosophy has led VPT to

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 199.

RECOGNITION

modern living
By CLIFF WEATHERS

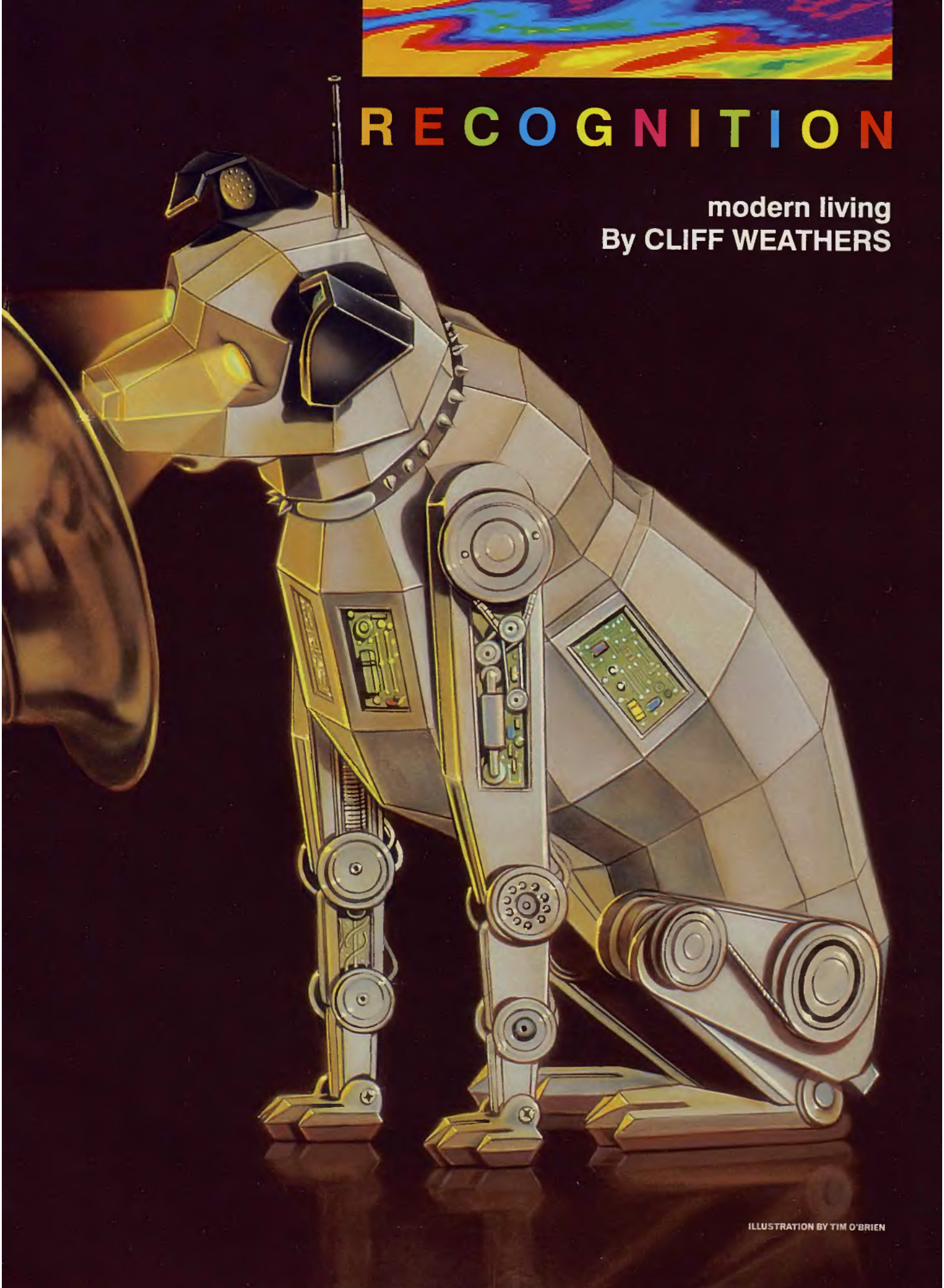


ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN

focus its research efforts on low-cost, low-power devices that run on batteries. In addition to introducing the VCR Voice Programmer—an $80 remote control that uses simple speech commands to program your videocassette recorder—the company recently introduced the $100 Tell-It phone, one of the first voice-recognition home telephones. After programming in three phone numbers each for up to 40 names, you can say, "Call boss," or "Call home," for example, and Tell-It will instantly place the call. Another VPT item, which has become popular with professionals, is the Voice Organizer. It lets you verbally input and retrieve appointments, short memos and phone numbers.

Also in the works at VPT, says Gutterman, are intelligent pagers that will respond to voice commands and verbally identify frequent callers by name when their numbers appear on the digital display. And for the busy executive who barely has time to cook a TV dinner, VPT is developing no-brainer stoves and microwave ovens to which you'll simply say, "Roast beef, seven pounds, medium rare," and get meat that's cooked the way you like it.

What other inanimate objects will we be talking to? The largest long-distance telecommunications companies—AT&T, MCI and Sprint—already offer voice recognition as a part of their calling packages. With Sprint's voice-controlled calling system, customers dial an 800 number and identify themselves by saying their Foncard number. After the computer on the other end matches the account by voice, customers utter a preset speed-dial code, such as "Call home," and the computer understands where to call.

The primary goal of speech recognition is to help users accomplish many tasks efficiently. Technology is expected to become more integrated into business and home telephone systems. Computers with built-in, voice-controlled telephones will allow you to place calls simply by saying a person's name. Because your personal-contacts list will be stored on the hard drive, flipping through your Rolodex or address book no longer will be necessary.

Personal digital assistants (such as the Apple Newton) should become as commonplace as calculators by the end of the century. But instead of operating via hand-recognition technology, you'll be able to input information and give instructions verbally.

Aside from making life easier, voice recognition has obvious safety advantages, which the automotive industry is just beginning to tap. Lexus and Lincoln Mercury are the first carmakers to offer optional hands-free voice-activated cellular phones, and electronics companies such as Motorola, Nokia and OKI are incorporating voice activation in some of their carphone models. Clarion has introduced the CAL1000, the first speech-controlled tuner–CD player–cellular phone. Priced at $1400, it allows hands-free operation of all three devices but can only be programmed to understand the orders of the vehicle's primary driver. That way if Howard Stern inadvertently speaks one of your speed-dial commands, for instance, "Call mother-in-law," the computer will ignore the order.

Eventually you'll be able to unlock doors, open and close windows, turn up the heat and set cruise control simply by giving the car an order. And this month a Monrovia, California company called Amerigon Inc. will take car navigation to new heights with its Audio Nav. A $600 voice-recognition device that operates in conjunction with a car's CD player, Audio Nav uses regional digital map data stored on audio CDs to give you specific verbal directions to virtually any of an area's destinations. All you need to do is insert the Chicago disc, for example, and then give Audio Nav verbal start and stop points (using addresses, cross streets or landmarks). Say "Art Institute to Wrigley Field," and Audio Nav will tell you the total miles and average trip time. Then say "navigator" and it will begin giving directions in blocks (e.g., "Go 12 blocks north on Michigan Avenue to Lake Shore Drive").

"Car navigation is a smart voice-recognition application," says Amerigon's director of corporate development, Adi Liberman, "which is probably why several companies are working on systems of their own." But the key, he adds, "is to choose one that can tolerate background noise and respond to any voice, regardless of dialect." This ability is called "speaker independence," and it's equally essential when choosing computer voice-recognition products.

According to Eric Nahm, vice president of sales at Verbex Voice Systems, the major complaint among people who've tried computer voice-recognition products is that they take too long to learn the nuances of your voice. "Fortunately, advancing technology will phase out these speaker-dependent systems in favor of ones that can listen and respond to anyone."

In fact, Nahm and many other experts believe the Holy Grail—a computer that responds to your every wish—will arrive by the year 2000. Perhaps that's why many of the companies that initially shied away from voice recognition—most notably IBM, Microsoft, Apple and Compaq—have now become converts. IBM actually researched speech recognition for more than 21 years before it debuted its first consumer application in 1993. Microsoft, which plans to unveil its own system later this year, currently sells a product called Windows Sound System 2.0 (about $50) that features technology licensed from a company named Dragon Systems. You'll also find voice-command capabilities in Apple's new Power Mac AVs ($2600 to $5200) and Compaq's Desktop Pro XL and XE models ($2000 to $3000). With the Power Mac, the voice function is represented on your monitor as one of nine characters you choose from a menu. Our favorite, a wide-eyed robot named Buster, performs simple keyboard and mouse tasks via single-utterance or discrete speech commands: "Computer, open Windows" or "Computer, print document," for instance.

For something more sophisticated, look for voice-recognition software with continuous-speech capability. This will allow you to talk to your computer in a normal tone of voice, at a normal speed, with fairly accurate results. One such program, Listen for Windows, is a continuous-speech and speaker-independent product by Verbex that uses industrial technology employed by the Postal Service to allow for voice-controlled parcel sorting. In testing the $99 Verbex software, we found that it could recognize most of the demonstrator's mumbled commands, which was quite a feat because the office was experiencing that Friday-at-4:30-P.M. buzz. Undoubtedly, it's that tolerance of background noise that enables floor traders at stock brokerage firms, such as Lehman Brothers, to use the program to place computer orders. However, for average users, one of the biggest advantages of Listen for Windows (and similar programs) is its ability to shortcut past menus, submenus and dialogue boxes. Simply say, "Print new e-mail," for example, and it's done in one step rather than three to five.

Finally, at the high end of the computer voice-recognition spectrum is dictation software such as IBM's VoiceType Dictation for OS/2, Dragon Dictate for Windows by Dragon Systems and Articulate Systems' Power Secretary. Priced between $700 and $2500, these programs are designed primarily for professionals such as doctors and lawyers who often don't have time to type. While all can convert speech into text, you can't rattle off a 20-page report and expect it to be typed in sync—punctuation marks must be spoken. But it's only a matter of time before computers will do everything by voice command but kiss you goodnight.

THIS YEAR'S MARCH TOWARD MADNESS BEGINS WITH A SIMPLE QUESTION: CAN THE HOGS REPEAT?

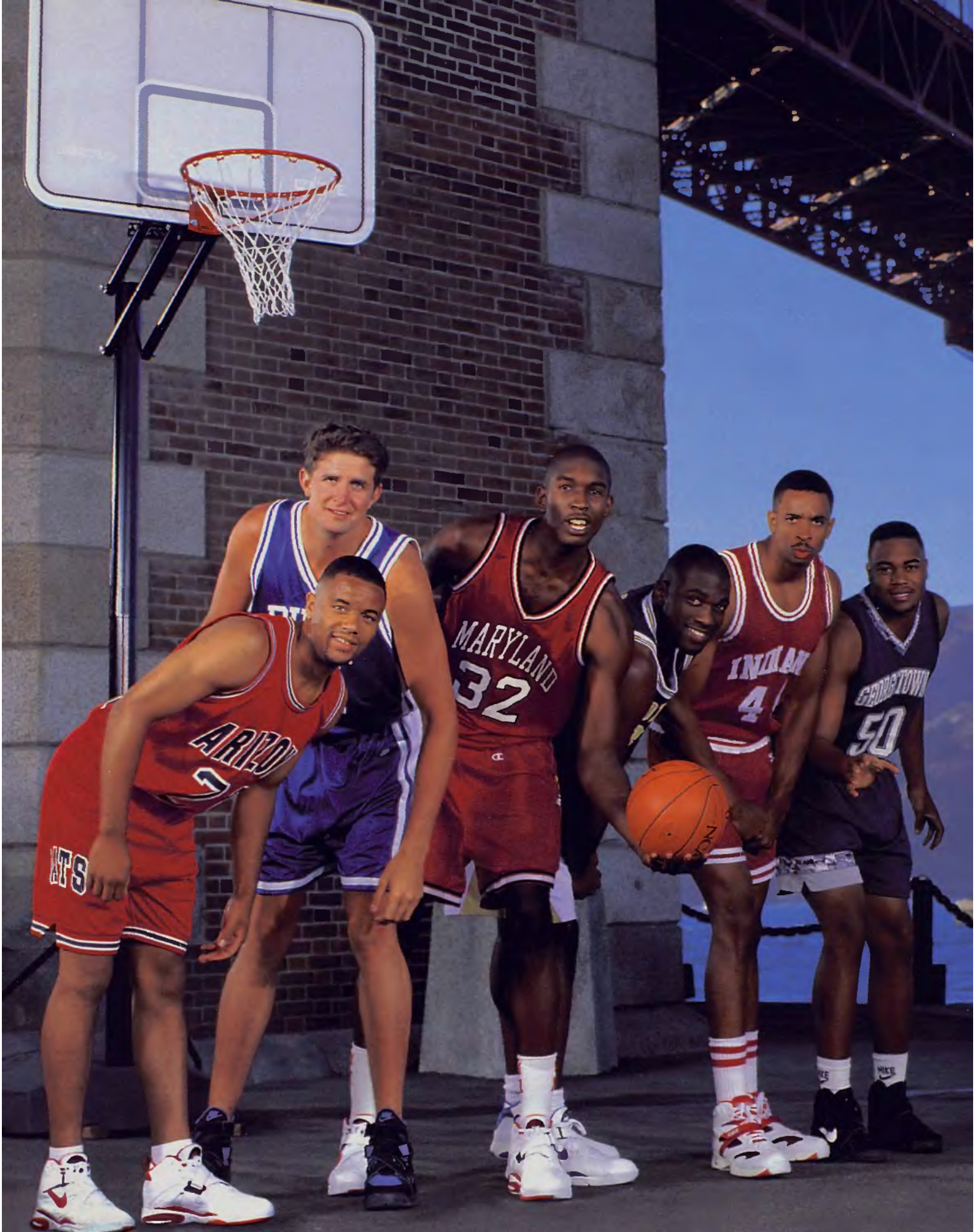
PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

sports by GARY COLE

BASEBALL IS in the toilet. My favorite hometown NFL star signed with a team at the other end of the country and then tore up his knee. Hockey season was frozen by a lockout, and even when they are playing, you can't see the puck on TV. And we'll never have a clear-cut college football champ because the NCAA can't agree on a playoff format. Thank God for college basketball.

Hundreds of teams play thousands of games, many of which are decided on the final shot. Forget about ties, and about polls, too: A true champion is determined on the court rather than in some sportswriter's mind. Plus, there's the sideline fight card: Cincinnati's Bob Huggins goes up against Providence's Pete Gillen; Arizona's Lute Olson takes on California newcomer Todd Bozeman; and Temple's John Chaney and Massachusetts' tough guy John Calipari offer a steel-cage fight to the death. In the main event, Indiana's Bobby Knight takes on, well, everybody. Dr. Naismith had no idea what he was creating.

These battlers aside, all remains



DAMON STOUDAMIRE
Guard
Arizona

CHEROKEE PARKS
Center
Duke

JOE SMITH
Center
Maryland

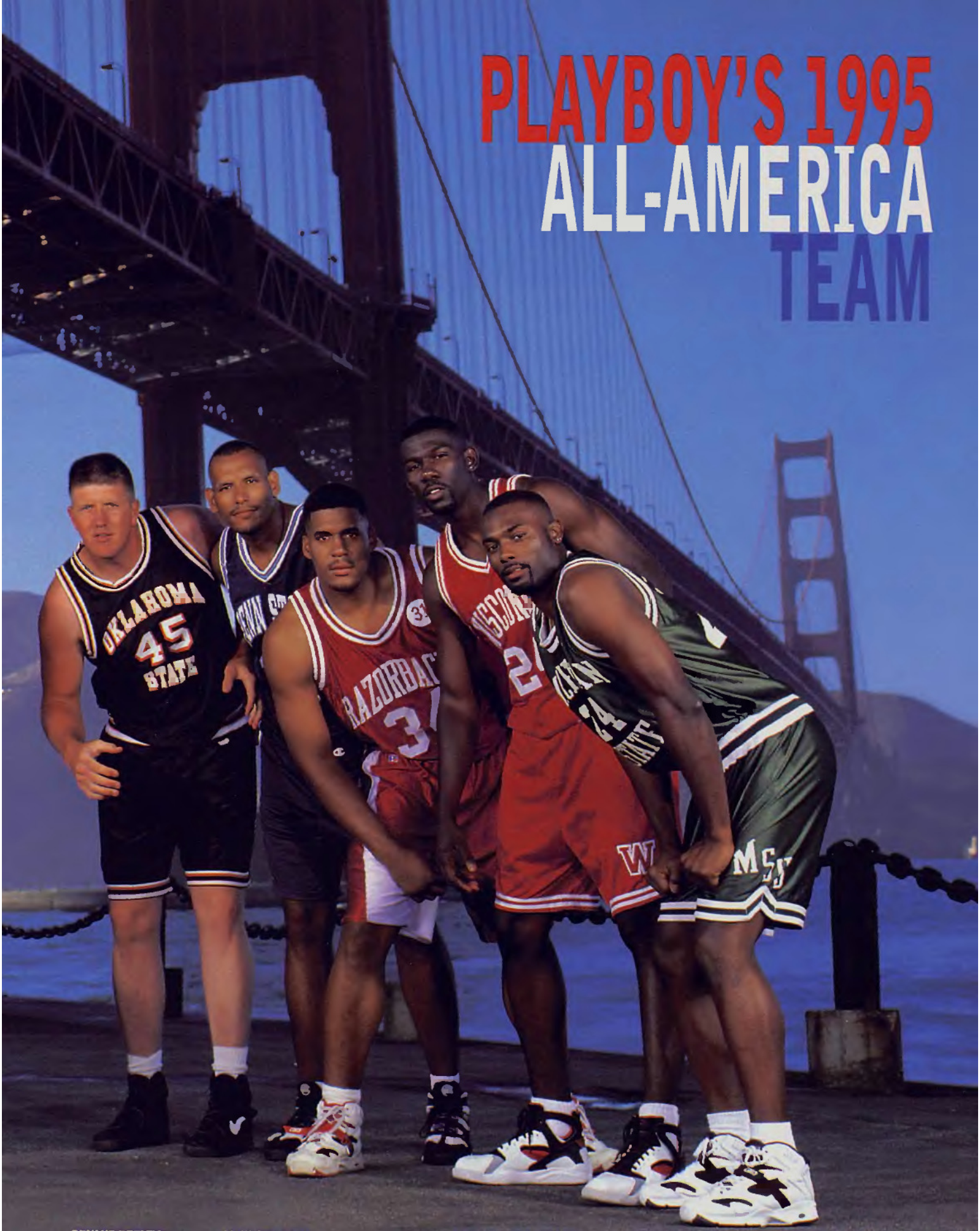
JAMES FORREST
Forward
Georgia Tech

ALAN HENDERSON
Forward
Indiana

OTHELLA HARRINGTON
Forward
Georgetown

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

PLAYBOY'S 1995 ALL-AMERICA TEAM



BRYANT REEVES
Center
Oklahoma State

JOHN AMAECHI
Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete
Penn State

CORLISS WILLIAMSON
Forward
Arkansas

MICHAEL FINLEY
Guard
Wisconsin

SHAWN RESPERT
Guard
Michigan State

ACCOMMODATIONS PROVIDED BY THE FAIRMONT HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO

PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

1. ARKANSAS
2. MASSACHUSETTS
3. NORTH CAROLINA
4. MARYLAND
5. DUKE
6. KENTUCKY
7. SYRACUSE
8. INDIANA
9. GEORGETOWN
10. MICHIGAN
11. ARIZONA
12. OKLAHOMA STATE
13. MEMPHIS
14. UCLA
15. KANSAS
16. FLORIDA
17. IOWA STATE
18. ALABAMA
19. CINCINNATI
20. GEORGIA TECH
21. ARIZONA STATE
22. CALIFORNIA
23. CONNECTICUT
24. WISCONSIN
25. LOUISVILLE

POSSIBLE BREAKTHROUGHS: Penn, LSU, Utah, Villanova, Tulane, BYU, North Carolina–Charlotte, UNLV, Virginia, Florida State, St. John's, Missouri, Illinois, Southern Illinois, Tulsa. For a complete conference-by-conference prediction of final standings, see pages 176–177.

calm. There are no big rule changes this year. The Razorbacks are back in force. And despite the graduation of Duke's All-Heart team member Grant Hill, along with the defections of Big Dog and the Kidd to the pros, there's plenty of talent returning and one of the best groups of incoming freshmen ever. So as the rest of the sports world heads into the tank, college basketball renews itself and sprints downcourt. Is there a reason to watch anything else?

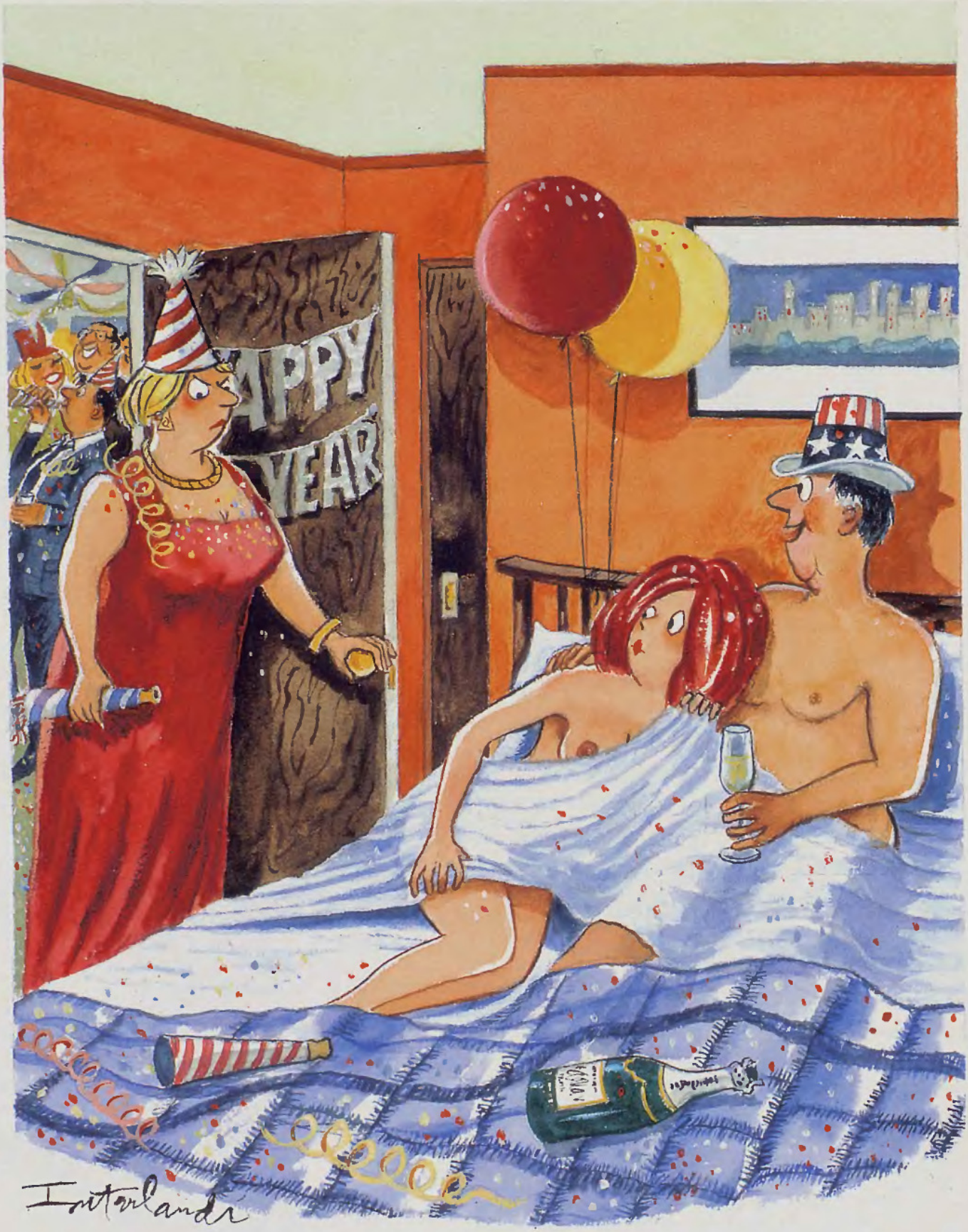
ATLANTIC COAST

The familiar names of North Carolina and Duke, perennial national powers, are in their accustomed spots in our preseason preview of the college basketball season. However, there are three other ACC teams that have a legitimate chance to top the big boys in the conference and perhaps get one of those four tickets to Seattle to play for the national championship. Most interesting of the three is **Maryland,** which has a quintet of returning starters led by Playboy All-America Joe Smith. Fifth-year coach Gary Williams added depth to the Terps by landing 6'9" Rodney Elliott and three-point threat Sarunas Jasikevicius. **Georgia Tech** has two of the finest players in the nation in guard Travis Best and Playboy All-America forward James Forrest. To reach coach Bobby Cremins' lofty expectations, Tech must avoid the injuries that plagued the team last season when both Forrest and guard Drew Berry missed substantial parts of the season. An improved bench will feature Atlanta high school standouts Mike Maddox and Matt Harpring. Injuries were a significant problem last year for **Virginia** as well, when point guard Cory Alexander missed the season after breaking his ankle in the opening game. Freshman Harold Deane filled Alexander's spot well enough to earn a place on the all-conference freshman team. Now, coach Jeff Jones can play Deane and Alexander together in the backcourt, with Junior Burrough (15 points per game) returning for his senior year at the strong-forward spot. Of course, the teams to beat in terms of tradition and talent continue to be **North Carolina** and Duke. However, as coach Dean Smith learned again last year, talent and tradition are not necessarily enough. The Tar Heels entered last year as the prohibitive favorite to repeat as national champ. Smith has a variety of excuses why his team came up short, including the observation that they may have had too much offensive talent—this from the only man ever to hold Michael Jordan to under 20 points per game. Smith's throttle-the-youngsters philosophy not only held supertalented freshmen Jerry Stackhouse and Rasheed Wallace at bay but seemed to rub off on the rest of the team as well. Guard Donald Williams managed only 14.3 points a game after averaging 23 points per game the previous season. All three players return, as does redshirt forward Pat Sullivan. Smith once again faces the problem of an abundance of talent, but don't worry, he'll work it out. Mike Krzyzewski served early notice on this year's **Duke** team that he would not tolerate a lack of effort when he canceled a team trip to Australia. His concern was related to academics, not athletics. And Coach K continues to have concerns over the eligibility of sophomore guard Jeff Capel, whose presence in the Blue Devil backcourt is essential if Duke is to have a chance to make its eighth Final Four appearance in ten years. With the incomparable Grant Hill graduated to the NBA, the mantle of leadership falls on Playboy All-America center Cherokee Parks, a role Parks relishes. Keep an eye on Alaskan freshman Trajan Langdon.

The University of Arkansas' Nolan Richardson, Playboy's Basketball Coach of the Year for 1995, thinks the Razorbacks can repeat "if we work hard and are willing to pay the price."

ATLANTIC TEN

Massachusetts will beat up on conference opponents and win its fourth consecutive Atlantic Ten title as it prepares to make a run at the national championship. Coach John Calipari has lots of weapons in the Minutemen arsenal. Leading scorer Lou Roe (18.6 ppg) headlines a returning cast that includes all of last year's starters and a strong bench. *(continued on page 170)*



"But, dear, should old acquaintance be forgot?"

ARTICLE BY PENN JILLETTE

PENN on FIRE

THE BAD BOY OF MAGIC LANDS HIMSELF A HOT ROLE

I'VE APPEARED on Broadway, in movies and on TV, so some people think I'm an actor.

I'm not. I'm a comedian, a magician, a performer. If I do play someone, it's only one character: Penn, of Penn & Teller. I play him in interviews with David Letterman; I even played him pretending to be a drug dealer on *Miami Vice*.

But that's not really acting—I never studied acting and never wanted to be an actor. So it's no surprise that I'm not particularly good at it. Yet my agents still have me audition for roles, and I do so gladly: It's good money, it's fun and you get to meet cool people. Why let a little thing like lack of skill stop me?

Since I don't act, when I audition I like to be honest—with a little swagger. I say, "Listen to the way I'm talking right now. Look at the way I look right now. If this is exactly what you want the character to be, hire me. If you want even the slightest adjustment, the most minuscule change in this personality, may I suggest you hire an actor? Because I can't act."

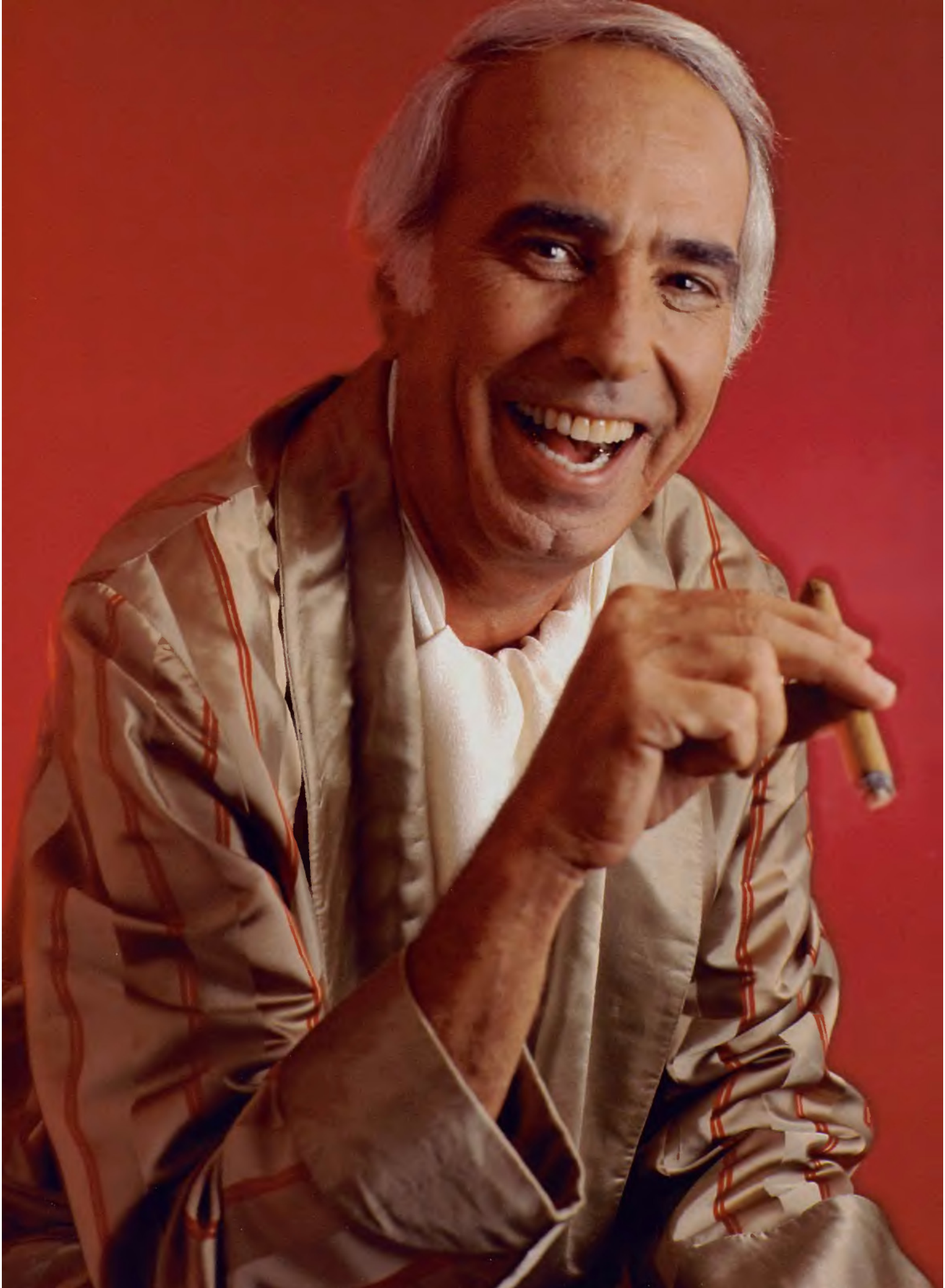
And the amazing thing is, I get parts. Wacky business I'm in, huh?

Anyway, I gave this little speech to a friend—writer-producer Thania St. John—and her partners when they were looking to cast *VR*, a pilot they were doing for Fox.

And I still got the part. The director didn't even make me read. My role would be the obnoxious, self-centered, ugly neighbor upstairs whom the show's protagonist tortures. I guess my little speech was just what the doctor ordered.

But after they hired me, they got cold feet. Thania called: "Penn," she said, "there's really not a problem, but I need your word of *(continued on page 138)*

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGANNE DEEN



TOM SNYDER

the once and future king of tv night owls explains how to handle guests, why joy is better than fear and the manifest charms of ron popeil

Tom Snyder is back. Yes, sir! The veteran broadcaster, best known for hosting NBC's "Tomorrow" show from 1973 to 1982, has brought his unique conversational style, idiosyncratic observations and singular hairstyle to CBS, where his "Late, Late Show With Tom Snyder" debuted in December, after "The Late Show With David Letterman." Letterman's company, Worldwide Pants, is producing. Until Letterman beckoned, the 58-year-old Snyder was comfortably ensconced at cable's CNBC, doing one hour of talk a night, largely free from worries about ratings and pushy network executives. Before that he spent six years doing a national radio show for ABC. Many thought that CBS would bring in a younger person to counter NBC's Conan O'Brien. But the strength of Letterman's insistence persuaded Snyder to give it a try. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Snyder at the CNBC studios as his stint on cable wound down. Says Rensin, "During our talk, Tom let slip that he hates Q&As and that great stories are the stuff of compelling conversation. Even if he wasn't trying to tell me something, I knew better than not to take my cue from the master."

1.

PLAYBOY: What do you know about late night that your competitor Conan O'Brien is still years away from understanding?

SNYDER: How to run a television program. I don't dislike Conan. I've interviewed him twice on my program and I plan to go on his show—I have promised him that I will. But there is a knack to doing this, kid—in knowing how to keep it moving, keep it interesting. I certainly don't do it perfectly every night, but I'm right more than I'm wrong because of my gut. It takes a while to learn, and he's been doing it for only a year. I did my first television talk show in Philadelphia in 1966 or 1967. I fumbled my way; we all do. But the difference is that I fumbled on channel three in Philadelphia, not on the NBC television network. David Letterman fumbled his way in Indianapolis; Johnny Carson on KNXT in Los Angeles. Conan O'Brien will get better, if they give him a chance.

2.

PLAYBOY: Back in 1993 you appeared on *The Larry Sanders Show* in an episode in which Sanders hires you to follow his talk show after getting Letterman—who was also a guest—to admit that he was thinking of hiring you to follow his show. Did you know then what we know now, or was it all just coincidence?

SNYDER: I was on vacation in San Francisco and somebody called me from *The Larry Sanders Show* asking if I would consider being on it. Then they sent me the script, and I thought, This is really funny. So I said, "Sure." After I did the show, I thought nothing more about it. I was under contract to CNBC and Dave was still at NBC, though everyone knew he was going to CBS. Then one day, after Dave had gone to CBS, I read in the *New York Daily News* about my being considered for the spot following his. My reaction was, This is absolutely and truly a joke, meaning I was totally amazed. [*Pauses*] May I tell you something, my friend? If I had set out, after appearing on the *Sanders* show, to mount a full-bore campaign to host *The Late, Late Show* following David Letterman—when that idea was implanted in people's minds through comedy, through art, not reality—do you know what chance I would have had of getting that done? Zero. You can't want for this to happen and make it happen. This was written on the wind. This just came out of nowhere. Actually, it came out of David Letterman's mind and his loyalty. David's always been very generous to me. He and producers Robert Morton and Peter Lassally just kept saying, "We really think Snyder's the guy."

3.

PLAYBOY: Are you?

SNYDER: Absolutely. It makes so much sense. Having a young comedian on at 12:30 A.M. is already being done by one network. NBC now has three comedians on late at night. I don't think that's what a late-night schedule should be. Traditionally, 11:30 P.M. is a comedy spot. But again at 12:30? No. That's a special time. Plus, I'll be on live. I can take phone calls. We're going to try to simulcast on radio. I'll be able to react to the news of the moment. I can interview entertainers, but if something happens that requires me to interview the president or a foreign dignitary, or the head of an airline, or the commissioner of baseball, I can do that, too. I can do more than just tell jokes.

4.

PLAYBOY: Letterman inherited your office at NBC. Did you leave anything behind that you wish he'd send you?

SNYDER: I'll tell you a funny story. On the office bathroom mirror I wrote in marker pen: "Dear David: Unto thine hands . . ." and then I departed. The only other things that I left were the drapes. About three years ago he sent them to me. Totally out of the blue, these boxes arrived at ABC Radio. Huge boxes of used drapes that were sun-streaked and faded and frayed. Included was a note handwritten on his stationery: "Dear Tom: You forgot your drapes. Love, Dave." For a while I planned to take them back to New York and hang them in his office when he was away. But it got to be too much of an issue, so I just threw the damn things away.

5.

PLAYBOY: Letterman once got embarrassed when Kathie Lee Gifford described putting cool cabbage leaves on her breasts to soothe them because they were swollen from nursing. What was your most embarrassing moment on the air?

SNYDER: Oh, there have been so many. [*Laughs*] I was interviewing a man named Meat Loaf one night—the great singer, who has just had a wonderful comeback. For 15 minutes I called this guy "Meatball," and he never said a word. Somebody came out during a break and said to me, "The guy's name is Meat Loaf." He was such a gentleman—he wouldn't correct me on the air.

The night Kathie Lee said that, Dave delivered possibly the greatest line he has ever had at CBS. She said she put the cabbage leaves on her breasts because they were swollen and she couldn't fit into the gown she had planned to wear on the Miss America

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

show. Later she said, "You know, I think I'm swelling up again." And Letterman said, "Could we send out for an emergency Caesar salad?"

6.

PLAYBOY: Once and for all, are talk shows host- or guest-driven?
SNYDER: Host-driven. We tune in to see Jay and Dave. And believe me, they tune in to see Tom and Conan. It doesn't make any difference who the guests are if the host knows what to do with them. Another critical factor is this: The viewers like watching real people who have lives and who speak to them about those lives. Letterman is a real guy. We know he gets stopped for speeding. We know he likes to smoke a cigar during the breaks. Hey, we had fun watching his mom over there at the Olympics. Dave's a member of our family. I talk about my mom, I talk about my kid. I talk about stuff that steams me. I talk about movies I've seen, loves I've lost. One night I even talked about going to the dentist.

7.

PLAYBOY: Everyone knows about Dan Aykroyd's impersonation of you. How self-conscious did it make you feel?
SNYDER: It was more of a caricature. Dan Aykroyd overemphasized certain things: my laugh, the cigarette, the hair. I enjoyed it a great deal. The only time it ever got in the way was when people who hadn't met me expected me to be like the caricature, and I wasn't. Now, of course, it's the joke that won't die. They rerun the damn show on all the cable systems, so that joke is still going. And I guess people are still laughing at it, come to think of it. [*Pauses*] The caricature that did bother me was Joe Piscopo's. It was meanspirited. He portrayed me as a failed broadcaster living in a run-down hotel in New York City, with a bottle of vodka in my hand, interviewing the staff of the hotel as guests. That hurt me. I felt it was unfair. I mean, what am I, the first guy in the world to have a show canceled? Come on!

8.

PLAYBOY: In the Seventies you hosted *The National Love, Sex and Marriage Test* and *The National Disaster Survival Test*. What test do we need for the Nineties?
SNYDER: The National Reality Break Test. Folks, do you really think an asteroid is going to hit the earth and kill us all? Do you really think that if you walk every day and don't smoke and don't eat meat and take your vitamins and go to holistic health centers, that you're going to live forever? Do you really think you're going to beat it? Do you really believe them when they say, "Well, we could have saved 4000 lives last year"? Because, folks, with one possible exception since the beginning of time, we haven't saved one life. The reality is that we're all going to leave here someday. There was a series in the *Los Angeles Times* on how every day we get new information about something that is going to hurt us. Cellular phones are going to kill us. Caffeine is bad for pregnant women. Left-handed people have more heart attacks than right-handed people. The American people are being scared to death, and they don't enjoy themselves anymore. For years we were told that butter was bad and margarine was great. Now margarine is even worse than butter! They are taking every joy, every pleasure, every contentment away from people with this constant research into stuff that nobody thinks about until research is begun on it.

9.

PLAYBOY: You still smoke an occasional cigar off camera, but to what extent has the loss of the cigarette prop on the air affected you?
SNYDER: I never thought about it until you mentioned it. I stopped smoking on all shows because it's no longer appropriate. It also helps that there's no place you can smoke anymore. You can't smoke in this building, you can't smoke in restaurants, you can't smoke on airplanes. I wouldn't go to somebody's house and light up a cigar or a pipe or a cigarette.

10.

PLAYBOY: Can you tell us what's better than a great conversation?
SNYDER: A great meal. It's very simple: some kind of pasta with olive oil, garlic and basil, some broccoli and grilled chicken and maybe a little smoked mozzarella and some capers. It's preceded by a Caesar salad with many anchovies. I love anchovies.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's your guilty TV-viewing pleasure?
SNYDER: *Jeopardy* and *Wheel of Fortune*. *Wheel of Fortune* is dumb and stupid, and it doesn't require a lot of savvy. But I like to watch. I like to beat the contestants to the answer. It makes me happy. The other thing I cannot turn off is Ron Popeil selling anything. I must watch. I don't care if it's the pasta maker, the food dehydrator or the Pocket Fisherman. I'm captivated by this guy. Absolutely enthralled by him. One night, so help me God, I was home, it was late, I got into the vodka a little bit—you know, nothing critical. He had the pasta makers going and he put on the red clam sauce, and I was reaching for the phone! I love it when he looks at the camera and says, "For those of you who can't get enough beef jerky." Have you ever smelled beef jerky? Man, they must be hungry out there! The other one I love is the hair-cutter that hooks up to the vacuum cleaner.

12.

PLAYBOY: When you go to the supermarket, which aisle do you visit first?
SNYDER: I go to where the air fresheners are. Don't ask me why, but I have a terrible fear of not having enough air freshener in my house. I must have at least 12 cans, and it must be Arm & Hammer Deodorizing Air Freshener, in the yellow can. I'm meticulous about this. Why? I really don't know. I don't do any odd cooking. The house doesn't smell bad, though sometimes, with the gas stove, there's a little gas odor. It's just nice to have air freshener in the house. I have a can in each bathroom and the rest in the cupboard. I also have a lot of paper products: paper towels, bathroom tissue, Kleenex. I don't want to run out of any of this stuff. And I have a lot of light bulbs. I figure they're just as good on my shelf as at the hardware store. When a bulb goes out, I replace it immediately.

13.

PLAYBOY: What scares you?
SNYDER: I'm terrified of airplanes. I have to fly, but you give up so much control. You truly place your life in the hands of another human being. It's a stupid fear, but I have a vivid imagination. And too many times I've done news stories about plane crashes. So I know what can happen. Remember, about 15 years ago, there was a plane flying from the East Coast to Detroit that did a barrel roll somewhere over Michigan? It went into a steep power dive and the pilot prepared everybody for impact. At the last second he lowered the landing gear, and that created sufficient drag to slow it down. He got control and landed in Detroit, and, thank God, nobody got hurt. I interviewed one of the passengers. I said, "What caught your attention most?" He said, "Let me tell you: I was so angry." I said, "Why?" He replied, "We're coming in for the landing approach, and the pilot tells us to prepare for impact. I look out and as we're coming over the runway, there's no foam on the runway. In every account I've heard of an aircraft making an emergency landing, they put foam on the runway. And I thought, How come I don't have my foam? Why didn't they foam my runway? I paid full fare. I want my foam!" What an amazing

(continued on page 181)

"Gee, I'm sorry. I've been so busy I haven't had time to take it off and hang it up this year!"

THE YEAR

TABLOID TRASH-O-MATIC CLAIMS VICTIMS: THE JOCK, HIS LADY, HIS EX, HER WAITER, THE ORPHANS, THEIR PARENTS, THE SKATER, THE SINGER, HIS BOY TOYS & HIS BLUE SUEDE BRIDE

Off the presses and on the tube, tabloid journalism went over the top in 1994. No potential scandal was off-limits—and if there was a sex angle to be found, even better. (Our own contribution: a pictorial of O.J. Simpson's girlfriend, Paula Barbieri, left.) The journalistic food chain flipped as the mainstream media began feeding off the late-breaking stories. *New York* magazine summed it up with a collage of Jacko headlines (above right), while everyone from political cartoonists to overnight publishers grabbed a piece of the action. Even parental abuse, in the Erik and Lyle Menendez case (lower left), made headlines, while America's favorite bad girl, Tonya Harding, popped up in an X-rated honeymoon video, proving it was much more fun watching her screw up triple axels.

STRIP-SEARCH JA
MICHAEL JACKSON CHILD ABUSE SCANDAL
WORLD EXCLUSIVE
KEEP MICHAEL JACKSON AWAY FROM MY BOY
SEX SCANDAL
WACKO JACKO
WE SAW MICHAEL MOLESTING CHILD STAR
MICHAEL THE REAL STORY
REMEMBER, SON, IN THIS COUNTRY ANY CHILD CAN GROW UP TO BE A MILLIONAIRE...
"IF YOU DON'T MIND SLEEPING WITH MICHAEL JACKSON

IN SEX

our annual roundup of wacky, wild and outrageous goings-on in the wonderful world of sex

WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE DIRECTOR'S CUT

Love him or hate him, recovering penis-amputee John Wayne Bobbitt was the prurient-headline champ in 1994, whether laughing at a repro of his severed schlong (inset), reeling from battery charges by ex-fiancée Kristina Elliott (below) or letting it all hang out in a porn film.

DROP THAT BOOK!

A beached Christie Brinkley led the pack of covered-up cover girls (and guys). She also announced her divorce from Billy Joel and her engagement to Aspen tycoon Ricky Taubman. She fell for him when their chopper crashed.

SEX, DRUGS, DISSING DAD

In *C'mon, Get Happy . . . Fear and Loathing on the Partridge Family Bus*, David Cassidy admits to dope and groupies and writes that his dad, Jack, had sex with Cole Porter. Hmmm . . . *I Get a Dick Out of You*?

LIGHTS! CAMERA! ORGASM!

Strapping a tiny camera onto his penis, Brit Tony Duffield made love to wife Wendy thrice daily for three weeks, while BBC videocams whirred. The couple's $18,000 stint will air here on the Learning Channel on Super Bowl Sunday.

BUSTED!
When gab-show blabber Vicki Lawrence flashed plastic boobs at guest Sally Kirkland, 22 stations refused to carry the show. "I'm flattered," Lawrence announced. "Mine haven't been this far north since I was 20."

DROP THAT PHONE!
Princess Di faced charges of making crank calls and having a five-year affair with her equestrian teacher. Meanwhile, one German photog caught her estranged hubby bare—royal scepter and all.

THIS POOL SUCKS
Paramedics responding to a call at a Florida motel pool found a man with pants down and swollen penis stuck in a suction hole. Rescue took 40 minutes.

ALI . . . OOPS!
Showbiz bio *Steve McQueen, Portrait of an American Hero* and Robert Evans' memoir, *The Kid Stays in the Picture*, talk of drug use and mutual wife Ali MacGraw.

THE SCHLONG YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN
Tel Aviv ad agency head Zeev Lichtenzon's one-man campaign against bad drivers apparently hit local men where they schtup: The city yanked the posters.

WHICH ONE OF YOU BITCHES SWIPED MY AFTERSHAVE?
Patrick Swayze, Wesley Snipes and John Leguizamo vamp in *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*; new ads for Miss Vera's Finishing School for Boys Who Want to Be Girls; a pumped-up Carl Lewis in a Pirelli ad deemed "too controversial" for the U.S.; *Just Like a Woman*'s Julie Walters, flanked by the two sides of Adrian Pasdar; models at the "Hoppening" AIDS benefit, Playboy Mansion West; and Cary Grant's classic *I Was a Male War Bride*, now on video.

DRAG STRIP

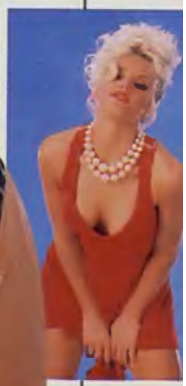
ERIN GO BRA
Wonderbras captivated Pamela Flood (a.k.a. Miss Ireland), as well as a kook who scaled a 20-foot ladder to get his hands on model Eva Herzigova.

DROP THOSE SKILLETS!
It was out of the phat and into the fire for rappers Ed Lover and Doctor Dre, whose subway ads had folks thinking twice about breakfast.

RETURN OF THE FLOWER CHILD
Welcome back, body painting. The Sixties fad is now so hot that the London College of Fashion has added it to its curriculum of fashion, hair and makeup styling. Finger-painters need not apply.

COME ON DOWN AND DIRTY
When *The Price Is Right*'s Dian Parkinson (right) sued host Bob Barker for harassment, Playmate and model Janice Pennington (below) backed Bob, and Gena Nolan (far right) replaced Dian.

Game-show host is threatened with sex-harass lawsu
DEAR BOB, THE PRICE IS $8M!



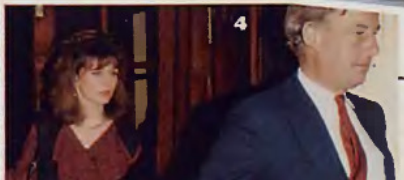
CASTING CALL
Also in London, artisan Rick Cresswell makes ceramic body casts for women, such as Justine Collins, to give to their boyfriends. So far, we hear, his business is boobing.

POLITICS, BRAZILIAN STYLE
Photographers captured Brazilian president Itamar Franco with the pantyless model Lilian Ramos. Itty's defense: "How am I supposed to know if people are wearing underwear?"

THE WORD "PIMP" CARRIES SUCH NEGATIVE CONNOTATIONS... I PREFER TO BE THOUGHT OF AS A "POLITICAL STRATEGIST"..
GENNIFER FLOWERS
THE CLINTON PHONE CALLS
PAULA JONES
NEXT PRESS CONFERENCE 1:30

POLITICS, AMERICAN STYLE
Bill Clinton is still hounded by Paula Jones and Gennifer Flowers (here spoofing MM's tribute to JFK). Aren't Democrats fun?

POLITICS, BRITISH STYLE
A string of sex scandals dealt prime minister John Major (1) a headache as the tawdry Tory tote board kept racking up victims: member of Parliament Stephen Milligan (2) was found dead, wearing a garter belt and women's stockings; Jennifer Sharp (3) was one of five mistresses of junior transport minister Steven Norris; junior environment minister Tim Yeo (4) quit his post after it was revealed that he had sired two illegitimate children; MP David Ashby (5) denied his wife's charges of homosexuality—he'd bunked with a fellow in France, he said, "to save money"; the Earl of Caithness (6), minister for aviation and shipping, resigned after his wife, said to be distraught over his infidelity, committed suicide; a liaison with Lady Bienvenida Buck (8) forced defense chief Sir Peter Harding (7) out; ex-defense minister Alan Clark (9) admitted boffing a judge's wife and daughters (10).



A BRIGITTE TOO FAR
Bardot: Two Lives (on shelves in Britain, due in the U.S. this spring) documents BB's marriages, affairs, suicide attempts and love of animals. Bet on Kim Basinger for the film.

OH RON, WHAT'S SHE DONE NOW?
Patti Davis, who tweaked her folks' noses with her PLAYBOY pictorial, has now filmed a *Playboy Celebrity Centerfold* video, due in February. On the tape, Patti shows off her figure as well as her kickboxing skills.

WILL THAT BE REGULAR CHECKING?
The Royal Bank of Scotland has introduced check-cashing cards for the transvestite on the go. "If cross-dressing customers are confident enough to go shopping dressed as women," explained a spokesman, "they can avoid embarrassment when paying by check." Pictured here: a pair of cards for RuPaul, who now garbs both ways.

• Plume of impact (lower left) from comet fragment striking Jupiter yesterday.

Jupiter hit stuns, even on Earth

THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES: BUST IN SPACE
Stop the presses! A nipple on the front page of *USA Today*? Nope—just an AP photo of Shoemaker-Levy comet fragments striking the planet Jupiter. It could be a new Milky Way.

WOODSTOCK '94: MUD WRESTLING FOR FUN AND PROFIT
At the 25th anniversary, celebrants paid plenty to slop mud, see Jesse James Dupree drop trou and buy condom key chains.

FORGET ME, FORGET ME NOT
Dueling authors: Richard Ofshe opposes, Lenore Terr supports, the theory of recovered memory through hypnosis, which has spawned 200 books. Either way, Oprah wins.

RELAX, GEORGE, IT'S NOT BROCCOLI
For those who refuse to eat their greens: Barbara's Bush, which is billed as "easy and fun to grow" and promises "full coverage in one week."

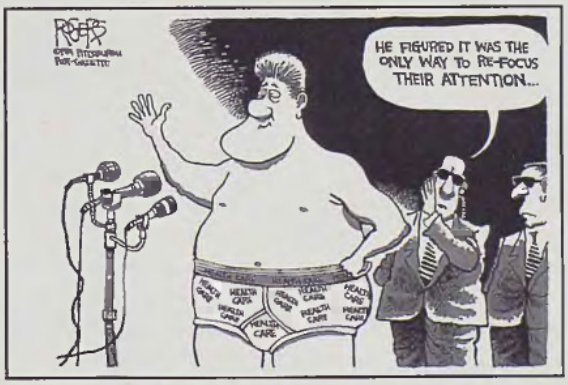
HIS SEX THERAPIST: DR. SCHOLL
Marla Maples' ex-publicist, Chuck Jones, left court in tears after being convicted of stealing her panties and shoes, with which he'd admitted having a "sexual relationship." What a heel.

TAX-FREE ASSETS
Exotic dancer Cynthia Hess, a.k.a. Chesty Love, successfully fought the IRS to get her size 56FF breast implants declared a tax-deductible business expense.

LOVE THAT TOON
Buyers of the laserdisc version of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* discovered that a freeze-framed peek up toon temptress Jessica Rabbit's skirt revealed that she wore no panties. The rumored culprits are mischievous Disney animators.

SEX, DRUGS, MICK & KEITH
Whom did Mick Jagger really lust for, even while he was balling Marianne? His fellow Stone, Keith Richards, she claims in her new autobiography *Faithfull*.

FUNNY, THEY USED TO BE CALLED UNMENTIONABLES
In the wake of MTV teens' questioning Bill Clinton on his underwear preference, other notables were hit with the same query. Surprisingly, they replied. Match the celeb to his skivvies (answers below):



ANSWERS: Mel Gibson (boxers for dress, briefs for sports); Mario Cuomo (long johns); yachtsman Bill Koch (briefs); Regis Philbin (both); Alec Baldwin (boxers—"Kim wants to get pregnant"). In *Brando*, Peter Manso claims Marlon, in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, went bare beneath jeans with the pocket linings removed because "Stanley would have liked to put his hands in his pockets and feel himself."

ANIMAL BUFFS
Kim Basinger (at left) joins supermodels (above, from left) Emma Sjoberg, Tatjana Patitz, Heather Stewart-Whyte, Fabienne Terwinghe and Naomi Campbell in a People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals antifur advertising campaign.

DROP THAT CUP!
We thought they said *peanuts* fares: In this ad for a Norwegian airline, a coffee cup hides the genitals of a naked man surprised by a visit from his in-laws.

NEXT: AN IUD FOR THE EIFFEL TOWER?
Benetton employees and Act Up slipped a 72-foot condom over the obelisk in Paris' Place de la Concorde. *Tres* Sheikh!

JURASSIC JERK
"They don't call me Tyrannosaurus Sex for nothing," cracked Ted Kennedy, attending an office party dressed as Barney.

GEEZER-PLEASER
Playmate Anna Nicole Smith broke hearts worldwide—and raised eyebrows—by marrying an 89-year-old Texas oil tycoon, Howard Marshall II. Happy drilling.

ALL IN THE FAMILY
In *People* magazine, John F. Kennedy Jr. looks to be helping a shapely shipmate out of her boating togs. In fact, the new ladyfriend is getting into them.

PENN on FIRE (continued from page 124)

"For her last bit, Venus did this sexy dance from hell while throwing burning, fuel-soaked cotton."

honor that you can act."

"What?"

"The director got it in his head that you can't act."

"I can't."

"Well, I told him that when you said 'I can't act,' you meant you couldn't play a 70-year-old African American man, but that you could play fear."

"Fear?"

"Fear. It's important that you can play fear."

"I don't think I can," I said. "I've never felt fear. But I've seen people experience fear, so maybe I could copy them."

I was kidding. She didn't laugh.

"He's a really nervous director," she said, "and this is an important project for him. Could you send us a tape of your acting, just so he'll feel better?"

"I don't know about this," I said. "Maybe you should hire someone else."

"We don't want to. Just say that you can act."

"I won't say that," I insisted. "Listen, I'm going to be in L.A. this week. I'll come in again to read. If I suck, then fire me."

I flew to Los Angeles. A lesser man with fewer principles would really have looked over the script and actually thought about acting. Not me. In fact, the only parts of the script that I read were those I could thumb through while in the waiting room of the producers' office.

The script for *VR* is basically TV's view of virtual reality. In real life, virtual reality is a technology in which little TVs are worn over each eye, permitting you to see images in 3-D. In *VR*'s virtual reality, people can be sucked into nightmares over the phone, then put in hell. My character on the show would be the first person to go to hell—zapped into a bus, then tortured, then set on fire.

It was this scenario that gave me my strategy for the meeting. "Good news and bad news," I announced. "The bad news is: As I've told you, I've never felt fear—so the acting part is going to be a little difficult. But the good news is: I'll do my own stunts."

"You'll what?"

"I'll do my own stunts."

"What do you mean?"

"You can light my ass on fire."

"Really?"

"Yeah, I'll do the burn gag for you." (Gag is the word that real stuntmen use—you can't believe how good it felt to say it.) "I've always wanted to do one. And you'll be able to shoot my face. You'll have your actor on fire for real."

Suddenly, no one was worried about my acting anymore. I had the gig. Then I took it a step further. I suggested that the part in which an old lady throws fire at me should actually be a young woman spitting fire at me, and, furthermore, I knew just the actor for the part. I said they should fly in a stripper from Vegas named Venus De Light; she was really good with fire and would give them a blast. (I'm a fire-eater, too, and that's the fire-eater's term for spitting flame.) My other thought, of course, was that if I was going to be on a movie set for a week, having a stripper around wouldn't be the worst thing in the world. The producers bought the idea, hired Venus and rewrote the part for her.

•

The first few days on the set, I had other stunts to do. For a scene in which I'm falling into virtual reality, I had to be hoisted up on a 90-foot crane, then lowered pretty fast. The harness straps were a little uncomfortable. (But I didn't feel fear.) I yelled and waved my hands, and that seemed to be OK for them. On my second day of shooting, I had to be mean and condescending. This I'm good at—they had themselves an expert. And the next day I had to insult Lori Singer, the star of the show, on the telephone, then scream a little more. It was just like falling off a log.

Then came my last day of shooting—"fire day." I had several shots in which I was supposed to act, and those scared me to death. Still, I looked cool, collected and in good spirits, which was unfortunate because I was supposed to look like I was scared to death.

I did lots of takes. I tried breathing through my mouth, blinking a lot, opening my eyes really wide. That's my idea of acting.

We shot all day on a bus that had been placed on a soundstage. The premise of the scene was that this was an out-of-control virtual-reality bus. The set was hot and claustrophobic. All of us on camera were in this weird, whiteface, clown-from-hell makeup that Hollywood had decided was virtual reality. It was fairly miserable.

At one point, a group of white-faced kids, about seven years old, were supposed to attack me and stick gum all over my body. Thania had said that during the auditions they couldn't get normal kids to be that rude to adults, so they had to cast real brats. No kidding. These kids were fucking awful—bratty on camera and off. I asked the prop guy to get a tranq gun and to be prepared to take me out if I went at them. I didn't want to be doing hard time for offing one of the little snots.

In the meantime, my stripper pal, Venus (also in whiteface—and white breasts and white legs) just killed them. She spit a fireball at the camera and it made their day. The stunt guys were truly impressed with her blast. Hey, don't fuck with us carny trash.

For her last bit, Venus had to do this sexy dance from hell while throwing burning, fuel-soaked cotton all around her. Once again, she looked great—and, of course, I got huge credit for finding her, even though she ultimately decided that TV work was a little too slow-moving and incompetent for her taste. "I'll tell you," she said to me, "these people wouldn't last 15 minutes on the circuit, even if they had tits. They're too self-absorbed to get an act together."

My gag was next.

I had already met my stunt guy, Dan, a couple of times. He's 6'6", just like me, and around 250 pounds. (I'm 275.) He spends all day working out and I spend all day typing—and our bodies reflect our habits. But put a long, black-and-gray wig on him and at a mile away on a speeding horse, who's going to know the difference?

Dan has been my stunt double before. Basically, his job is to hide his face while trying to make his body look like mine. Had he done the full-body burn gag for me in *VR*, his head and torso would have been consumed in flame. But because I would be doing my own stunt, they wanted to show my face; so they decided they'd just burn my chest, then put in more body burns later, via special effects.

So, in essence, the stuntman was there just to watch me do the stunt.

For fire in the movies, rubber cement is used. It's spread everywhere the fire is supposed to be, then lit. Rubber cement works best because it gives a good flame, it's easy to put out and it stays where it is. But before we could get to the rubber cement, there were problems.

First, the sports coat I was wearing was made of synthetic material, and stunt guys are routinely nuts about having natural fiber. So the wardrobe

(continued on page 167)

"Last year's resolution didn't last too long. It was ruining my sex life."

PLAYBOY PROFILE

BY LINCOLN CAPLAN

SOMETIMES you can almost feel the heat of Justice Clarence Thomas' petulance. Last spring, for instance, when he performed the marriage of Rush Limbaugh. For the record—and for gossip columns around the country—the event (which took place at Thomas' Virginia home) offered a glimpse into Thomas' private, tradition-saluting side. For the zeitgeist, it was a sharp single-finger salute to anyone left of the far right.

Around that time, Thomas was more noted for his conspicuous silence on the bench. Regular courtwatchers pointed out that the justice had not asked a single question of any lawyer appearing before the tribunal throughout the entire term, choosing instead to be the assenting echo of fellow conservative Antonin Scalia. But by doing the honors for Limbaugh (and for a woman Rush called the Jacksonville Jaguar), it was as if the mute Thomas were adopting Limbaugh's big, flamboyant, bullying voice as his own.

In that intimate moment, Thomas blessed the man described by *Washington Post* political reporter Thomas Edsall as "the principal adversary of the president of the United States." Apparently unconcerned about presenting an appearance of impartiality, he blew off all conventions and wed himself to Limbaugh's truculent right-wing partisanship.

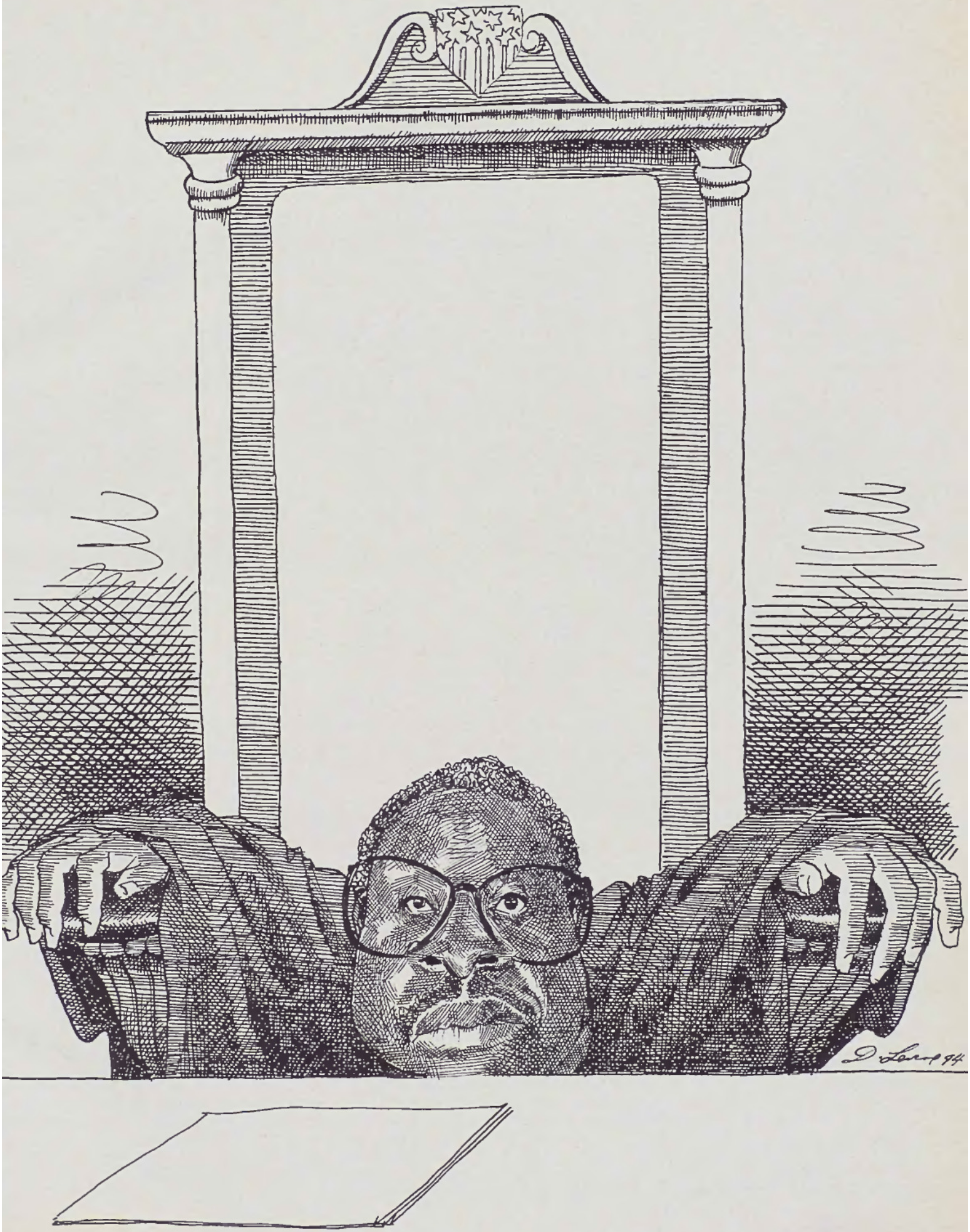
When you review Thomas' life, writings and court decisions, you see that his snarling exchanges with the Senate Judiciary Committee in 1991 were not isolated events. Since Thomas' boyhood, anger has been the overriding force in his life. In his words and actions as a justice and public speaker, Thomas reveals the defining role that resentment, animosity and rage have played for him. This tension is the dominant theme in a kind of oral autobiography that Thomas has offered as a justice. He focused on it in 1993, in a speech delivered at Mercer University in Macon, Georgia, and in a 1994 address to his alma mater, the College of the Holy Cross, in Worcester, Massachusetts.

"I was a brash and often angry young man," he declared

HOW CLARENCE THOMAS CAME TO BE THE ANGRIEST MAN ON THE SUPREME COURT

The Accidental Jurist

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



in a speech in Georgia.

In the Holy Cross address, he spoke of anger repeatedly:

"I was consumed by almost uncontrolled anger and frustration.

"I arrived here predisposed to anger, confusion and frustration.

"I became increasingly consumed by a seething anger.

"My own personal anger continued to ferment well into the spring semester of my junior year.

"I had become drunk with anger."

To Thomas' admirers, the rage is transmuted into virtue. They claim that in his pique lies his moral power, a weapon for dismantling the liberal welfare state—what conservative sociologist Charles Murray calls the custodial society. They portray Thomas as a principled conservative bent on harnessing his power in order to practice old-fashioned judicial restraint. He curbs the instinct that overwhelms activists (known by the right as "judicial adventurers") who corrupt the law, the thinking goes, by reading into it their personal inclinations.

But Thomas' reactionary record as a justice leads to the conclusion that personal considerations may be the key to his rulings. While Thomas almost always reaches results favored by conservatives, his methods are radical. After his first term, one mainstream assessment was that he had "failed the test of judiciousness," as the editors of *The New York Times* put it. Thomas seems to enshrine in law his most personal inclinations, variants on his abiding, and now avenging, anger.

•

When President George Bush announced Thomas' selection in July 1991, he called him "the best person for the position." Even people who support Thomas recognize that as a fatuous claim. Thomas was right for the job because he could plausibly fill the Court's "black seat," which had been vacated by the great civil rights advocate Thurgood Marshall. Thomas had served on the appeals court for less than two years when Bush announced his nomination, so experience wasn't his strong suit. The fact was that no other black federal judge in the country subscribed to the views of the New Right, the Reaganite coterie that assumed political power in the Eighties.

Even better, for the purposes of the Bush administration, Thomas seemed to have made these conservative views his own. He saw fit to vilify his own sister, who raised four children with money from Aid for Families with Dependent Children, as an example of welfare abuse. "She gets mad when the mailman is late with her welfare check," he told *The Atlantic Monthly*. "What's worse is now her kids feel entitled to that check, too." For conservatives, Thomas was the ideal successor to Thurgood Marshall because he could scold the black community—which was seen as overly dependent on a paternalistic government—without being accused of racism.

The legal revolution that Marshall launched rested on two tenets: that race should be taken into account when determining legal remedies, and that compassion has a place in our system of justice. The replacement of Marshall with Thomas called both tenets into question, and pinned the new justice with a reputation, in his words, as "an insensitive brute." But Thomas preaches a gospel of self-reliance and individual responsibility, and connects those virtues to personal freedom and national triumph. In his view the government has helped destroy the black family by making it dependent on welfare and other social programs. Thomas regards individual will as the only answer, for even benign state action can result in evil.

The conservatives' great black hope immediately made his presence felt on the Court. In February 1992, four months after his accession, Thomas wrote his first dissenting opinion, *Hudson vs. McMillian*, in a case about a Louisiana prisoner who had been shackled by guards and pummeled so badly that his teeth were loosened. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor wrote for a 7–2 majority that the punishment was cruel and unusual and violated the Constitution. Thomas called the Court's decision "yet another manifestation of the pervasive view that the federal Constitution must address all ills in our society."

This was the first in a series of cases during Thomas' first two years in which the Court addressed the rights of minorities. Repeatedly, Thomas voted to limit those rights. He was becoming a kind of anti-Marshall, voting consistently to weaken strong decisions his predecessor invested his life to secure. Never was this pattern clearer than in *Holder vs. Hall*, a narrow decision handed down on the final day of Thomas' third term, in 1994. In it, the Court ruled that the Voting Rights Act—a crucial piece of Great Society legislation intended to clear the books of discriminatory election practices—could not be used to challenge a single-member system of local government.

In addition to the Court's opinion, Thomas issued a novella-length concurrence, which Justice Scalia joined. Thomas voted with the majority, but for his own reasons. He called for "a systematic reassessment" of voting rights and labeled the 30 years of Supreme Court and other federal case law in the area a "disastrous misadventure." In a Court that reveres precedent above all gods, it was a thundering denunciation. In a denunciation of their own, four of Thomas' fellow justices judged his pronouncements "radical."

In *Holder*, Thomas broke all the rules that are supposed to define legal conservatism: He disregarded precedent, scorned legislative history and relied on claims of public policy rather than law. Paradoxically, it was for precisely those reasons that conservatives hailed his opinion. "This concurrence in the Voting Rights case is exactly the kind of thing he should be doing," said one rightist Court observer. "He provided intellectual and moral leadership coming out of a life experience that must have a place on the Court."

•

A brief look into Thomas' life experience reveals anything but the simple, heroic story of a self-made man. As Thomas tells it, he was born poor in Pin Point, Georgia, on June 23, 1948. Soon after he started school, his brother and a cousin burned down the family's house. With his brother, Thomas moved to Savannah.

Because his mother worked and school didn't start until noon, Thomas wandered the streets in the mornings. Sometimes he didn't show up for school at all. The aimlessness ended when he and his brother were sent to live with their grandparents. In Thomas' telling, they drilled him in the virtues of self-improvement. They gave the boys castor oil and cod-liver oil to ward off illness and keep them in school, a classic bitter memory. Thomas' grandfather announced in a foreboding tone that if the boys died, he'd take their bodies to school three days in a row, "to make sure that we were not faking." (When Thomas reported this at Holy Cross, the line drew a nervous laugh, but the justice didn't crack a smile.) Education was essential business. It carried "the promise of possibilities beyond the cramped, oppressive worlds of segregation and ignorance," recalls Thomas.

Thomas lived in the social equivalent of a cell—restricted, stifled. From his grandfather, whom he labels a beloved patriarch but describes like a warden, he learned "rules of personal conduct" that supposedly allowed him "to confront difficulties constructively." The rules were meant to provide "guardrails down what is an often dangerous and precarious road of life."

(continued on page 182)

"This is the deal: If you can give me an orgasm, I'll give you back your 100 bucks."

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

GOOD THINGS come in twelves. Roses, doughnuts, eggs, drummers drumming—and, of course, Playmates. But sooner or later we must choose one, and only one, from among these dozen lovelies. That's right: Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their favorite Playmate. It's simple. Pick up your phone, dial the number below—each call costs a dollar—and select the woman who most strikes your fancy, or be an equal-opportunity fan by casting votes for more than one Playmate. (What the heck, vote for them all—they deserve it, right?) The Playmate you are backing will greet you with a message she has recorded especially for her fans, and your calls will let us know who has the most support for Playmate of the Year. The chosen PMOY will receive a $100,000 grand prize along with the usual fame, and PLAYBOY readers will be able to enjoy an encore performance: an all-new pictorial of the winner in our June issue. So what are you waiting for? Support the Playmate of your choice right now.

Last year you supported Miss October, Jenny McCarthy, as Playmate of the Year. Good call. Who will inherit Jenny's crown in 1995? Ring the number below and make your voice heard.

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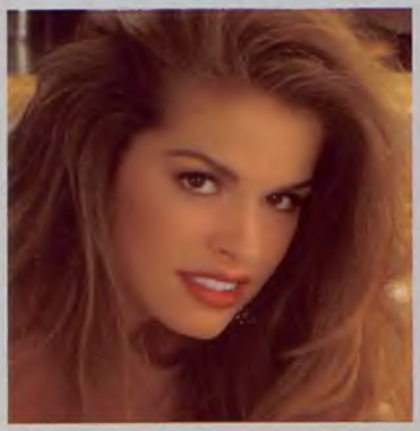
Phone us—and your chosen Playmate—at the number above to register your preference for Playmate of the Year. Call 900-737-2299 and, when instructed, tap in her personal code: **Miss January, 01; Miss February, 02; Miss March, 03; Miss April, 04; Miss May, 05; Miss June, 06; Miss July, 07; Miss August, 08; Miss September, 09; Miss October, 10; Miss November, 11; Miss December, 12.** Don't wait. Polling ends February 28, 1995.

A product of Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Service not available in Canada.

MISS JANUARY—01



MISS FEBRUARY—02

MISS MARCH—03

MISS APRIL—04

MISS MAY—05

MISS JUNE—06

MISS JULY—07

MISS AUGUST—08

MISS SEPTEMBER—09

MISS OCTOBER—10

MISS NOVEMBER—11

MISS DECEMBER—12

Miss November

DONNA PERRY

November's miss (left) has been basking in the sun and the spotlight, starring in the swimsuit issue of an Australian surfing magazine. She also modeled in Paris and Milan. Donna, 23, appreciates the popularity but says, "I don't want to get too famous, because I'd lose all my privacy, and I love privacy." Her grandmother by marriage—PLAYBOY's Miss November 1958—advised her "to keep my eyes open, but definitely to have fun!" Donna is happy to comply.

Miss January

ANNA-MARIE GODDARD

PLAYBOY arranged to deliver free copies of the January issue to everyone in Anna-Marie's hometown of Ysbrechtum, Holland, population 300 (not including the cows). The 40th Anniversary Playmate (right) represented the magazine during its big year. That included an appearance on *The Tonight Show*. Anna-Marie, 25, was so excited about the honor that she "stayed up nights thinking about it." She has since caught up on her beauty sleep.

Miss July

TRACI ADELL

After her centerfold unfolded, explains the Memphis State grad (above right), "I realized I could get my master's degree and have a real job the rest of my life, or play for a while and see what's out there before getting serious." Traci decided play is the thing. Since moving to Los Angeles, the 25-year-old Miss July has appeared on TV in *Renegade* and *Silk Stalkings*. "Once you're a Playmate, you can take it to a higher level," she says.

Miss March

NERIAH DAVIS

In May, Miss March (left) was breaking in a new bicycle when "I hit a bump, went head over heels and broke my jaw." She's fine now, and as her numerous posters will attest, photographers are once again head over heels for Neriah, 22. She also represented PLAYBOY at the Cannes Film Festival along with 1994 PMOY Jenny McCarthy. The two beauties then drove to Monte Carlo for a night on the town. Think of the poor distracted gamblers.

Miss June

ELAN CARTER

"My phone didn't stop ringing for a month," reports Miss June (below right). Some of the callers were agents who booked Elan, 25, for an MTV commercial and the cover of an Italian magazine called *Covergirl*. Others were "ex-boyfriends who said, 'Wow, I didn't know you were built like that!'" The daughter of Otis Williams, a member of the Temptations, Elan is now "brushing up on my acting and looking forward to a hot career on the large and small screens."

Miss September

KELLY GALLAGHER

Not your typical Playmate, Miss September (left) spent much of her reign haggling with contractors. "I'm really focused on my business," says Kelly, 27, an interior designer by trade. "I'm decorating a house in the Hollywood hills, a Bauhaus interior with an art deco overlay. It's going to be amazing." Between gigs, she caught up with pals who had seen her pictorial. "A couple of old boyfriends called and said it brought back memories," she says, laughing.

Miss October

VICTORIA ZDROK

Philadelphia magazine named Miss October (right) the city's best beauty. No surprise there, but why did it also call her a nerd? Maybe because, in addition to her PLAYBOY appearance, Victoria clerked for a judge and continued her graduate studies in law and psychology. The brainy bombshell, 21, says she posed "to get the feminist message across that professional women should be able to express their sexuality and not be punished for it."

Miss April

BECKY DELOSSANTOS

Becky (above left) listed "small-town gossip" as one of her turnoffs, but her pictorial revved up the gossip mill in her hometown of Marshfield, Massachusetts, where newsstands couldn't keep the April issue in stock. "The whole school is hysterical," reported the high school Spanish teacher in the *Patriot Ledger*. Becky, 25, credits modeling gigs in Europe for giving her the courage to pose au naturel. "Everybody there goes topless on the beach," she says.

Miss December

ELISA BRIDGES

"Everything's been happening so fast," says Elisa (right), who just returned to Florida from a whirlwind trip to Los Angeles to tape her Playboy video and spots for *Playboy TV*. Though she misses her native Texas, the 21-year-old is pondering a permanent move to Los Angeles to pursue an acting career. "But I won't make any hasty decisions," she vows. "I want to make sure that there's work for me and that I won't starve to death."

Miss May

SHAE MARKS

"I've been home only three days this month," says Shae, 22 (below left). "I love it!" The Southern belle is having a ball in the modeling biz, traveling on assignment to Hawaii and Denmark. A French magazine wanted her to jet-ski from Florida to Cuba, but the State Department put the kibosh on that plan, much to Shae's dismay. "I like to see how people live in other parts of the world," she says. "Being a Playmate is probably the best thing I've ever done."

Miss August

MARIA CHECA

Returning to her native Colombia, *Señorita Agosto* (left) was greeted at the airport by swarms of reporters and paparazzi. "They followed me everywhere," reports Maria, 24. "In addition to World Cup soccer, I was one of the hottest stories of the summer." Back Stateside, Maria appeared in Playboy videos and got down at Woodstock, joining the Violent Femmes and Nine Inch Nails onstage. "I'm going to make the most of this while it lasts," she says.

Miss February

JULIE LYNN CIALINI

After seeing Miss Feb's pictorial, in which she posed with members of the Rochester Americans (her hometown hockey team in New York), a local sportswriter quibbled that Julie (right) "needs a lesson in how to hold a hockey stick." Details, details! Off the ice, Julie, 24, has appeared in a TV series, *Thunder in Paradise*, and was hired as a presenter on the nighttime version of *The Price Is Right*. "Things are starting to happen for me," she says.

"They have sex once a week, and it's nothing to look forward to, since their genitals are anesthetized."

to discuss their sex lives with their doctors. Errors in "the data collection procedure" may have been responsible for underestimating the rate of sexual dysfunction among people on Prozac, wrote Dr. Frederick Jacobsen of the Transcultural Mental Health Institute in a 1992 issue of the *Journal of Clinical Psychiatry*. His own study of 160 patients yielded a figure of 34 percent. He suggested that Prozac "might be a candidate to treat individuals who have bothersome sexual obsessions or a history of criminal sexual assault."

Which wasn't exactly how Lilly was positioning it. "The 1.9 percent rate of sexual dysfunction reported in our package literature represents data that have been collected through extensive, well-controlled clinical trials," insists Victoria Murphy, a Lilly spokeswoman. "From our standpoint it's inappropriate and meaningless to compare this vast body of data with information gathered through anecdotal reports and smaller single studies." I wanted to ask her if the patients in Lilly's studies were specifically questioned about sexual side effects, but she said, "We would decline participation in an open-ended discussion."

•

I found that women, with their accounts of out-of-reach shelves and vaginas "shot up with novocaine," were more poetic in their descriptions of Prozac sex. Men were blunter, like the 28-year-old dog walker who told me, "It felt like it wasn't hooked up anymore."

Martin, the lawyer who was taking Zoloft to keep in step with his girlfriend Melissa, quickly became sexually dysfunctional. But at least it was still hooked up. "I can still get an erection, though it takes me longer," he says. "But it's almost as if, in a strange way, the sexual aspect is stripped from it. A good analogy is when you wake up in the morning with an erection—it's not a directly sexual thing."

Over the telephone, Melissa had told me that Martin hadn't had an orgasm in five months. Not true, he says. "Masturbation takes longer, but it's still possible"—though pleasureless. He likens his orgasms to "changing a tire" or "going to the bathroom."

Martin and Melissa are emblematic of many of today's young professionals: depressed, on drugs, anorgasmic. But we're not talking O.J. levels of upset. Martin admits that when he went to see the psychopharmacologist, "I was afraid I wasn't depressed enough. I wasn't sitting in the bathtub with a razor at my wrists." He worried, needlessly, that he wouldn't get his prescription.

Last spring, Melissa rejected her therapist's suggestion that she go on a more heavy-duty antidepressant because, "In my mind, I'd be making this huge leap into the truly sick and medicated if I went off the candy everyone is consuming and went on one of the hard-core drugs." She adds, "I'm completely convinced that if we were not in the era of Prozac, I would not be on any kind of antidepressant."

After five months on Zoloft, Martin reports, his "extreme discontent" with his corporate law job is "pretty much gone." But he doesn't know how much of this is because he likes what he's doing now "and how much of it is because you feel so much better, you don't care." Both say that they're more motivated in their jobs and can put in longer hours.

They certainly spend less time in bed. From their previously vigorous sex life—he says seven times a week, she says four—they're down to once a week, and it's nothing to look forward to, since their genitals are anesthetized. "It has basically destroyed our sex life," Martin says. But both say the trauma has been cushioned by their diminished desire to have sex.

With only a month remaining on his six-month prescription, Martin says he's looking forward to going off it, mostly for the sexual reason. Melissa says she'll probably go off then, too, but makes no promises about the future. Martin calculates they'll have three months before Melissa may have to go back on Prozac for the winter, and, touching her for the first time during the interview, says, "We'll mate like rabbits, get as much in as we can and then go back."

James Goodwin, the Wenatchee Prozac enthusiast, takes a different view of the drug's effect on sex. He's been on Prozac for five years. "My wife was so happy with that side effect, and so am I," he says.

One of the things Prozac has taught him is that the human sex drive—particularly the omnivorous, hair-trigger male sex drive—is a psychological disorder. "For eons human sexuality for a great many men has been obsessive and compulsive," he says.

With the advent of libido-killing antidepressants, however, "that's all changing." People on Prozac don't feel "that

"I wasn't at the office party on Friday, Mr. Green, but I understand you fired everybody."

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compulsive need to be on top of everybody else" or exhibit "that compulsive 'push, push, push, let's-do-it-without-the-intimacy approach,'" Goodwin says. "There isn't that driven need to keep thinking" about sex: "When you're sitting in class and there's an attractive woman next to you, you find yourself able to concentrate on the issues."

Goodwin's claims for the drug go even further. "People get closer and feel closer. They can touch each other," he says. "A lot of rather compulsive males are telling me, 'It's so much easier to be close to my wife now that I don't feel this need to have sex so often. I can lie close to her and she's not afraid of me anymore. She doesn't have so many 'headaches.'" Male patients look back in distress at the amount of time they spent mentally undressing women, having sexual fantasies, watching erotic videos. "They say, 'But I've been like this my whole life. You mean to tell me that this was just part of this disorder?'"

To those who complain they've been neutered, he counsels: "Maybe we don't need to have sex so compulsively. When we're taking these medicines, we don't function as well, because the body is saying, 'Slow down. Why not do it just once or twice a month, instead of three or four times a week or a day or whatever?'"

I suggest that there might be an evolutionary or biological reason our sex drives are the way they are. "Maybe there was a reason 10,000 years ago, when we didn't have all of these medicines that are keeping us alive, and when the animals came out and ate us," Goodwin counters. "But I think we're past all that. When was the last time we evolved? Ten thousand years ago. We've got old bodies that are moving into living a lot longer, and I'm not sure we need this hypersexual behavior as much as we used to. There are too many of us on the earth already."

•

On the computer bulletin boards of the nation, depressed and medicated e-mailers mull the problem:

"Saying there is anecdotal evidence that Prozac reduces sexual desire is like saying there is anecdotal evidence that the world is round."

"Before Prozac, sex was never over until I was 'done.' Now I couldn't care less if I'm 'done' or not."

"It's harder for me to have an orgasm by my fingers or my boyfriend's tongue. Do I care? Nah."

These forums provide a real public service by imparting information Eli Lilly hasn't shared. Virgin7808 blasts her boyfriend's doctor for not telling him that Prozac could kill his libido: "We couldn't figure out why an otherwise good relationship fell apart in the bedroom. It nearly destroyed our relationship." Buldoz, who couldn't ejaculate on Paxil, says "some people on the Prodigy network reported less sexual problems" with Effexor, a new drug being touted as "Prozac with a punch." Having made the switch, he's "elated at having it all." Sex tip for the less fortunate: "I bought a vibrator on the recommendation of a friend who's on a tricyclic antidepressant and lithium," reports Ignatz1614. "It works great, and my sex life is fine."

Of course, not everyone on Prozac finds lowered sex drive to be a problem.

Elizabeth Wurtzel, the 27-year-old author of *Prozac Nation*, a memoir of her depression and suicide attempts, says that sex on Prozac isn't a problem for her. When she was put on Prozac after a suicide attempt, "It was just so miserable that if somebody had said to me, 'This will impair your ability to have an orgasm,' I would have said, 'Well, it's already pretty impaired.'" Going on a psychiatric drug, she says, should be an act of desperation. "If you're at a point where you're going to be bothered about how it will affect your sex life, you probably shouldn't go on it."

But that ignores the fact that people place different values on their sex lives. A mildly depressed person who doesn't particularly like sex—and psychotherapists will tell you there are many such people—may gain more from feeling happier than is lost by giving up orgasms.

On the other hand, "there are people whose moods are very much dependent on their sex life," Dr. Catlin of Harvard says. "Among college students, sexual performance often carries a pretty high load of self-esteem." Not being able to perform can make a depressed person *more* depressed. "As you get older, into your late 20s or 30s, it's not quite as important, though for some people it is."

"I just saw a gal today whom I had on Prozac," reports Dr. Roger Cranshaw, a psychiatrist and sex therapist in San Diego. "About a month ago I switched her to Wellbutrin, a tricyclic antidepressant. Now she's able to climax and she's more interested in sex. Getting her sex drive back really counted for her, so she's happier."

Further complicating matters are the partners of these Prozac people, whose own sex lives can be wrecked as their lovers or spouses get happier. Every therapist I spoke with told of patients who had to go off Prozac because their partners griped too much or because they felt guilty.

"I think that healthy couples should go on a psychopharmaceutical together," Melissa tells me. "You have to go on it and off it at the same time. What if I were to go off it and he were still on the shit? I'd kill him. It would be the end of our relationship. Because my sex drive would go up, and I don't think I could deal with that situation."

Catlin says, "I've had wives of elderly

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gentlemen come in and say, 'Please take my husband off Prozac, because he was so much fun when he was able to perform sexually, even though he was depressed.'"

I was not reassured by what I was learning of psychiatrists' attempts to deal with this problem. Charlotte, the NYU student, recalls her doctor telling her, "'Right now, I think you should be concerned with other things.' But he said, 'If you're really worried about that, take it every other day.' And I asked, 'Is that going to make a difference? You told me it stays in your system for ten days.' And he said, 'Well, that's true.'"

One New York psychoanalyst I spoke with told his patients that they can "go off the antidepressant on Thursday and feel fairly confident about having sex on Saturday." This is equally dubious. "Most people I run into these days seem to be taking Prozac," the doctor says. "The ones I'm dealing with are not extremely depressed—they're not all that ill. They know they can go off the drug safely for two days and then go back on it, and that they'll have a better time on Saturday. And that raises their spirits." But he adds, "I don't pretend to be an expert on drugs." He gives me the name of the Long Island psychiatrist who supposedly invented the two-days-off tactic.

"He said I said that?" asks Dr. Stewart Fleishman, incredulous. "I can't imagine that it could work like that, because there would be too much Prozac left in the person's system. It just doesn't make sense."

•

Eli Lilly may deny that Prozac is an orgasm inhibitor, but one of its new applications depends on that effect. Dr. Crenshaw, who worked with sex researchers William Masters and Virginia Johnson in the Seventies, holds a patent on the use of Prozac as a treatment for premature ejaculation.

"It was always seen as a problem that certain drugs can interfere with ejaculation," he says. "I started looking at the other side of the coin—that these drugs may be of good use in treating men who have problems with ejaculating too soon. And I settled on Prozac because it has few side effects and it works marvelously." Patients who always climaxed before entry or within seconds of entering their partners, he says, can enjoy several minutes of pleasurable thrusting. Which is more than a lot of people on Prozac get.

"I'm very up on Prozac, no pun intended," says Dave, a 52-year-old dentist in Carmel, California. "I've been cursed my entire life by having essentially a hair trigger. Dr. Masters got me to where I could go anywhere between ten and 30 seconds. And as I got older, or if I drank alcohol, I sometimes could go a minute.

"I tried biofeedback, creams, you name it," he continues. Then he tried Prozac. "It made a big difference. I could suddenly go anywhere from five to 15 minutes." Last year he went to Europe and met a woman. "It was two weeks of screwing—more than I'd ever screwed before. The best sex of my life." He says his orgasms feel "wonderful."

Here, at last, was a positive contribution Prozac could make to sexual well-being, a tool for increasing lovemaking pleasure for a man and his mate.

Unless, of course, she's on Prozac.

•

Prozac's days in the limelight may be numbered. Zoloft, the antidepressant that Martin is taking, raked in $450 million in worldwide sales in 1993.

"The Zoloft people have been playing catch-up with Prozac," says Catlin. "I was talking to a Zoloft representative the other day, and she said that it's far superior to Prozac because it doesn't have the sexual side effects. And I said, 'What do you mean? Of course it does.' And she said, 'You don't understand. Zoloft has such a short half-life that if you just plan on sex two or three days in advance, you can stop taking the Zoloft and have sex."

Crenshaw says he now prescribes less Prozac and more Paxil. The new kid on the antidepressant block, Paxil, from SmithKline Beecham, generated $250 million in sales last year. "I like Paxil. It's easy to dose, and I can usually treat the patient's premature ejaculation with a lower dose than I can with Prozac," Crenshaw says. That's probably because it's stronger. In Paxil's clinical trials, 12.9 percent of men had ejaculatory problems, and 10 percent became impotent or anorgasmic or experienced delayed orgasm, sexual dysfunction or erectile difficulties.

"I've been on all three: Zoloft, Prozac and Paxil," says James, a businessman in Baton Rouge who formerly couldn't go more than three minutes without reaching orgasm during intercourse. "Paxil has worked the best. If I want to last 45 minutes to impress a woman, that's fine. I can go for hours. I can go all night." But if that's what it does for an early ejaculator, you can imagine what it does to the rest of us.

The last word on sexual dysfunction and antidepressants will have to await epidemiological surveys, which you can bet the drug companies aren't funding. But if you choose a figure for sexual impairment midway between Lilly's 1.9 percent and Dr. Patterson's 75 percent, you still reach the point where the question begins to shift from "How common is this side effect?" to "Is this intrinsic to the drugs' action?" And the decision to take Prozac or its cousins for happiness enhancement becomes much more problematic, even Faustian. If your sex life is the price you pay for a more confident, less flappable, better-keeled you, are you willing to make the trade?

"No, I'm not going to tell you the rules. I tell you, you tell some other guy and pretty soon we have to change them again."

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Playboy Jazz & Rock Poll

IT'S TIME TO PICK THE WINNERS

It was the year of the big events, really big. Woodstock '94 and Barbra Streisand on tour come immediately to mind. Other arena concerts included the Stones, the Eagles, Pink Floyd, and the Who at Carnegie Hall. Pearl Jam took on Ticketmaster before a congressional subcommittee. Kurt Cobain died. Salt-N-Pepa embodied rap's move into the mainstream with a hit song, video and album, an appearance at Woodstock and two network TV pilots. Artists who have been performing for a long time had the proverbial overnight success: Tony Bennett, Melissa Etheridge and Cassandra Wilson. Country solidified its success with more TV and airplay, and Johnny Cash was rediscovered as an American original. While the club scene continued to highlight the new—Liz Phair, Luscious Jackson and Urge Overkill—it was the big-bucks shows that got most of the attention and ink. Which does bring us back to the question posed by Pearl Jam: Is the real rock audience being priced out of its own party?

The Ballot

Here's your 1995 Jazz & Rock Poll ballot. Check the box next to your favorite in each category (or write someone in). Put a stamp on the attached envelope and mail by January 15, 1995.

Rock

Male Vocalist

- ☐ Beck
- ☐ Kurt Cobain
- ☐ Greg Dulli
- ☐ Peter Gabriel
- ☐ Mick Jagger
- ☐ Meat Loaf
- ☐ John Mellencamp
- ☐ Prince
- ☐ Eddie Vedder
- ☐ Neil Young
- ☐ _____

Female Vocalist

- ☐ Tori Amos
- ☐ Mariah Carey
- ☐ Sheryl Crow
- ☐ Celine Dion
- ☐ Melissa Etheridge
- ☐ Chrissie Hynde
- ☐ Janet Jackson
- ☐ Sarah McLachlan
- ☐ Liz Phair
- ☐ Bonnie Raitt
- ☐ _____

Instrumentalist

- ☐ Eric Clapton
- ☐ Lisa Germano
- ☐ Dave Grohl
- ☐ Buddy Guy
- ☐ Thurston Moore
- ☐ John Popper
- ☐ Keith Richards
- ☐ Carlos Santana
- ☐ Richard Thompson
- ☐ Charlie Watts
- ☐ _____

Group

- ☐ Ace of Base
- ☐ Counting Crows
- ☐ Crash Test Dummies
- ☐ Green Day
- ☐ Pearl Jam
- ☐ Pink Floyd
- ☐ R.E.M.
- ☐ Rolling Stones
- ☐ Soundgarden
- ☐ Stone Temple Pilots
- ☐ _____

Album

- ☐ *August and Everything After*, Counting Crows
- ☐ *Dance Naked*, John Mellencamp
- ☐ *The Division Bell*, Pink Floyd
- ☐ *Dookie*, Green Day
- ☐ *God Shuffled His Feet*, Crash Test Dummies
- ☐ *Mellow Gold*, Beck
- ☐ *The Sign*, Ace of Base
- ☐ *Superunknown*, Soundgarden
- ☐ *Voodoo Lounge*, Rolling Stones
- ☐ *Vs.*, Pearl Jam
- ☐ _____

Jazz

Male Vocalist

- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ George Benson
- ☐ Peabo Bryson
- ☐ Harry Connick, Jr.
- ☐ Al Jarreau
- ☐ B.B. King
- ☐ Jimmy Scott
- ☐ Frank Sinatra
- ☐ Mel Tormé
- ☐ Joe Williams
- ☐ _____

Female Vocalist

- ☐ Patti Austin
- ☐ Anita Baker
- ☐ Ella Fitzgerald
- ☐ Nnenna Freelon
- ☐ Lena Horne
- ☐ Etta James
- ☐ Sade
- ☐ Diane Schuur
- ☐ Cassandra Wilson
- ☐ Nancy Wilson
- ☐ _____

Instrumentalist

- ☐ Terence Blanchard
- ☐ Candy Dulfer
- ☐ Kenny G
- ☐ Roy Hargrove
- ☐ Everette Harp
- ☐ Branford Marsalis
- ☐ Wynton Marsalis
- ☐ Joshua Redman
- ☐ Marcus Roberts
- ☐ Wallace Roney
- ☐ _____

Group

- ☐ Benoit/Freeman Project
- ☐ Stanley Clarke and Friends
- ☐ Fourplay
- ☐ Keith Jarrett Trio
- ☐ Manhattan Transfer
- ☐ Pat Metheny Group
- ☐ John Scofield Quartet
- ☐ *Tonight Show* band
- ☐ World Saxophone Quartet
- ☐ Yellowjackets
- ☐ _____

Album

- ☐ *Blue Light 'Til Dawn*, Cassandra Wilson
- ☐ *Dream*, Jimmy Scott
- ☐ *Gershwin for Lovers*, Marcus Roberts
- ☐ *Heart to Heart*, Diane Schuur and B.B. King
- ☐ *Misterios*, Wallace Roney
- ☐ *Mood Swing*, Joshua Redman
- ☐ *MTV Unplugged*, Tony Bennett
- ☐ *Rhythm of Love*, Anita Baker
- ☐ *She*, Harry Connick, Jr.
- ☐ *A Tribute to Bing Crosby*, Mel Tormé
- ☐ _____

Concert

- ☐ Aerosmith
- ☐ Grateful Dead
- ☐ Janet Jackson
- ☐ Elton John/Billy Joel
- ☐ Lollapalooza '94
- ☐ Pearl Jam
- ☐ Pink Floyd
- ☐ Rolling Stones
- ☐ WOMAD
- ☐ Woodstock '94
- ☐ _____

Soundtrack

- ☐ *Above the Rim*
- ☐ *Airheads*
- ☐ *The Crow*
- ☐ *Dazed and Confused*
- ☐ *Forrest Gump*
- ☐ *Jason's Lyric*
- ☐ *Natural Born Killers*
- ☐ *Philadelphia*
- ☐ *The Piano*
- ☐ *Reality Bites*
- ☐ _____

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Playboy Jazz & Rock Poll

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RETURN ENVELOPE

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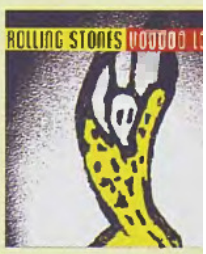
Hall of Fame

- ❑ Tony Bennett
- ❑ James Brown
- ❑ Johnny Cash
- ❑ Aretha Franklin
- ❑ Jerry Garcia
- ❑ Marvin Gaye
- ❑ Dizzy Gillespie
- ❑ Billie Holiday
- ❑ Michael Jackson
- ❑ Jerry Lee Lewis
- ❑ Charlie Parker
- ❑ Prince
- ❑ Smokey Robinson
- ❑ Mel Tormé
- ❑ Steven Tyler
- ❑ Hank Williams
- ❑ Jackie Wilson
- ❑ _____

Video

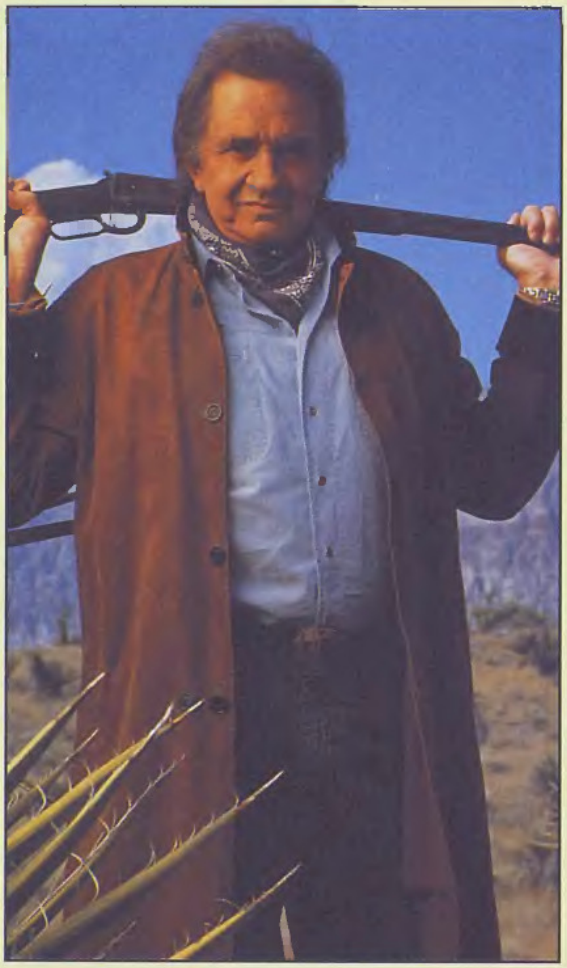
- ❑ *Basket Case*, Green Day
- ❑ *Crazy*, Aerosmith
- ❑ *Disarm*, Smashing Pumpkins
- ❑ *Fantastic Voyage*, Coolio
- ❑ *Loser*, Beck
- ❑ *Mr. Jones*, Counting Crows
- ❑ *Sabotage*, Beastie Boys
- ❑ *Stay (I Missed You)*, Lisa Loeb & Nine Stories
- ❑ *What's the Frequency, Kenneth?*, R.E.M.
- ❑ *Whatta Man*, Salt-N-Pepa with En Vogue
- ❑ _____



Country

Male Vocalist

- ☐ Garth Brooks
- ☐ Johnny Cash
- ☐ Joe Diffie
- ☐ Vince Gill
- ☐ Alan Jackson
- ☐ Tim McGraw
- ☐ John Michael Montgomery
- ☐ Collin Raye
- ☐ Travis Tritt
- ☐ Clay Walker
- ☐ _____



VJ

- ☐ Bill Bellamy
- ☐ Sherry Carter
- ☐ Daisy Fuentes
- ☐ Leslie Hesegar
- ☐ Kennedy
- ☐ Ed Marquez
- ☐ John Sencio
- ☐ Donnie Simpson
- ☐ Alison Stewart
- ☐ Rachel Stuart
- ☐ _____

Female Vocalist

- ☐ Mary Chapin Carpenter
- ☐ Faith Hill
- ☐ Patty Loveless
- ☐ Kathy Mattea
- ☐ Martina McBride
- ☐ Reba McEntire
- ☐ Lorrie Morgan
- ☐ Pam Tillis
- ☐ Tanya Tucker
- ☐ Wynonna
- ☐ _____

Group

- ☐ Alabama
- ☐ Blackhawk
- ☐ Brooks & Dunn
- ☐ Confederate Railroad
- ☐ Charlie Daniels Band
- ☐ Diamond Rio
- ☐ Little Texas
- ☐ The Mavericks
- ☐ Sawyer Brown
- ☐ Shenandoah
- ☐ _____

Album

- ☐ *American Recordings*, Johnny Cash
- ☐ *Bradley's Barn Sessions*, George Jones
- ☐ *Kickin' It Up*, John Michael Montgomery
- ☐ *Not a Moment Too Soon*, Tim McGraw
- ☐ *Rhythm, Country & Blues*, Various artists
- ☐ *Stones in the Road*, Mary Chapin Carpenter
- ☐ *This Is Me*, Randy Travis
- ☐ *The Way That I Am*, Martina McBride
- ☐ *What a Crying Shame*, The Mavericks
- ☐ *When Love Finds You*, Vince Gill
- ☐ _____

R & B

Male Vocalist

- ☐ Babyface
- ☐ El DeBarge
- ☐ Dr. Dre
- ☐ Aaron Hall
- ☐ Ice Cube
- ☐ R. Kelly
- ☐ Seal
- ☐ Sir Mix-a-Lot
- ☐ Snoop Doggy Dogg
- ☐ Keith Sweat
- ☐ _____

Female Vocalist

- ☐ Mary J. Blige
- ☐ Toni Braxton
- ☐ Rachelle Farrell
- ☐ Aretha Franklin
- ☐ Lalah Hathaway
- ☐ Patti LaBelle
- ☐ Queen Latifah
- ☐ Ce Ce Peniston
- ☐ Crystal Waters
- ☐ Karyn White
- ☐ _____

Group

- ☐ Arrested Development
- ☐ Beastie Boys
- ☐ Boyz II Men
- ☐ Cypress Hill
- ☐ Heavy D & the Boyz
- ☐ House of Pain
- ☐ Jodeci
- ☐ Public Enemy
- ☐ Salt-N-Pepa
- ☐ Wu-Tang Clan
- ☐ _____

Album

- ☐ *Diary of a Mad Band*, Jodeci
- ☐ *Doggy Style*, Snoop Doggy Dogg
- ☐ *Get Up On It*, Keith Sweat
- ☐ *Ill Communication*, Beastie Boys
- ☐ *Nuttin' But Love*, Heavy D & the Boyz
- ☐ *Toni Braxton*, Toni Braxton
- ☐ *The Truth*, Aaron Hall
- ☐ *12 Play*, R. Kelly
- ☐ *II*, Boyz II Men
- ☐ *Very Necessary*, Salt-N-Pepa
- ☐ _____

 (continued from page 138)

"The scene would be filmed without sound. If anything hurt me I was supposed to yell 'Nurse!'"

people had to run all over metropolitan Los Angeles to find a fluorescent green, natural-fiber sports coat—in my size. They failed and ended up having to make one, which looked OK. As the stuntmen kept saying, "When a guy's on fire, people don't worry much about continuity." Stuntmen seem very wise.

Then they took me outside to "practice." Here's where protective gel came into play—it's a special concoction whipped up by the stunt guys that smells kind of like Ben-Gay with a twist of aloe. It's pale snot-green, thick, slimy and gooey—something you really don't want to put on your body. Naturally, they put it all over my body.

They took one sleeve that was coated in this gel and slid it onto my arm. Then they put another gel-dunked sleeve over that. They glopped even more of this Martian come over that. Then they loaded me into the sports coat and spread a patch of special fuel on top of the jacket. "You can't hold your hand up or it'll get burned," I was warned. "So just wave it around and see what it feels like." These are stunt-guy directions.

Then they lit me up and I began to burn. Everything was fine until they started putting me out with a towel. At that point, the flame moved down to where it could burn my hand, and the stunt guys intentionally held my hand in place so that I couldn't get it away from me. The result was only a minor burn, which the stunt guys hailed as a successful test. They said we were ready to go.

By two A.M., I was shooting again. At this point the bus was truly unpleasant, having been subjected to all the Venus fires and smoke machines. In the first shot, Lori acted up a storm for the camera, while I had my back to it. I was good at this. Then the camera team said they were ready for the real burn gag, and it was time to suit me up.

To begin, I stripped down to just my pants and wrapped a towel around my waist. I slipped into two long-johns–type tops that had been soaking in the cold gel all night. It was difficult to get them on, and my awful makeup had to be redone. Besides being cold, the gel kind of "burned" like Ben-Gay. It also smelled strong, and the makeup women began complaining about having to be near me (as if they needed another reason).

The stunt guys kept slopping this shit all over me. I asked for special handpieces because, even though I could do the Penn & Teller show with burns almost anywhere on me, I didn't want even the most minor burns on my hands. It could fuck up my bass playing and my card palming—and neither one has much room for shrinkage. So the stunt guys filled a pair of flesh-colored gloves with magic gel and slid them on me. I was ready.

The camera crew wasn't. They wanted to do a different shot first—one with the bus entirely ablaze and Venus dancing around me while I screamed bloody murder. The stuntmen were pissed that I was drying out, but we set up for the other shot anyway. They painted rubber cement on everything and held a sheet of Plexiglas in front of the crew while a guy ran through and lit it all. Then Venus and I dashed in.

It's a cool feeling to run into a fire when everyone else is running out. It makes you feel special. Venus was dancing and I was screaming. With all the smoke, it was hard to breathe and even harder to move. Meanwhile, there was fire all around us, and the rubber cement was sticky and burning, so you didn't want to touch it. But we got the shot and, at last, it was my time to burn.

Wow. My whole personality changed. I got that great white light–white heat concentration that I love so much. I was thinking about only one thing: doing my job. I stood there as they covered my ponytail with gel. Then they rubbed more all over my face. I listened to what they told me, and I thought about what I was going to do.

Here's what would happen: My man, Dan, would stand with me. The crew would do a preslate (that's where they use the clapboard and shout, "Take one!") and start rolling. The special-effects guys would do their rubber-cement drill while Dan applied fuel to me at four places—on each arm and on each side of the jacket. Then they would torch the rubber cement while I just watched from my spot, dripping gel. Once everything was ready, Dan would light me with a welder's lighter and I would go up.

The scene would be filmed without sound. If anything began to hurt me I was supposed to yell "Nurse!" (There was actually a nurse on the set, but that's not why you're supposed to yell "nurse." Instead, "nurse" is just a code word, permitting you to yell "help" if you decide you want to act without alarming people. That wouldn't be a problem for me. I had no intention of acting. I would be too busy burning.)

We decided that Dan would do a slow five-count while I burned. I was told not to move my torso during the gag; that way, the post–special-effects guy could superimpose more fire on top of my body later. I was also instructed to begin holding my breath when Dan's counting reached "four," and then on "five" they would hit me with three carbon-dioxide extinguishers. I was warned that if I didn't hold my breath, I would pass out from the CO_2—that, or it would hurt my lungs. They also told me that the CO_2 would be very cold.

No one was allowed to say anything during the gag—even the assistant director, whose job it is to yell. Only Dan and I were allowed to talk.

They started painting the rubber cement on everything. Dan began putting fuel on me, yelling, "I have an actor ready for a burn! Actor in danger!" (Obviously, I hadn't given him the "I'm not an actor" speech.)

"He has fuel on him," Dan continued, as he squirted the petrol on me from a sports-drink bottle. He kept saying, "Are you OK, Penn? Are you ready?"

I didn't want to say anything; I just wanted to feel that pure concentration. That feeling of calm. That intense no-fear that I can pull together. It was a great feeling and I didn't want to break it. But I did manage to whisper, "Born ready."

Dan's fancy lighter wasn't working well and he got only one arm burning. I tried to ignite the rubber cement myself, but he stopped me—it was too sticky and might be dangerous. We tried to do the take with just the one arm, but I finally yelled "Fuck it!" and put the lit arm out with my gel-gloved hand.

I stood there while the stunt team fanned the smoke and reglued the surfaces. The camera was preslated and ready. This was a big team on a little bus, remember. There were four stuntmen watching me and four special-effects guys working the bus. Eventually, they all had to leave me alone. If anything went wrong, only Dan was allowed back onto the bus to help me. You can't have people tripping over one another.

Dan was putting the fuel on me much more liberally this time, and I said quietly, "Dan, let's not go overboard. Let's not overcompensate, just so you can say, 'Well, he'll sure as fuck go up this time.' That's not the kind of thinking we want, Dan. Let's not get emotional."

Dan poured on a lot more fuel and we were ready to go.

"Ready?"

"Born ready."

"My actor is ready!" Dan announced loudly. He turned to me. "Here you go, buddy. Keep your hands down, and don't panic. I'm watching you. I'm right here."

Dan lit me and I went up like a motherfucker. I could feel the flames licking the gel on either side of my head. It was

a really big blaze. There was so much fire, I couldn't see my arms. The roof of the bus was an inch above my head, so it was smoky and warm all around my face. I wanted to get my head away from the fire, but I couldn't. I couldn't run away, I couldn't lean away. The fire was on me. It *was* me.

All the while, there was this wonderfully weird, deep calm. My eyes were hot. My nose was hot. As the gel began to dry on my left ear, I could feel it starting to burn, just a tiny bit around the earring. I was waving my arms, and the sound of it all was incredible, dangerous, loud and lonely. I spotted the camera and looked directly into the lens. That was very important—this was fucking *me*, and I wanted people to see that. This was not good-looking, brave, professional stuntman Dan. This was me. Dan's actor was on fire.

"One!"

It was amazing. I had been in that fucking fire for my entire life and *now* he says "one"? Had he forgotten how to count? Was the asshole dyslexic under pressure? What was this fucking tempo—my dirge? Earlier, when we were deciding on a count, I asked Dan how long I could go. He said, "About 17 seconds. So how about we do a slow five-count? That'll give you plenty of leeway." I wasn't sure that was long enough, and I didn't want to do it twice. So I asked the director if that would be enough. "A nice, slow five-count will give me all I need," the director said. "You don't have to go the full 17." Then I asked the post–special-effects guy, and he also said five was fine. Finally, the stunt guys said, "Five will be plenty for you, trust us." I agreed. "Nice slow five it is, then," I said.

"Two!"

OK, this was really stupid. I had now been on fire for quite a long time. I was waving my arms, and the flame was making it increasingly difficult to see the camera. My ear was warm, and my eyes were beginning to sting. I could smell the fire in my nose. I wanted it to stop.

"Three!"

Most of the time, I have things in the back of my head that I like to think about—things that would make my life a little better: I would like to be a bit more famous so our shows would always sell out without our having to do morning radio. I would like to be in better shape. I would like to be a lot smarter. I would like to get more sleep. I would like to sleep with Uma Thurman. Now all of that was gone. There was only one thought in my mind: I would like not to be on fire.

"Four!"

This is the point at which I was supposed to start holding my breath, but now it didn't seem like I would ever be able to do that. Dan was counting way too slowly, and I couldn't get a deep breath—the air was smoky and too hot, my face was too hot and I was sure I would suck the fire into my lungs. But I had to breathe, so I slowly sucked in as big a breath as I could get. Soon I would not be on fire, I thought. I would get my wish. By now my left ear was toasting. I could feel the metal in my glasses and my earring heating up. I was hoping my hair wouldn't ignite.

"Five!"

And they hit me. Three big fire extinguishers filled everything. They aimed at my feet and I could feel the cold on my sneakers, then on my jeans and then really cold on my chest and face. Dan was in my sight from out of nowhere, like a vision, an angel. "You OK, buddy?" his voice asked from deep within the giant cloud of CO_2.

I nodded. He lifted my arms so he could check for any smoldering. "Hold your arms out." He looked around. "You're OK," he announced. He tried to take off my sports jacket, but it was too hot to touch. I couldn't believe that—it freaked me out a little. The crew was silent. Dan said, "You got any burns? Does it feel hot anywhere? If it feels hot anywhere, you'll keep burning."

"My ears and my neck," I said. Dan was holding a towel that had been soaked in cold water. He threw it over my head. The nurse was there with another secret gel. The whole crew had towels that had been soaking in a bucket of ice water.

"Any other place hot?"

"No."

"You OK?"

"Never better."

Then came Dan's verdict, and it was poetry: "Man, what a fucking great gag! A really fucking great gag! You should have seen yourself. What a pro. We really lit you up, too. The heat was more centered on your face than it should have been, but, man, you moved beautiful! You kept your arms a little close to your body, and that's why your face was so hot. But you'll be fine. You won't blister at all." He was jacked out of his mind and glad it was over.

By this point, the towel on my head and the CO_2 and the smoke and the low roof and the nurse all over me finally became too much. "I'm a little claustrophobic," I said. "Get me out of here."

"It is claustrophobic, isn't it?" Dan agreed. "We're big guys, but fire does that anyway. I know what you mean."

And he did know what I meant. We were really fucking bonded, Dan and me. Bonded by fire. It was so quiet. I felt so close to Dan and so alone and so brave and I was so happy that I wasn't on fire.

Dan pulled the wet towel away from my face and led me off the bus. As I hit the soundstage floor there was applause from the crew. The assistant director had water for me; everybody came up with something—cold towels, beverages, a robe. I said, "I need a little room around me." As the applause continued, the world came back. Thania yelled, "You OK?" She sounded worried. "Never better, boss," I said. "Never better." It was all very emotional.

Dan looked at me. "Tell me what you need, partner," he said.

"Get me out of this shit." Dan started to undress me. The fabric was cool enough for him to touch now. "Jesus fucking Christ, I thought you'd forgotten how to count," I confessed. "How can you count that fucking slow?"

"It sure seems like a long time, doesn't it, brother?"

"Man!" He pulled off two layers of clothing and the gel dripped over everything. I handed my sneakers to Thania and ripped off my pants. I stood there in boxer shorts, dripping with gel. People behind me were holding cold packs to my ears and my neck. The menthol of the gel was stingingly cool. Man.

I stood there shivering and smiling. "Was it OK? Did it look amazing?" I was asking all those stupid, tell-me-I'm-great questions, and I was getting all the right answers. They showed me the sports coat I had been wearing. It was burned completely through everywhere. The fabric had actually caught on fire. They put a robe around me, like I was James Brown, then led me toward my camper.

Venus said, "Man, you were hot!"

"Thanks."

The hairdresser came into my trailer and undid my hair so I could wash it. I got into the shower. The little burns (which were only as bad as a mild sunburn) and the menthol made my skin tingle. I had to wash my hair five times to get out the gel. Then I went back to the set wearing a sweatshirt with the arms and neck cut out, and bike pants that I'd worn for the shot the day before. I felt like a stuntman. The hairdresser had put conditioner in my hair and combed it through for me.

It was amazing. It was all fake. There was no real danger of dying. There were people all over with fire extinguishers. It wasn't real bravery. It was balls, and there's a big difference. Bravery is going to jail or fighting for what you believe in. This was just little kids playing bravery, getting the rush without any of the real danger. Showbiz bravery. Courage lite.

But it felt great. Eventually they showed me a playback of my scene. It's not a big deal—you've seen it in a zillion movies. No one would be impressed; it's just another TV guy on fire. But the tape killed me. I was actually fucking on fire.

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL (continued from page 122)

"Syracuse's Boeheim isn't colorful. In fact, he looks more like an IBM salesman than a basketball coach."

At 6'11", Marcus Camby intimidates inside, and Mike Williams and Derek Kellogg are productive from the guard spots. UMass' only weakness has been inconsistent perimeter shooting. Fiery **Temple** coach John Chaney has lost two of his all-time favorites, Aaron McKie and Eddie Jones, to graduation. Rick Brunson, however, will pick up some of the slack from his guard position, and, as usual, Chaney recruited well. With the return of Bernard Blunt, who missed all but three games last season with a broken kneecap, **St. Joseph's** will mount a challenge for the conference's second spot. Blunt, who averaged 18 points per game two years ago, will play forward opposite Carlin Warley, who averaged 16.4 points per game last season. **West Virginia** has lost all five starters from last season, including four 1000-career-point scorers. Coach Gale Catlett thinks he has some outstanding talent coming in, most of it from junior colleges, but he isn't sure how long it will take for the Mountaineers to find their chemistry. At **George Washington,** Mike Jarvis thought he had a four-year phenom at center when he recruited 7'1" Yinka Dare two years ago. But Dare, who set the school career record for blocked shots, couldn't resist the call of the NBA. Jarvis has some able talent in Nimbo Hammons and Kwame Evans, but the Colonials' lineup is lacking in the middle.

BIG EAST

Syracuse coach Jim Boeheim isn't colorful. In fact, he looks more like an IBM salesman than a basketball coach. He doesn't have a gimmick: no wild hair, no goofy sweater, no towel in his mouth or over his shoulder, no infamous glare toward the ref. And more important, Boeheim doesn't have a national championship, though he's come close a couple of times. And yet the underappreciated coach has won consistently during his 17 years with the Orangemen. In fact, the impressive 23–7 record posted by Syracuse last season actually hurt Boeheim's coaching stats, since it lowers his career average of more than 24 wins a season. This year's team, however, may push his average higher. Boeheim's best are silk-smooth guard Lawrence Moten (21.5 ppg) and still-improving forward John Wallace (15 ppg). At **Georgetown,** John Thompson has plenty of gimmicks, a national championship (1984) and a reputation for creating controversy (such as when he criticizes tougher NCAA academic standards because he believes they discriminate against minority athletes). Thompson's latest controversial move is the signing of Allen Iverson, the all-star high school player who was sentenced to five years in prison for his role in a bowling-alley brawl. He was released after serving four months when Virginia Governor L. Douglas Wilder granted him conditional clemency because of reasonable doubt. Aside from Iverson, the Hoyas' hopes rest on two-time Playboy All-America Othella Harrington, only a junior and still improving. Freshman Jahidi White, 6'9", may be Georgetown's next dominant big man. **Connecticut** conquered the Big East, winning the regular-season title, because Donyell Marshall dominated opponents. Now he's in the NBA, and coach Jim Calhoun is left with four returning starters but no go-to guy. Israeli-born guard Doron Sheffer continues to improve on the outside, but UConn needs better play on the inside from seven-footer Travis Knight in order to repeat the team's recent successes. **Villanova** returns all five starters from last season's NIT championship team. The Wildcats were mediocre last season through January (6–9). But they finished with a flourish because of junior swingman Kerry Kittles and the rapid improvement of big man Jason Lawson in the middle. Basketball fortunes appeared bleak at **St. John's** last season as the Redmen failed to go to a postseason tournament or stake a winning record for the first time in 31 years. However, coach Brian Mahoney turned anguish into anticipation when he signed guard Felipe Lopez, the highest-rated high school guard in the country last year, and Zendon Hamilton, a 6'11" center also regarded as a top-five prospect. **Seton Hall** ended an embarrassingly long search to replace Trailblazer-bound coach P.J. Carlesimo when it hired George Blaney. Blaney, not exactly a rookie, spent the past 22 years at Holy Cross and has 421 wins at the Division I level. Former Xavier coach Pete Gillen takes over for departed Rick Barnes at **Providence.** He'll have two solid returning veterans, forwards Eric Williams (15.7 ppg) and Franklin Western (12.8 ppg), to build around.

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

PLAYBOY's College Basketball Coach of the Year is NOLAN RICHARDSON of the University of Arkansas. The first coach ever to lead teams to a national junior college championship, an NIT championship and a Division I national championship, Richardson reached the pinnacle of college basketball this past season when his Razorbacks won their first national title. Richardson, whose career coaching record is 339–112, has already declared his next goal: "To win another national championship, and then win another one." Our congratulations to coach Richardson and to the rest of the Playboy All-Americas.

BRYANT REEVES—Center, 7', senior, Oklahoma State. First-team Big Eight and two-time Playboy All-America. Led his team in scoring (21 ppg), rebounding (9.7 rpg) and blocked shots (70).

CHEROKEE PARKS—Center, 6'11", senior, Duke. Second-team ACC. Averaged 14.1 ppg, 8.4 rpg. Shot 53.6 percent from floor, 77.2 percent from free throw line. Second on Duke all-time blocked-shots list.

JOE SMITH—Center, 6'10", sophomore, Maryland. Consensus national freshman of the year. Averaged 19.4 ppg. His 10.7 rpg led the ACC.

OTHELLA HARRINGTON—Forward, 6'11", junior, Georgetown. Two-time Playboy All-America. Led his team in scoring (14.7 ppg), rebounding (8 rpg) and blocked shots (51).

JAMES FORREST—Forward, 6'8", senior, Georgia Tech. First-team ACC. Averaged 19 ppg and 7.9 rpg last season.

ALAN HENDERSON—Forward, 6'9", senior, Indiana. Led his team in rebounding (10.3 rpg), was second in scoring (17.8 ppg).

CORLISS WILLIAMSON—Forward, 6'7", junior, Arkansas. Led his team to its first national championship. Averaged 20.4 ppg, 7.7 rpg. Had 39 blocked shots, 39 steals.

DAMON STOUDAMIRE—Guard, 5'11", senior, Arizona. Averaged 18.3 ppg, had 208 assists and 55 steals last season.

SHAWN RESPERT—Guard, 6'3", senior, Michigan State. Already sixth on Spartans' all-time scoring list with 1815 points. Finished second in Big Ten in scoring with 24.2 ppg average.

MICHAEL FINLEY—Guard, 6'6", senior, Wisconsin. Another two-time Playboy All-America. Averaged 20.4 ppg, 6.7 rpg last season. Should become Badgers' all-time leading scorer this season.

BIG EIGHT

Big-shouldered Bryant Reeves, a two-time Playboy All-America, decided to play out his senior year with **Oklahoma State** before heading to the NBA. His decision makes the Cowboys the team to beat in the Big Eight. Coach Eddie Sutton has added junior college transfer Andre Owens, who will replace graduated Brooks Thompson at point guard. Randy Rutherford contributes both points and rebounds from his two-guard spot. The perennial conference power **Kansas** once again will be near the top under the astute coaching of Roy Williams. The Jayhawks lost go-to players Steve Woodberry and Richard Scott to graduation. But 7'2" Greg Ostertag returns, as does guard Jacque Vaughn, who will likely be the KU team leader. The additions of transfer Jerod Haase and freshman forward-center Raef LaFrentz enhance an already strong team. **Missouri**, which had such a great run last year under 26-year coach Norm Stewart, loses three starters from the 28–4 squad that went to the regional finals before losing to Arizona. Stewart has added freshman guard Kendrick Moore, seven-foot Monte Hardge (high school Mr. Basketball in Missouri last season) and seven-foot twins Sammie and Simeon Haley, juco transfers. Two longtime Big Eight coaches, Johnny Orr and Billy Tubbs, will be missing from their respective familiar spots on the **Iowa State** and **Oklahoma** benches. Tim Floyd, who coached New Orleans the past six seasons, succeeds Orr and inherits enough talent to challenge the conference front-runners. The Cyclones' frontcourt is strong with Fred Hoiberg (20.2 ppg) and Julius Michalik (20 ppg) at forward. Good news for Floyd is that center Loren Meyer, who averaged 22.3 points per game for the first 12 games last season before he broke his collarbone, is completely recovered. Kelvin Sampson, formerly at Washington State, inherits a different situation at Oklahoma, where the program was on the verge of becoming mediocre. But there's nothing mediocre about junior forward Ryan Minor, who averaged 16.2 points and 7.5 rebounds last season, and Sampson is confident he can rebuild the Sooners.

COLE'S ALL-NAME TEAM

Ya-Ya Dia Georgetown	omm'A Givens UCLA
Boubacar Aw Georgetown	Alico Dunk Tennessee
Diamond Navarro St. Peter's	Matthew Picinic Long Island

BIG TEN

With strong recruiting classes and some key underclassmen electing to stay in school, the Big Ten, which placed seven teams in last season's NCAA tournament, may prove to be the strongest hoops conference in the nation. All the bad press **Indiana** coach Bob Knight received for his courtside antics didn't prevent him from landing four outstanding recruits, all from out of state. Andrae Patterson (a 6'8" wide-body who is already drawing comparisons to Larry Johnson) and Charlie Miller (a left-handed slasher à la Calbert Cheaney) both have a chance to start. Playboy All-America Alan Henderson remains the star of this Hoosier squad, with Brian Evans and seven-footer Todd Lindeman in supporting roles. **Michigan** coach Steve Fisher is serious about protecting his newest talent-laden recruiting class from the Fab Five hyperbole that dogged his Webber–Rose–Howard–Jackson–King team. When one newspaper reporter brought up the subject of a contest to come up with a nickname for this group, Fisher threatened, "Don't call them anything or I'm walking out of the press conference." Whatever you don't call them, this group of freshmen is outstanding. Headliner of the group is Jerod Ward, a 6'9" swingman who won the Naismith Award as the national high school player of the year, but the four

"I didn't use one because I didn't have one with me."

GET REAL

If you don't have a parachute, don't jump, genius.

Helps reduce the risk

other recruits (Maceo Baston, Travis Conlan, Willie Mitchell and Maurice Taylor) have impressive credentials as well. With Juwan Howard and Jalen Rose joining Chris Webber in the NBA, only two members remain of the Fab Five. However, the experience and leadership of Ray Jackson and Jimmy King and the return of a strong bench gives Michigan its deepest team in Fisher's tenure. **Wisconsin's** fans had a tough off-season. First it looked as if Playboy All-America Michael Finley and 6'11" sophomore Rashard Griffith would leave Madison, and then coach Stu Jackson bolted for the NBA's new Vancouver franchise. Thirty-five-year-old assistant coach Stan Van Gundy takes over, and he'll have to teach the Badgers how to win on the road (they won only one conference road game last season) if they are to contend for the Big Ten title. **Michigan State** has a chance to repeat as the best field-goal-shooting team in the conference because Shawn Respert, a Playboy All-America, elected to play out his senior season for the Spartans. Coach Jud Heathcote, who coaxed 20 wins out of last year's squad, must find muscle in the middle to replace graduated Anthony Miller, who led the team in rebounding last season. **Illinois** also lost its inside man with the graduation of all-time leading scorer Deon Thomas, but coach Lou Henson has lots of talent on the perimeter. Kiwane Garris and Richard Keene are both deadly from the outside. Two freshmen, Jerry Gee and Bryant Notree, could make an immediate impact for the Illini. Glenn Robinson, who proved he could do just about everything in college basketball except carry his team to a national title, surprised no one by electing to become a millionaire in the NBA instead of a senior at **Purdue.** While adjusting to life without the Big Dog will not be easy, coach Gene Keady, consistently one of the best coaches in the nation, has some talented players. Cuonzo Martin (who added a three-point shot to his inside game last season) and Junior College Player of the Year transfer Roy Hairston will likely lead the way. Coach Clem Haskins counts his blessings at **Minnesota** after Voshon Lenard decided he didn't like his second-round position in the recent NBA draft and took advantage of the new NCAA ruling that allows him to return to the Gophers for his senior year. Haskins will need stellar play from 6'9" Chad Kolander on the inside in order to contend.

"Believe me—if you could see yourself, you'd drop the whole idea!"

BIG WEST

Rollie Massimino's big gamble to move from Villanova to the bright lights of **UNLV** didn't exactly come up three cherries. Rollie couldn't win consistently, Rollie couldn't get a ticket to the Big Dance, Rollie couldn't take the heat without snapping back at his critics. When UNLV interim president Kenny Guinn discovered and then discontinued Rollie's $375,000-per-year secret supplemental deal, the die was cast. The university bought out Massimino's contract for $1.8 million, then promptly hired former Jerry Tarkanian assistant Tim Grgurich as new coach. **New Mexico State** coach Neil McCarthy does as good a job parlaying junior college transfers as any other coach in the nation. The Aggies have finished in the top 25 for five consecutive years. However, McCarthy must find some firepower to replace the departed James Dockery, last season's leading scorer and rebounder.

GREAT MIDWEST

Memphis State is now officially the University of Memphis. Whatever you call coach Larry Finch's crew, you better call them good. All five starters return from last year. The best is 6'10" David Vaughn, who will go into the stratosphere if he improves on last year's 16.6 points and 12.0 rebounds per game. Freshman Lorenzen Wright (6'11") will make an immediate impact. What a team **Cincinnati's** Bob Huggins could have put on the floor this season if Dontonio Wingfield had told the NBA to wait. As it

PLAYBOY'S ALL-AMERICA TEAM SPRINGS INTO ACTION ON TELEVISION IN THE COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

The season starts here. Join host Pat O'Brien and Playboy's roundball analyst Gary Cole for an hour of hot highlights, expert analysis and court action with the Playboy All-America Basketball team. You'll get the pre-season perspective on the toughest players and conferences, plus our picks for the four teams that will battle for the national championship in Seattle.

Pat O'Brien

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is, the Bearcats may still be the best team in the conference, especially after Huggins instills his work ethic in this young group of players. There is a deep pool of returning talent led by guards Damon Flint and LaZelle Durden. **St. Louis** basketball will continue to be exciting under third-year coach Charlie Spoonhour, who led the Billikens to 23 wins and was named conference coach of the year last season. Guards Erwin Claggett and Scott Highmark return, but the Billikens lack size underneath. **Marquette** will also be downsized with the graduation of 7'1" center Jim McIlvaine. Of course, the big news for the Golden Eagles is that coach Kevin O'Neill, who took over at Tennessee, has been replaced by former Siena coach Mike Deane, who will have a rebuilding job on his hands. But he does have all-conference guard Tony Miller for one more season. **DePaul** will be guard-heavy this season with Tom Kleinschmidt (20.5 ppg) and Brandon Cole returning for their senior season. The Blue Demons, who beat Georgetown and UMass in nonconference play, were curiously tame in the Great Midwest, winning only four of 12 games.

IVY LEAGUE

We have been prognosticating long enough to know that there is no such thing as a sure thing. Well, except perhaps **Penn** in the Ivy this season. The Quakers, who won 25 games last year, including an NCAA first-round victory over Nebraska, return two-time Ivy League Player of the Year Jerome Allen along with three other starters. Coach Fran Dunphy's addition of Providence transfer Ira Bowman gives the Quakers yet another weapon. Ordinarily, you would expect perennial Ivy League power **Princeton** to challenge for the conference crown. But the Tigers, under 28-year coach Pete Carril, have lost longtime starters Chris Mooney and Mike Brennan to graduation.

METRO

Surprise: There's a chance **Louisville** may not be the best team in the Metro Conference this year. Last season marked the 12th time the Cardinals have won the conference crown in 18 years, the sixth time they've won it consecutively. But with center Clifford Rozier off to the NBA, coach Denny Crum finds himself in the unfamiliar position of fielding a squad with no seniors and only two juniors with playing experience. Crum, who last May was inducted into the Naismith Basketball Hall of Fame, will build around guard DeJuan Wheat, 6'8" forward Jason Osborne and highly touted freshman Samaki Walker. **Tulane**, which had to settle for the NIT tournament after posting 18 wins last season, will be better but not deeper. Fifth-year coach Perry Clark will abandon his "Posse" system until his bench improves. Sophomore forward Jerald Honeycutt will be the best of what should be an offensively explosive starting five. **North Carolina–Charlotte** coach Jeff Mullins thinks the 49ers' Jarvis Lang—a tenacious rebounder and power-dunk man—is comparable to Charles Barkley as a collegian. With 7' Jermain Parker at center and a strong defensive game from guard Andre Davis, Mullins has a combo that could play at the Big Dance.

MID-AMERICAN

With center Gary Trent, our nominee this year for our unofficial best-player-you've-never-heard-of-award, back for his junior season, **Ohio University** will most likely repeat as MAC regular-season and conference champ. However, the Bobcats won't find the job easy since both **Bowling Green** and **Miami** return lots of talent. BG's Shane Kline-Ruminski, who managed to finish fourth in the conference in scoring last season despite missing three weeks with a broken hand, will again be the Falcons' emotional and statistical leader. Miami returns four starters and lots of experience, having appeared in the NIT tournament the past two years. The Redskins' backcourt features scoring leader Landon Hackim (16.6 ppg) and Derrick Cross, perhaps the quickest guard in the conference. **Western Michigan**, under sixth-year coach Bob Donewald, and **Eastern Michigan**, with scoring leader Kareem

"And on the fifth day of Christmas, your true love gave to you. . . ."

Carpenter returning for his senior year, both figure to be improved.

MIDWESTERN

The conference may be realigned and enlarged, but Wisconsin–Green Bay and Illinois–Chicago are still the best teams. **UWGB** benefits from the great coaching of Dick Bennett, who continues to build competitive teams in the unlikely hoops terrain of northeastern Wisconsin. Bennett is down three starters from last season's 27-win squad that upset Jason Kidd and California in the first round of the NCAA tournament. But 6'6" Jeff Nordgaard (15.6 ppg) returns, and Bennett's freshman recruits, James Daggs and Ryan Borowicz, are promising. **Illinois–Chicago** showcases the best player in the conference in 6'7" senior forward Sherell Ford (24.3 ppg). Coach Perry Watson is busy building a winner at **Detroit.** The Titans won the Mid-Continent championship last year in Watson's first season as coach. Mike Boyd, a former Michigan assistant, wasn't satisfied with **Cleveland State's** 14–15 record last season. He has four starters back but lost 6'9" center Sam Mitchell to graduation. **Xavier** breaks in new coach Skip Prosser, who replaced Providence-bound Pete Gillen. Prosser has big holes to fill, with three of last season's starters gone, including two-time MCC Player of the Year Brian Grant.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Tulsa and Southern Illinois went to the NCAA tournament, with Tulsa surprising UCLA and Oklahoma State before yielding to eventual champ Arkansas. Expect a similar scenario this season. **Southern Illinois** has its best squad in the nine-year tenure of coach Rich Herrin. Guard Paul Lusk and forwards Marcus Timmons and Chris Carr all return as double-digit scorers. The Salukis have also added 6'9" Kentucky transfer Aminu Timberlake. Despite the loss of Gary Collier, last season's conference player of the year, coach Tubby Smith will have the **Tulsa** Golden Hurricane blowing away opponents again this year. Returning starters Shea Seals (16.8 ppg) and Alvin "Pooh" Williamson will be joined by freshman phenom Jamie Gillin and juco transfer Ray Poindexter, who had 200 blocked shots in two seasons at NE Oklahoma A&M. **Bradley** won 23 games and reached the quarterfinals in the NIT last year under coach Jim Molinari. The Braves return four starters, but starting point guard Billy Wright was laid up last summer with a scratched cornea.

PACIFIC TEN

Having lost only guard Khalid Reeves from its Final Four starters of last season, **Arizona** will try to make it three conference titles in a row and eight of the past 11. Playboy All-America Damon Stoudamire returns for his senior season, and coach Lute Olson has added 6'9" forward Ben Davis, a junior college All-America, and highly regarded freshman Mike Dickerson. Senior forward Ray Owes will contribute points (12.9 ppg) and rebounds (8.1 rpg). The Wildcats will be strongly challenged by Jim Harrick's **UCLA** squad, which also returns four starters. The brothers O'Bannon, Ed and Charles, seven-footer George Zidek and point guard Tyus Edney are all double-digit scorers, making the Bruins one of the best balanced teams in the nation. Freshman forward J.R. Henderson and 6'10" center omm'A Givens lead a highly touted recruiting class. Harrick and his team are eager to atone for a weak second half (7–7) and a first-round exit in the NCAA tournament. Bill Frieder thinks his **Arizona State** team can be good if it can avoid the injuries that plagued the Sun Devils the past two seasons. A healthy season for 6'9" center/forward Mario Bennett would be a particularly welcome change. Bennett missed all of the 1992–1993 season with a torn knee ligament, then reinjured the knee and missed the first month of last season. Still, Bennett managed to average 16.2 points and 8.6 rebounds upon his return. **California's** two best players, Jason Kidd and Lamond Murray, took early exits to the NBA. But coach Todd Bozeman landed enough top freshmen to continue the program's resurgence. Point guard Jelani Gardner, 6'6", a first-team *USA Today* High School All-American, and forward Tremaine Fowlkes, a *Parade* High School All-American, lead the list. The team returns three solid, if not spectacular, starters from last year's 22-win team. Brevin Knight, Pac Ten Freshman of the Year, and Dion Cross (15.1 ppg) give **Stanford** coach Mike Montgomery one of the best guard tandems in the nation. The Cardinal has NCAA tourney hopes after an NIT appearance last season.

SOUTHEASTERN

As long as **Kentucky** coach Rick Pitino continues to resist the seduction of the NBA, the Wildcats will probably stay atop the SEC and national rankings. Pitino's five-year record at Kentucky is 121–37. The Cats won 27 games and beat national champ Arkansas and Final Four Florida to win their third consecutive SEC tournament last season, and they did it without starting center Rodney Dent, who suffered a knee injury in the SEC season opener (Dent has gone on to the NBA). The Wildcats return three starters. Mark Pope, a 6'10" transfer from Washington, and freshman forward Antoine Walker will bolster the inside game while the Cats continue to rain threes from the perimeter. After playing Final Four Cinderella last season, **Florida** will try to fit a glass slipper on its other foot this year. Since taking

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PLAYBOY'S 1995 COLLEGE

ATLANTIC COAST

*1. NORTH CAROLINA
*2. DUKE
*3. MARYLAND
*4. GEORGIA TECH
*5. VIRGINIA
*6. FLORIDA STATE
7. WAKE FOREST
8. NORTH CAROLINA STATE
9. CLEMSON

STANDOUTS: Rasheed Wallace, Jerry Stackhouse, Donald Williams (North Carolina); Cherokee Parks, Jeff Capel (Duke); Joe Smith, Exree Hipp, Johnny Rhodes (Maryland); James Forrest, Travis Best (Georgia Tech); Cory Alexander, Junior Burrough (Virginia); Bob Sura, James Collins (Florida State); Randolph Childress, Tim Duncan (Wake Forest); Todd Fuller, Bryant Feggins (North Carolina State); Devin Gray (Clemson).

ATLANTIC TEN

*1. MASSACHUSETTS
*2. TEMPLE
3. ST. JOSEPH'S
4. WEST VIRGINIA
5. GEORGE WASHINGTON
6. DUQUESNE
7. RUTGERS
8. ST. BONAVENTURE
9. RHODE ISLAND

STANDOUTS: Lou Roe, Marcus Camby, Mike Williams (Massachusetts); Rick Brunson (Temple); Bernard Blunt, Carlin Warley (St. Joseph's); Seldon Jefferson, Cyrus Jones (West Virginia); Kwame Evans, Nimbo Hammons (George Washington); Tom Pipkins, Kenya Hunter (Duquesne); Charles Jones (Rutgers); David Vanterpool (St. Bonaventure); Cordell Llewellyn (Rhode Island).

BIG EAST

*1. SYRACUSE
*2. GEORGETOWN
*3. CONNECTICUT
*4. VILLANOVA
*5. ST. JOHN'S
6. SETON HALL
7. PROVIDENCE
8. BOSTON COLLEGE
9. MIAMI
10. PITTSBURGH

STANDOUTS: Lawrence Moten, John Wallace (Syracuse); Othella Harrington, George Butler (Georgetown); Ray Allen, Doron Sheffer (Connecticut); Kerry Kittles, Jason Lawson (Villanova); Charles Minlend, Felipe Lopez (St. John's); Adrian Griffin (Seton Hall); Eric Williams, Franklin Western (Providence); Danya Abrams (Boston College); Constantin Popa, Steven Edwards (Miami); Jerry McCullough, Orlando Antigua (Pittsburgh).

BIG EIGHT

*1. OKLAHOMA STATE
*2. KANSAS
*3. IOWA STATE
*4. MISSOURI
5. OKLAHOMA
6. KANSAS STATE
7. NEBRASKA
8. COLORADO

STANDOUTS: Bryant Reeves, Randy Rutherford (Oklahoma State); Jacque Vaughn, Greg Ostertag (Kansas); Fred Hoiberg, Loren Meyer (Iowa State); Sammie Haley, Paul O'Liney (Missouri); Ryan Minor, John Ontjes (Oklahoma); Belvis Noland (Kansas State); Jaron Boone, Erick Strickland (Nebraska); Donnie Boyce (Colorado).

BIG SKY

*1. IDAHO STATE
2. BOISE STATE
3. MONTANA
4. MONTANA STATE
5. WEBER STATE
6. IDAHO
7. NORTHERN ARIZONA
8. EASTERN WASHINGTON

STANDOUTS: Jim Potter, Donell Morgan (Idaho State); John Coker, Steve Shephard (Boise State); Matt Kempfert, Shawn Samuelson (Montana); Nico Harrison, Eric Talley (Montana State); Ruben Nembhard, Kirk Smith (Weber State); James Jones (Idaho); John Rondeno (Northern Arizona); Craig Stinnett (Eastern Washington).

BIG SOUTH

1. TOWSON STATE
2. NORTH CAROLINA–GREENSBORO
3. CHARLESTON SOUTHERN
4. RADFORD
5. COASTAL CAROLINA
6. LIBERTY
7. MARYLAND–BALTIMORE COUNTY
8. WINTHROP
9. NORTH CAROLINA–ASHEVILLE

STANDOUTS: Ralph Blalock (Towson State); Eric Cuthrell, Scott Hartzell (North Carolina–Greensboro); Eric Burks, T.L. Latson (Charleston Southern); Anthony Walker (Radford); Keke Hicks (Coastal Carolina); Peter Aluma, Jason Dixon (Liberty); Kevin Bellinger (Maryland–Baltimore County); LaShawn Coulter, Melvin Branham (Winthrop); William Coley, Josh Kohn (North Carolina–Asheville).

BIG TEN

*1. INDIANA
*2. MICHIGAN
*3. WISCONSIN
*4. MICHIGAN STATE
*5. ILLINOIS
*6. PURDUE
7. MINNESOTA
8. PENN STATE
9. IOWA
10. OHIO STATE
11. NORTHWESTERN

STANDOUTS: Alan Henderson, Brian Evans (Indiana); Jimmy King, Ray Jackson (Michigan); Michael Finley, Rashard Griffith (Wisconsin); Shawn Respert, Eric Snow (Michigan State); Kiwane Garris, Jerry Hester (Illinois); Cuonzo Martin, Roy Hairston (Purdue); Voshon Lenard, Townsend Orr (Minnesota); John Amaechi, Rahsaan Carlton (Penn State); Jess Settles, Kenyon Murray (Iowa); Antonio Watson (Ohio State); Cedric Neloms, Evan Eschmeyer (Northwestern).

BIG WEST

*1. UNLV
2. NEW MEXICO STATE
3. NEVADA
4. UTAH STATE
5. LONG BEACH STATE
6. CALIFORNIA–SANTA BARBARA
7. CALIFORNIA STATE–FULLERTON
8. SAN JOSE STATE
9. PACIFIC
10. CALIFORNIA–IRVINE

STANDOUTS: Kebu Stewart, Reggie Manuel (UNLV); Thomas Wyatt (New Mexico State); Jimmy Moore, Eathan O'Bryant (Nevada); Nate Wickizer, Eric Franson (Utah State); Mike Atkinson, James Cotton (Long Beach State); Doug Muse, Phillip Turner (California–Santa Barbara); Winston Peterson (California State–Fullerton); Mike Brotherton, Brad Quinet (San Jose State); Chris Brown, Raimonds Miglinieks (California–Irvine).

COLONIAL

*1. OLD DOMINION
2. NORTH CAROLINA–WILMINGTON
3. JAMES MADISON
4. RICHMOND
5. GEORGE MASON
6. EAST CAROLINA
7. WILLIAM & MARY
8. AMERICAN

STANDOUTS: Odell Hodge, Petey Sessoms (Old Dominion); Corey Stewart, Chris Meighen (North Carolina–Wilmington); Kent Culuko, Louis Rowe (James Madison); Kass Weaver (Richmond); Curtis McCants (George Mason); Anton Gill (East Carolina); Kurt Small, David Cully (William & Mary); Tim Fudd, Darryl Franklin (American).

GREAT MIDWEST

*1. MEMPHIS
*2. CINCINNATI
*3. ST. LOUIS
4. MARQUETTE
5. DE PAUL
6. ALABAMA–BIRMINGHAM
7. DAYTON

STANDOUTS: David Vaughn, Cedric Henderson (Memphis); LaZelle Durden, Arthur Long (Cincinnati); Erwin Claggett, Scott Highmark (St. Louis); Tony Miller, Roney Eford (Marquette); Tom Kleinschmidt, Brandon Cole (DePaul); Carlos Williams, Chris Lee (Alabama–Birmingham); Chip Hare, Andy Meyer (Dayton).

IVY LEAGUE

*1. PENNSYLVANIA
2. PRINCETON
3. YALE
4. BROWN
5. DARTMOUTH
6. HARVARD
7. COLUMBIA
8. CORNELL

STANDOUTS: Jerome Allen, Matt Maloney, Shawn Trice (Pennsylvania); Rick Hielscher, Sydney Johnson (Princeton); Andy Karazim (Yale); Jamie Halligan, Sea Lonergan (Dartmouth); Darren Rankin, Kyle Snowden (Harvard); DeShawn Standard (Cornell).

METRO

*1. LOUISVILLE
*2. TULANE
*3. NORTH CAROLINA–CHARLOTTE
4. SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI
5. VIRGINIA TECH
6. SOUTH FLORIDA
7. VIRGINIA COMMONWEALTH

STANDOUTS: DeJuan Wheat, Jason Osborne (Louisville); Jerald Honeycutt (Tulane); Jarvis Lang, Andre Davis (North Carolina–Charlotte); Glen Whisby, Damien Smith (Southern Mississippi); Ace Custis (Virginia Tech); Jesse Salters, Chucky Atkins (South Florida); Tyron McCoy (Virginia Commonwealth).

METRO ATLANTIC

*1. CANISIUS
2. MANHATTAN
3. ST. PETER'S
4. SIENA
5. LOYOLA–MARYLAND
6. FAIRFIELD
7. NIAGARA
8. IONA

STANDOUTS: Darrell Barley, Craig Wise (Canisius); Jamal Marshall, Jason Hoover (Manhattan); Mike Frensley, Brian Griffith (St. Peter's); Stuart Downing, Matt Gras (Siena); B.J. Pendleton, Darius Johnson (Loyola–Maryland); Shannon Bowman, Scott Sytulek (Fairfield); Chris Watson, Carlos Bradberry (Niagara); Mikkel Larsen, Mindaugus Timinskas (Iona).

MID-AMERICAN

*1. OHIO
2. BOWLING GREEN
3. MIAMI
4. WESTERN MICHIGAN
5. EASTERN MICHIGAN
6. BALL STATE
7. TOLEDO
8. KENT STATE
9. AKRON
10. CENTRAL MICHIGAN

STANDOUTS: Gary Trent (Ohio); Shane Kline-Ruminski, Shane Komives (Bowling Green); Landon Hackim, Derrick Cross (Miami); Saddi Washington (Western Michigan); Kareem Carpenter, Brian Tolbert (Eastern Michigan); Steve Payne, Randy Zachary (Ball State); Craig Thames, Scoop Williams (Toledo); Nate Reinking, Brook Bright (Kent State); Tron Jenkins (Akron); Brian Smith (Central Michigan).

MID-CONTINENT

1. VALPARAISO
2. EASTERN ILLINOIS
3. MISSOURI–KANSAS CITY
4. TROY STATE
5. CHICAGO STATE
6. WESTERN ILLINOIS
7. YOUNGSTOWN STATE
8. BUFFALO
9. CENTRAL CONNECTICUT STATE

STANDOUTS: David Redmon, Chris Ensminger (Valparaiso); Derrick Landrus, Louis Jordon (Eastern Illinois); Terry Dickerson, Travis Salmon (Missouri–Kansas City); Cameron Boozer (Troy State); Desmond Rice, Larry Simmons (Chicago State); Garrick Vicks (Western Illinois); Andre Smith, Allister Green (Youngstown State); Modie Cox, Jamie Anderson (Buffalo); Robert Graham (Central Connecticut State).

MID-EASTERN

*1. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE
2. MARYLAND–EASTERN SHORE
3. COPPIN STATE
4. BETHUNE–COOKMAN
5. HOWARD
6. NORTH CAROLINA A&T STATE
7. MORGAN STATE
8. FLORIDA A&M
9. DELAWARE STATE

STANDOUTS: Desi McQueen, Miguel Burns (South Carolina State); Terrell Harris (Maryland–Eastern Shore); Stephen Stewart, Keith Carmichael (Coppin State); Latroy Strong, Lamont Parrish (Bethune–Cookman); Grady Livingston, Sean Turley (Howard); Phillip Allen, Jamel Gray (North Carolina A&T State).

MIDWESTERN

*1. WISCONSIN–GREEN BAY
2. ILLINOIS–CHICAGO
3. DETROIT
4. CLEVELAND STATE
5. XAVIER
6. BUTLER
7. LA SALLE
8. NORTHERN ILLINOIS
9. WISCONSIN–MILWAUKEE
10. WRIGHT STATE
11. LOYOLA–CHICAGO

STANDOUTS: Jeff Nordgaard, Gary Grzesk (Wisconsin–Green Bay); Sherell Ford (Illinois–Chicago); Michael Jackson, Alan Renner-Thomas (Detroit); Malcolm Sims, Jamal Jackson (Cleveland State); Jeff Massey, Pete Sears (Xavier); Chris Miskel, Travis Trice (Butler); Kareem Townes, Paul Burke (La Salle); Hubert Register, Jamal Robinson (Northern Illinois); Dimitre Dintchev, Shannon Smith (Wisconsin–Milwaukee); Delme Herriman, Rob Welch (Wright State); Theodis Owens (Loyola–Chicago).

BASKETBALL PREDICTIONS

MISSOURI VALLEY

*1. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS
*2. TULSA
3. BRADLEY
4. SOUTHWEST MISSOURI STATE
5. EVANSVILLE
6. NORTHERN IOWA
7. DRAKE
8. WICHITA STATE
9. CREIGHTON
10. ILLINOIS STATE
11. INDIANA STATE

STANDOUTS: Marcus Timmons, Chris Carr, Paul Lusk (Southern Illinois); Shea Seals, Alvin Williamson (Tulsa); Deon Jackson, Billy Wright (Bradley); Johnny Murdock (Southwest Missouri State); Andy Elkins, Reed Jackson (Evansville); Brian Carpenter, Munib Dzuho (Northern Iowa); Lynnrick Rogers (Drake); Jamie Arnold (Wichita State); Nate King (Creighton); Kevin Lunceford (Illinois State); Mario Clark, Jim Cruse (Indiana State).

NORTH ATLANTIC

*1. DREXEL
2. DELAWARE
3. HARTFORD
4. NEW HAMPSHIRE
5. BOSTON UNIVERSITY
6. MAINE
7. VERMONT
8. HOFSTRA
9. NORTHEASTERN

STANDOUTS: Malik Rose, Brian Holden (Drexel); Brian Pearl, Peca Arsic (Delaware); Mike Bond, Gandhi Jordan (Hartford); Scott Drapeau, Matt Alosa (New Hampshire); Tunji Awojobi, James Brown (Boston University); Casey Arena, Terry Hunt (Maine); Eddie Benton, David Conlon (Vermont); Jim Shaffer, Darius Burton (Hofstra); Dan Callahan (Northeastern).

NORTHEAST

*1. RIDER
2. MONMOUTH
3. FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON
4. WAGNER
5. MARIST
6. ST. FRANCIS–PENNSYLVANIA
7. ST. FRANCIS–NEW YORK
8. ROBERT MORRIS
9. LONG ISLAND
10. MOUNT ST. MARY

STANDOUTS: Charles Smith, Deon Hames (Rider); Glenn Stokes, John Giraldo (Monmouth); Antwan Dasher (Fairleigh Dickinson); Milan Rikic, Tony Rice (Wagner); Alan Tomidy, Danny Basile (Marist); Jason Roberts, Rob Wooster (St. Francis–Pennsylvania); Ivan Patterson, Chris Ortiz (St. Francis–New York); Gabe Jackson, Bubba Donnelly (Robert Morris); Joe Griffin, Dave Masciale (Long Island); Chris McGuthrie (Mount St. Mary).

OHIO VALLEY

*1. MURRAY STATE
2. MOREHEAD STATE
3. TENNESSEE STATE
4. AUSTIN PEAY
5. EASTERN KENTUCKY
6. TENNESSEE TECH
7. MIDDLE TENNESSEE
8. SOUTHEAST MISSOURI
9. TENNESSEE–MARTIN

STANDOUTS: Marcus Brown, Larry Johnson (Murray State); Johnnie Williams, Kelly Wells (Morehead State); Monty Wilson, Tim Horton (Tennessee State); Bubba Wells, Jermaine Savage (Austin Peay); Arlando Johnson, DeMarcus Doss (Eastern Kentucky); Carlos Floyd, Lorenzo Coleman (Tennessee Tech); Tim Gaither, David Washington (Middle Tennessee); Jermall Morgan (Southeast Missouri); Dewayne Powell (Tennessee–Martin).

PACIFIC TEN

*1. ARIZONA
*2. UCLA
*3. ARIZONA STATE
*4. CALIFORNIA
*5. STANFORD
6. OREGON
7. USC
8. OREGON STATE
9. WASHINGTON STATE
10. WASHINGTON

STANDOUTS: Damon Stoudamire, Ray Owes, Ben Davis (Arizona); Ed O'Bannon, Charles O'Bannon, Tyus Edney (UCLA); Mario Bennett, Ron Riley, Marcell Capers (Arizona State); Alfred Grigsby, Monty Buckley (California); Brevin Knight, Dion Cross (Stanford); Orlando Williams, Kenya Wilkins (Oregon); Lorenzo Orr, Stais Boseman (USC); Brent Barry, Mustapha Hoff (Oregon State); Mark Hendrickson, Isaac Fontaine (Washington State); Jason Hamilton (Washington).

PATRIOT

*1. COLGATE
2. NAVY
3. LEHIGH
4. HOLY CROSS
5. FOROHAM
6. LAFAYETTE
7. BUCKNELL
8. ARMY

STANDOUTS: Tucker Neale, Adonal Foyle (Colgate); T.J. Hall, Brian Walker (Navy); Rashawne Glenn, Jason Fichter (Lehigh); Rob Feaster, Gordon Hamilton (Holy Cross); David Mascia, Rob Baxter (Fordham); Craig Kowadla, Joe Marshall (Lafayette); Brian Anderson, Gordon Mboya (Bucknell); Mark Lueking, Alex Morris (Army).

SOUTHEASTERN

EASTERN DIVISION

*1. KENTUCKY
*2. FLORIDA
*3. GEORGIA
4. VANDERBILT
5. SOUTH CAROLINA
6. TENNESSEE

WESTERN DIVISION

*1. ARKANSAS
*2. ALABAMA
*3. LOUISIANA STATE
4. MISSISSIPPI STATE
5. MISSISSIPPI
6. AUBURN

STANOOUTS: Tony Delk, Rodrick Rhodes (Kentucky); Dan Cross, Dametri Hill, Andrew DeClercq (Florida); Charles Claxton, Shandon Anderson (Georgia); Ronnie McMahan (Vanderbilt); Carey Rich, Andy Bostick (South Carolina); Steve Hamer (Tennessee); Corliss Williamson, Corey Beck, Scotty Thurman (Arkansas); Antonio McDyess, Jamal Faulkner (Alabama); Randy Livingston, Ronnie Henderson (Louisiana State); Erick Dampier, Darryl Wilson (Mississippi State); David Johnson, Ervin Garnes (Mississippi); Wes Flanigan, Lance Weems (Auburn).

SOUTHERN

*1. DAVIDSON
2. TENNESSEE–CHATTANOOGA
3. WESTERN CAROLINA
4. EAST TENNESSEE STATE
5. APPALACHIAN STATE
6. THE CITADEL
7. MARSHALL
8. GEORGIA SOUTHERN
9. FURMAN
10. VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

STANDOUTS: Brandon Williams, George Spain (Davidson); Brandon Born, Maurio Hanson (Tennessee–Chattanooga); Frankie King, Anquell McCollum (Western Carolina); Tony Patterson, Geoff Herman (East Tennessee State); Reggie Jones, Moncrief Michael (The Citadel); Shawn Moore, Malik Hightower (Marshall); Lonnie Edwards, Tim Heath (Georgia Southern).

SOUTHLAND

*1. NICHOLLS STATE
2. NORTHEAST LOUISIANA
3. SOUTHWEST TEXAS
4. NORTH TEXAS
5. TEXAS–SAN ANTONIO
6. MC NEESE STATE
7. SAM HOUSTON STATE
8. TEXAS–ARLINGTON
9. NORTHWESTERN STATE–LOUISIANA
10. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN STATE

STANDOUTS: Reggie Jackson, Gerard King (Nicholls State); Larry Carr (Northeast Louisiana); Tony Long, Mike Ross (Southwest Texas); Marlon Anderson, Marcus Banks (Texas–San Antonio); Alvydas Pazdrazdis (McNeese State); Derick Preston (Sam Houston State); Brian Myers, Robert Morgan (Texas–Arlington).

SOUTHWEST

*1. TEXAS TECH
*2. TEXAS
3. TEXAS A&M
4. BAYLOR
5. HOUSTON
6. RICE
7. SOUTHERN METHODIST
8. TEXAS CHRISTIAN

STANDOUTS: Jason Sasser, Mark Davis (Texas Tech); Terrence Rencher, Roderick Anderson (Texas); Joe Wilbert, Damon Johnson (Texas A&M); Aundre Branch (Baylor); Tim Moore (Houston); Adam Peakes, J.J. Polk (Rice); Troy Matthews (Southern Methodist); Kurt Thomas, Jeff Jacobs (Texas Christian).

SOUTHWESTERN

*1. TEXAS SOUTHERN
2. ALABAMA STATE
3. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY STATE
4. JACKSON STATE
5. GRAMBLING STATE
6. ALCORN STATE
7. PRAIRIE VIEW A&M
8. SOUTHERN–BATON ROUGE

STANDOUTS: Kevin Granger, Kevin Adams (Texas Southern); Dendrius Rucker, Marcus Mann (Mississippi Valley State); Dwayne Whitfield (Jackson State); Kenny Sykes (Grambling State); Marcus Walton, Cedric Foster (Alcorn State).

SUN BELT

*1. WESTERN KENTUCKY
2. SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA
3. ARKANSAS–LITTLE ROCK
4. SOUTH ALABAMA
5. JACKSONVILLE
6. ARKANSAS STATE
7. NEW ORLEANS
8. TEXAS–PAN AMERICAN
9. LAMAR
10. LOUISIANA TECH

STANDOUTS: Chris Robinson, Michael Fraliex (Western Kentucky); Bryan Collins, Barry Bowman (Southwestern Louisiana); Derek Fisher, Joe Stephens (Arkansas–Little Rock); Anthony Foster, Eric Cardenas (South Alabama); Artemus McClary, Kip Stone (Jacksonville); Vernall Cole (Arkansas State); Michael McDonald (New Orleans); Charles Williams, Reggy Scott (Texas–Pan American); B.J. McClendon (Lamar); Ryan Bond (Louisiana Tech).

TRANS AMERICA

*1. CHARLESTON
2. CAMPBELL
3. CENTRAL FLORIDA
4. STETSON
5. SAMFORD
6. CENTENARY
7. SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA
8. GEORGIA STATE
9. MERCER
10. FLORIDA ATLANTIC
11. FLORIDA INTERNATIONAL

STANDOUTS: Marion Busby, Thaddeus Delaney (Charleston); Scott Neely (Campbell); Ochiel Swaby (Central Florida); Kerry Blackshear, Jason Alexander (Stetson); Joey Davenport, Jarrod Jones (Samford); Aljay Foreman (Centenary); Harvey Baker (Southeastern Louisiana); Terrence Brandon (Georgia State); Will Tuttle, Ledon Green (Mercer).

WEST COAST

*1. SAINT MARY'S
2. LOYOLA MARYMOUNT
3. SAN FRANCISCO
4. PEPPERDINE
5. PORTLAND
6. SANTA CLARA
7. SAN DIEGO
8. GONZAGA

STANDOUTS: Chris Johnson, A.J. Rollins (Saint Mary's); Wyking Jones, Ime Oduok (Loyola Marymount); Gerald Walker, Art Wallace (San Francisco); Gerald Brown, Kirk Goehring (Pepperdine); Canaan Chatman, Curt Ranta (Portland); Steve Nash (Santa Clara); Doug Harris (San Diego).

WESTERN ATHLETIC

*1. UTAH
*2. BRIGHAM YOUNG
3. NEW MEXICO
4. HAWAII
5. FRESNO STATE
6. TEXAS–EL PASO
7. WYOMING
8. SAN DIEGO STATE
9. AIR FORCE
10. COLORADO STATE

STANDOUTS: Keith Van Horn, Brandon Jessie (Utah); Russell Larson, Randy Reid, Kenneth Roberts (Brigham Young); Marlow White, Charles Smith (New Mexico); Tony Maroney, Phil Handy (Hawaii); Anthony Pelle, Darnell McCulloch (Fresno State); Antoine Gillespie (Texas–El Paso); Theo Ratliff, Bobby Traylor (Wyoming); Marc Carter, Chad Nelson (San Diego State); Otis Jones, Chris Loll (Air Force); Ryan Chilton (Colorado State).

INDEPENDENTS

1. NOTRE DAME
2. ORAL ROBERTS

STANDOUTS: Ryan Hoover, Keith Kurowski (Notre Dame); Clifford Crenshaw, Tye Fields (Oral Roberts).

*Our predictions to make the NCAA postseason tournament.

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U.S. Postal Service Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation. 1. Publication title: Playboy. 2. Publication no.: 321478. 3. Filing date: September 30, 1994. 4. Issue frequency: Monthly. 5. No. of issues published annually: 12. 6. Annual subscription price: $29.97. 7. Complete mailing address of known office of publication: 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, Cook County, Ill. 60611-4402. 8. Complete mailing address of headquarters or general business office of publisher: 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, Cook County, Ill. 60611-4402. 9. Names and complete addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor: Publisher, Richard Kinsler, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019; Editor-in-Chief, Hugh M. Hefner, 9242 Beverly Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210; Editorial Director, Arthur Kretchmer, 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 10. Owner: Playboy Enterprises, Inc., 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock: The Hugh M. Hefner 1991 Trust, 9242 Beverly Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210; Playboy Enterprises, Inc., Office of the Treasurer, 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, Ill. 60611; Connor Clark & Co., Ltd., Scotia Plaza, 40 King St. W., Suite 5110, Box 125, Toronto, Ontario M5H 3Y2, Canada; Dimensional Fund Advisors, Inc., 129 Ocean Ave., Suite 650, Santa Monica, Calif. 90401; and Wells Fargo Institutional Trust N.A., 45 Fremont St., San Francisco, Calif. 94105. 11. Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. 12. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: Not applicable. 13. Publication name: Playboy. 14. Issue date for circulation data below: September 1994. 15. Extent and nature of circulation: Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: a. Total no. copies, 4,588,387; b. Paid and/or requested circulation, (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 749,153, (2) Paid or requested mail subscriptions, 2,675,178; c. Total paid and/or requested circulation, 3,424,331; d. Free distribution by mail, 258,019; e. Free distribution outside the mail, 0; f. Total free distribution, 258,019; g. Total distribution, 3,682,350; h. Copies not distributed, (1) Office use, leftovers, spoiled, 13,580, (2) Returns from news agents, 892,457; i. Total, 4,588,387. Percent paid and/or requested circulation, 92.99%. Actual no. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: a. Total no. copies, 4,459,031; b. Paid and/or requested circulation, (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales, 613,550, (2) Paid or requested mail subscriptions, 2,609,999; c. Total paid and/or requested circulation, 3,223,549; d. Free distribution by mail, 205,418; e. Free distribution outside the mail, 0; f. Total free distribution, 205,418; g. Total distribution, 3,428,967; h. Copies not distributed, (1) Office use, leftovers, spoiled, 13,124, (2) Returns from news agents, 1,016,940; i. Total, 4,459,031. Percent paid and/or requested circulation, 94.01%. Richard Kinsler, Publisher.

over a program that finished 7–21 just five years ago, coach Lon Kruger has built the Gators into a national contender. Team-leading guard Dan Cross returns, as does the intense Andrew DeClercq. Both are seniors. Big-beef center Dametri Hill is a junior. LeRon Williams, high school player of the year in Florida last season, could contribute immediately. **Georgia** had a welcome surprise when 7′ center Charles Claxton, who earlier had declared himself eligible for the NBA draft, decided to return to school. Junior college transfer Katu Davis will make some noise from the guard spot. Coach Jan van Breda Kolff had a successful debut season last year at **Vanderbilt** despite missing an invitation to the NCAA tourney. The Commodores won 20 games and got all the way to the NIT championship before losing to Villanova 80–73. But without Chris Lawson on the inside and Bill McCaffrey on the outside, the team is unlikely to win 20 games this season. Kevin O'Neill moves to **Tennessee** from Marquette, where he coached the Warriors to NCAA appearances the past two years. O'Neill's task is formidable—the Volunteers won only five games last season. O'Neill knows how to recruit talent and how to coach defense, two attributes that were largely unknown in Knoxville in recent times.

Even after his Razorbacks had subdued valiant Grant Hill and the Duke Blue Devils and claimed their first basketball championship, **Arkansas** coach Nolan Richardson kept appealing for the respect he and his team were allegedly denied. All we can say to our Playboy Coach of the Year is that Aretha Franklin will have to sing in the streets of Fayetteville for the Arkansas program to gain any more respect. In this culture, respect comes with winning, something Arkansas did 31 times last season. With every starter returning and a talent-heavy bench, bet against a Razorback repeat at your peril. In order to win a second championship, Richardson says, "We'll have to become tougher mentally and we'll have to be lucky enough to stay injury-free." Richardson continues to consider guard Corey Beck his team leader. And who can forget Scotty Thurman, whose ceiling-scraping three-pointer sealed a national championship? As good as the Razorbacks are, don't think they won't be looking over their shoulder at Western Division rivals **Alabama** and Louisiana State. The Tide, which earned 20 wins under coach David Hobbs, lost backcourt leadership with the graduation of Shon Peck-Love and Walter Pitts, but returns upfront power with Jamal Faulkner, Jason Caffey and rapidly improving Antonio McDyess. All eyes at **Louisiana State** will be on Randy Livingston, a two-time *Parade* Player of the Year, who missed last season after knee surgery. Coach Dale Brown eagerly anticipates teaming Livingston in the backcourt with sophomore Ronnie Henderson (15.9 ppg). Miladin Mutavdzic, a 6′11″ transfer from Wagner, will be Brown's big man in the middle. **Mississippi State** has promising Erick Dampier (6′11″) at center, flashy junior guard Darryl Wilson (16.2 ppg) on the perimeter and enough bench depth to test the resolve of any conference foe. Coach Richard Williams coaxed 18 wins and an NIT berth out of the Bulldogs last season.

SOUTHWEST

Texas won the conference title last year, and Texas Tech finished second. With Tech improved and the Longhorns losing a couple of key players, expect the old switcheroo. **Texas Tech** returns everyone who contributed last year, aided by Washington State transfer Jason Martin. Says James Dickey (the coach, not the poet), "If we're ever going to have a top-25 club, this one will be it." If Tech fails to meet expectations, Tom Penders' **Texas** team is always ready to grab an NCAA tourney bid. They've earned five in Penders' six years. Guard Terrence Rencher (15.9 ppg) is probably the best player in the conference. Transfer Sonny Alvarado, who averaged 30 points per game in junior college, will be a welcome addition inside. After taking over the helm at **Texas A&M** three years ago, coach Tony Barone continues to rebuild. Last season the Aggies upped their win total to 19, compared with only ten during the previous campaign. Now leading scorer David Edwards has graduated, and team fortunes are likely to sag. Barone hopes incoming freshman Kyle Kessel is his star of the future. It wasn't exactly Phi Slamma Jamma, but **Houston** was in fact running and

FRESHMEN TO WATCH

GUARDS
Randy Livingston 6'4" LSU
Felipe Lopez 6'5" St. John's
Trajan Langdon 6'4" Duke
LaMarr Greer 6'5" Florida State
Allen Iverson 6'0" Georgetown
Chris Herren 6'2" Boston College
Jelani Gardner 6'6" California
Cameron Murray 6'0" USC

FORWARDS
Jerod Ward 6'9" Michigan
Antoine Walker 6'8" Kentucky
Corey Louis 6'9" Florida State
Andrae Patterson 6'8" Indiana
Jerry Gee 6'7" Illinois
Danny Fortson 6'9" Cincinnati
Samaki Walker 6'9" Louisville

CENTERS
Raef LaFrentz 6'11" Kansas
Jahidi White 6'9" Georgetown
Zendon Hamilton 6'11" St. John's
Adonal Foyle 6'10" Colgate
Lorenzen Wright 6'11" Memphis
omm'A Givens 6'10" UCLA

gunning by the end of last season, winning six of its last nine games. Forward Tim Moore gets lots of points (17.7) and rebounds (8.5), and second-year coach Alvin Brooks likes junior college transfer Kenya Capers. Former Oklahoma coach Billy Tubbs brought his sense of humor to his new job at **Texas Christian.** "We're going to run and shoot this year," drawls Tubbs. "Next year, we're going to run, shoot and make them."

REST OF THE BEST

GUARDS: Voshon Lenard (Minnesota); Bob Sura (Florida State); Travis Best (Georgia Tech); Randolph Childress (Wake Forest); Lawrence Moten (Syracuse); Kerry Kittles (Villanova); Erwin Claggett (St. Louis); Tom Kleinschmidt (DePaul); Jimmy King (Michigan); Doron Sheffer (Connecticut); Kenny Sykes (Grambling State); Kareem Townes (LaSalle); Shea Seals (Tulsa); Terrence Rencher (Texas); Jerome Allen (Pennsylvania); Ronnie Henderson (LSU); Scotty Thurman (Arkansas); Kiwane Garris (Illinois); Donald Williams (North Carolina); Cory Alexander (Virginia); Brent Barry (Oregon State); Donnie Boyce (Colorado).
FORWARDS: Rasheed Wallace (North Carolina); Lou Roe (Massachusetts); David Vaughn (Memphis); Sherell Ford (Illinois–Chicago); Mario Bennett (Arizona State); Ed O'Bannon and Charles O'Bannon (UCLA); Cuonzo Martin (Purdue); Junior Burrough (Virginia); Bernard Blunt (St. Joseph's); John Wallace (Syracuse); Ryan Minor (Oklahoma); Jarvis Lang (North Carolina–Charlotte); Jerald Honeycutt (Tulane); Jim Potter (Idaho State); Tunji Awojobi (Boston University); Rob Feaster (Holy Cross); Kebu Stewart (UNLV); Steve Payne (Ball State); Glen Whisby (Southern Mississippi); Julius Michalik (Iowa State); Antonio McDyess (Alabama); Ray Jackson (Michigan); Shandon Anderson (Georgia).
CENTERS: Rashard Griffith (Wisconsin); Marcus Camby (Massachusetts); Gary Trent (Ohio); Jason Lawson (Villanova); Greg Ostertag (Kansas); Odell Hodge (Old Dominion); John Amaechi (Penn State); Darnell Robinson (Arkansas); Tim Duncan (Wake Forest); Erick Dampier (Mississippi State); Loren Meyer (Iowa State).

WEST COAST

Balance is the watchword for West Coast basketball. **Saint Mary's** should be the favorite based on depth and experience. The Gaels' best players are Chris Johnson, who works out of a guard-forward slot, and junior A.J. Rollins. Look for **Loyola–Marymount** to be competitive once again, something it failed to do last season, finishing 6–21. Coach John Olive returns four starters, the best of whom is Wyking Jones (19.7 ppg). The team eagerly anticipates the return of guard Mike O'Quinn, who missed the second half of last season because of academic problems. **San Francisco** may have the conference's best player in guard Gerald Walker, who averaged almost 18 points per game last season. Tony Fuller takes over as coach at **Pepperdine.** Fuller starred as a player for the Waves during the late Seventies.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

It will be **Utah's** quickness versus Brigham Young's size in the battle for the WAC title this season. The Ute's Rick Majerus, healthy again after a second heart surgery, is optimistic about a team dominated by underclassmen and a recruiting class he considers one of his best. Keith Van Horn, the WAC Freshman of the Year last season, who averaged 18.3 points, has yet to reach his potential. Ben Melmeth, a 6'10" redshirt freshman, and junior college transfer Brandon Jessie will be two of the more welcome new faces. **BYU** coach Roger Reid is beginning to recover from the shock caused by the early departure to the NBA of 7'6" Shawn Bradley before last season. The Cougars will add tall trees in Australian seven-footer Cory Reader and 6'10" Brett Jepsen, who redshirted last year because of a broken hand. It will be all in the family in the backcourt, where Reid's sons, Randy and Robbie, are BYU's best. **New Mexico** is likely to extend its consecutive streak of 20-win seasons to seven under Dave Bliss, who has coached three schools (Oklahoma, SMU and New Mexico) to conference crowns and NCAA tourney berths. The Lobos will miss 5'7" Greg Brown, winner of last year's Naismith Award for the nation's best player under six feet. **Hawaii,** which surprised conference favorites by winning last season's WAC postseason tourney and the NCAA bid that went with it, returns four starters but loses leading scorer Trevor Ruffin.

OTHERS

Let's fast-forward to some highlights from the rest of the Division IA hoops conferences. BIG SKY: **Boise State** and **Idaho State** repeat last year's Battle of the Rockies. Boise State's best are big

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John Coker, a 7′ center, and sophomore guard Steve Shephard. Idaho State returns forward Jim Potter (18.2 ppg, 9.1 rpg), one of the best ever in the Big Sky. BIG SOUTH: Upset by **Liberty** in last season's conference tourney, **Towson State** will edge **North Carolina–Greensboro** for a date at the Big Dance in Seattle this year. COLONIAL: Odell Hodge (19.4 ppg), the premiere player in the conference, will lead his team, **Old Dominion,** to the NCAAs this season. Lefty Driesell's **James Madison** squad and **North Carolina–Wilmington** will provide the Monarchs with their stiffest competition. METRO ATLANTIC: **Loyola–Maryland** was college basketball's Cinderella story last year, winning the MAAC tournament and an NCAA tourney bid after finishing 2–25 the previous season. Cinderella is headed back to reality this year while **Canisius** and **Manhattan** duke it out for conference honors. MID-CONTINENT: This newly realigned conference now looks like a bunch of ugly sisters throwing their own party. The aggregate record last year of the nine teams in the conference was 87–158. **Valparaiso,** a 20-game winner last year, should have no trouble walking over this crowd. MID-EASTERN: **South Carolina State** and **Coppin State** are the favorites but **Maryland–Eastern Shore** could surprise under new coach Jeff Menday. NORTH ATLANTIC: Look for **Drexel** to repeat as North Atlantic champs and NCAA tourney representative. The Dragons got roughed up by Temple (61–39) in their first-round game last year. Brian Holden (16.2 ppg) and Malik Rose (13.9 ppg) supply Drexel's firepower. **Delaware** returns all five starters and adds West Virginia transfer Peca Arsic, a 6′9″ center. **Hartford** returns forward Mike Bond, its top scorer (19.4 ppg) and rebounder (9.1 rpg). **New Hampshire** adds Providence transfer Matt Alosa, a flashy point guard who should make returning center Scott Drapeau (22.9 ppg) even more effective. The conference's most promising player, **Boston University** forward Tunji Awojobi, is only a sophomore. Awojobi, who finished second nationally among freshmen scoring and rebounding leaders, has played organized basketball for only five years. NORTHEAST: With three solid starters returning and the addition of a couple of strong recruits, **Rider** will repeat as conference champs. The Broncs' best players are forward Charles Smith (16.9 ppg) and guard Deon Hames (14.5 ppg). **Monmouth, Fairleigh Dickinson** and **Wagner** will give chase. OHIO VALLEY: **Murray State** is the favorite on the basis of a strong group of incoming junior college transfers, one of whom happens to be named Larry Johnson, the second-ranked shooting guard in junior college last season. With all five starters back, Dick Fick's **Morehead State** team should improve on last season's 14–14 mark. Without Carlos Rogers in the paint, **Tennessee State** becomes a perimeter-oriented team. The Tigers will be good enough to stay in the top half of the league standings. PATRIOT: **Colgate** scored a recruiting coup by signing 6′10″ Adonal Foyle, considered one of the top ten prospects in the nation. Foyle averaged more than 32 points and 20 rebounds per game last season in high school. Teamed with returning conference scoring leader Tucker Neale (26.6 ppg), the Red Raiders should have enough firepower to thwart **Navy's** chances for a second consecutive league title. The Midshipmen, however, won't go down easily, as coach Don Devoe returns his top seven scorers from last year. SOUTHERN: **Davidson,** which narrowly lost the conference title to **Tennessee–Chattanooga** last season (65–64), could turn the tables this year in another hotly contested race. The Wildcats return four starters, including outstanding forward Brandon Williams. SOUTHLAND: People call **Nicholls State's** Stopher Gymnasium "the Bates Motel," a moniker that may be particularly appropriate this year, since opponents will rarely escape with their lives. The Colonels return four starters, including a strong pair of inside players—Gerard King (18.5 ppg) and Reggie Jackson (18.6 ppg). **Northeast Louisiana** and **Southwest Texas** will provide the stiffest competition. SOUTHWESTERN: **Texas Southern** figures to repeat as conference champ, having lost only one starter from its 19–11 squad of last year. Keep an eye on **Grambling State** guard Kenny Sykes, who averaged better than 35 points per game early last season before suffering a knee injury. SUN BELT: **Western Kentucky,** last season's regular-season conference winner, looks like a lock to repeat this year. The Hilltoppers' best player is 6′5″ swingman Chris Robinson. **Southwestern Louisiana's** strong recruiting class should put the Ragin' Cajuns in the hunt for another postseason berth. Wimp Sanderson, former head coach at Alabama, unpacks his wardrobe of ugly sports coats at **Arkansas–Little Rock.** Sanderson, who resigned from the Tide amid charges of sexual harassment, has 267 career wins and five SEC championships to his credit. **New Orleans** named former coaching assistant Tic Price to replace Tommy Joe Eagles, who died of a heart attack. TRANS AMERICA: New conference entry **Campbell** could challenge **Charleston** and **Central Florida,** the league's two best teams last season. **Stetson** should continue to improve under second-year coach Dan Hipsher. INDEPENDENTS: The only independent of note, **Notre Dame,** announced it would join the Big East in 1995 for all sports except football. The move is expected to help the Irish's hoops recruiting, which in recent years has been less than impressive. With Monty Williams gone to the NBA, anything better than a mediocre season this year from John MacLeod's charges will be judged a success.

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement both in the classroom and on the basketball court. Nominated by their universities, the candidates are judged by the editors of PLAYBOY on their scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The award winner attends PLAYBOY's preseason All-America Weekend (held this year in San Francisco), receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in the team photograph published in the magazine. In addition, PLAYBOY awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award in basketball goes to John Amaechi from Penn State University. John, a 6'10" center, led his team in scoring (16.9 ppg), rebounding (8.9 rpg), blocked shots (58), steals and minutes played. A resident of Manchester, England, he has played organized basketball for just seven years. He was 1994 GTE Academic All-America, winner of the Minority Academic Achievement Award, a member of the Golden Key National Honor Society and on the dean's list. He's involved in the Big Brother–Big Sister Program and the Second Mile program for disadvantaged youths, and is president of the Penn State Student-Athlete Advisory Board. The psychology major's four-year GPA is 3.35. John is now in graduate school at Penn State, pursuing a career as a clinical child psychologist.

Other scholar/athletes who deserve mention: Jeremy Lake (Montana), Chris Young (Canisius), Chris Miskel (Butler), Mike Hartke (Northern Illinois), Gregg Chodkowski (Marist), Bobby Kummer (North Carolina–Charlotte), George Zidek (UCLA), Scott Highmark (St. Louis), Adam Peakes (Rice), Jerod Haase and Jacque Vaughn (Kansas), Brent Kell (Evansville), Alex Kohnen (Navy), Charles Minlend (St. John's), Milan Rikic (Wagner), Frank Seckar (Vanderbilt), Otis Jones (Air Force), Jess Settles (Iowa), Aljay Foreman (Centenary), Marcus Grant (Mississippi State), Stuart Downing (Siena), Rick Hielscher (Princeton), Drew Barry (Georgia Tech), Darryl Franklin (American), Juan Hill (Cleveland State), Giedrius Aidietis (Monmouth), Fred Hoiberg (Iowa State), Mike Atkinson (Long Beach State), Tom Kleinschmidt (DePaul), Quinn Harwood (Davidson).

TOM SNYDER *(continued from page 128)*

"I'm clearly a night person. I was offered a job doing national radio during the day. I turned it down."

story! Didn't think about being scared. He wanted his foam.

14.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of scary, would you interview Charles Manson today?

SNYDER: Probably not. We took a lot of flak for that. And let's face it: It was a naked grab for ratings. It was also an effort to take a look at a man who had been profiled in book and in motion picture. But, looking back on it, he is such a lunatic. I question whether we learned any more about Manson from having done that. Still, at the time, it was compelling television. And the great thing is that since then, Geraldo Rivera and Diane Sawyer have interviewed Manson—not that that in any way gives the imprimatur to us for having done it—so at least I can say to people who ask about Manson, "Ask Diane or Geraldo. They've spoken with him more recently."

15.

PLAYBOY: When did you finally realize that the *Tomorrow* show was over?

SNYDER: I was in the studio and Wendy O. Williams and the Plasmatics came in and blew up a car. I thought to myself, It's over. This is not what I do.

16.

PLAYBOY: As a once and future king of late night, describe the philosophical difference between morning people and night people. Which are you?

SNYDER: Night people pay better attention. They respond more quickly. They're loyal. When I worked radio I had a segment from midnight to one A.M., eastern time. It was just you and Tom all alone on the telephone. I was astounded at the callers' grasp of foreign affairs, national affairs, sports, whatever. It was like I was in a postgraduate course and I was learning from them. It was wonderful. Night people are in no hurry. Morning people are. They're on the way to somewhere. They're leaving their homes, getting in their cars, walking, going to airports. They're busy people on missions. Night people are suspended in time. Eventually they go to sleep, but they pick the time. They're in no rush. Their days will end when they decide. That creates a relaxed, melancholy, magical attitude. I'm clearly a night person. I start very slowly in the morning. I was offered a job doing national radio during the day. I turned it down. I like tying up a day, not beginning it. I don't like to point toward what's coming up; I like to look back on what's just happened and whether or not it means anything. When I was a kid in broadcasting, I didn't want to do the six o'clock news, I wanted to do the 11 o'clock news. I wanted to be the last word. I wanted to say, "Folks, that's how the day wraps up."

17.

PLAYBOY: We know it's a drag when guests don't talk enough. Who talks too much?

SNYDER: Politicians never come up for air. They have agendas they want to get in. Usually it's something we've all heard before. After last year's earthquake I ran into a congressman here. I said, "You know, you're talking about Cal Trans fixing all these freeways. It's going to take a year. Why doesn't somebody think about calling in the Army Corps of Engineers? Isn't that what they do—build temporary roads and bridges?" He said, "Gee, that's a great idea. I'll get right on it." He left the building. Two minutes later my producer's cellular phone rang. It was the congressman's PR guy saying

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that the congressman would be glad to be on my show that night. It told me one thing: He didn't come here to talk about helping people; he came here to get on television. He came here looking for airtime, and that's not what a politician, in my view, should do. So I don't like interviewing politicians.

18.

PLAYBOY: Does television give people what they want, or do people just want what they get?

SNYDER: Both. The idea is to get as many people into the tent as possible. That means television is always programming to the lowest common denominator. Another big problem is that television is obsessed with telling you what's coming up next, so much so that you can hardly enjoy what's on right now. Some years back I was watching the Protopopovs—the ice-skating team from Russia—and they were doing this wonderful program to *Ave Maria*. Crawling across the bottom of the screen were these words telling me what was coming up next. I didn't care what was coming up next. Television does not trust the attention span of its audience. It's thought that we all have an attention span of ten seconds.

19.

PLAYBOY: We understand you're a model-train buff. Do you ever put on the engineer's hat?

SNYDER: I have a representative collection of Lionel standard-gauge trains from the Twenties and Thirties, and I have a fairly extensive collection of Lionel trains produced after 1970, both by General Mills and by Fun Dimensions, and now by Lionel Trains Inc. of Mount Clemens, Michigan. Since 1975 Lionel has reissued many of the great trains of the Fifties: the Santa Fe diesel, the Streamline passenger cars, the New York Central diesel, the great steam engines, the great Pennsylvania GG1 Electric. So rather than try to find the originals, I went the easy way. I have some very, very nice trains, and I treasure them. I run them all, I don't hoard them. In terms of layout I have a couple of loops of track and some little buildings and some little mountains. Every now and then I just go to that room, close the door, and really enjoy being with my trains. I can stay there for three, four, five hours at a time. There's always something broken: a bulb, a loose screw, a wire that has to be replaced, a piece of dirty track. Most of the time is spent doing maintenance. But I'm not yet to the point where I put on the engineer's hat. I haven't gone that nuts.

20.

PLAYBOY: You've always had such an intimate relationship with the camera. What happens when the red light goes on?

SNYDER: The camera is the bartender behind the bar. It's you sitting on that couch. It's somebody at the other end of a phone line. It's just one person, and I'm talking to him.

"Hey, if she's this hard to satisfy, why not just give her a vibrator and let it go at that?"

Accidental Jurist

(continued from page 142)

Thomas lists the perils of that dangerous road: "If you lie, you will cheat. If you cheat, you will steal. If you steal, you will kill." Sometimes he describes the rules in legal terms: "Our family laws did not permit us to wander into that gray zone of impropriety not governed by the criminal law."

As a child, Thomas learned the rewards of habit: "Church on Sunday, tend to property on Saturday—wash the car, cut the grass, polish your shoes." He mastered essentials: "If you don't work, you don't eat." And he absorbed a moralist's view of the inner life, with rigid assumptions about how to manage its anguish. The view seemed to blind him to the prospects of actually controlling his fate: "Resentment and other destructive passions were not free to breed in such an atmosphere."

After graduating from high school in 1966, Thomas obeyed his grandfather and entered the seminary in Missouri, to study for the priesthood. But when Martin Luther King Jr. was killed in April 1968, Thomas lost his "attachment" to the seminary. "How could I stay there when the world seemed to be disintegrating around me?" In response, his grandfather kicked him out. Thomas quotes the old man as saying: "If you make your bed hard, you lay in it hard."

It must have been an especially cataclysmic time for Thomas. The issues seem fundamental: the meaning of his abrupt departure from the script his grandfather wrote for him, and the lesson of the betrayal his grandfather felt as he cast out the young man. As Thomas put it, the assassination of Robert Kennedy and racial hostility in Savannah left him with no faith in his church or in his country—and he had already lost his family.

Seemingly at loose ends, Thomas accepted a scholarship to Holy Cross, arriving in Worcester by Trailways bus with no "desire to be in a predominantly white school again" yet having "no place else to go." In his view, his guardrails kept him on track. He majored in English because he had thought about becoming a journalist and he "had great difficulty with the spoken and written word."

Seeking refuge in a black crowd, he became correspondence secretary for the Black Students' Union, despite his struggle with language. For a year and a half, he dutifully did his schoolwork. But after a friend was arrested in a protest against a company that did business in South Africa—in Thomas' view, he was singled out because he was black—Thomas became convinced that blacks could "never be treated fairly on a predominantly white campus—or in a white society for that matter."

Following this reasoning to its logical

conclusion, he decided to leave Holy Cross. His description of his feelings at that time, delivered in his 1994 address to his alma mater, is intense: "As I packed all my belongings that night, I teetered precariously over the abyss. No one really cared. We were doomed. College didn't matter. Indeed, life itself didn't matter. I wanted to go home. But what would I tell my grandparents, who had suffered far more indignities than I had? What would I tell my neighbors? What would I say to my friends who had always said that the Man wasn't going to let me do anything?"

Thomas presents himself as empty at the core—sorrowful, wretched, alone. Once again, he decided that he had no place else to go and he returned to college. "Something had to change and change soon," Thomas remembered. "I could not continue to let my passion rage out of control." He was "addicted to the status of an oppressed person."

To Thomas, the teachings of his grandparents about self-discipline and the power of education gave him a way out. They offered "freedom from the confining world of segregation and freedom from the destructive forces of my own passions."

Thomas was poor, black and possessed by anger, but, he says, he learned to control his destiny; others can, too. He tries to convince us that anger is a demon he has put behind him. Yet when he talks about how his anger, and that of other blacks, has been coddled and belittled by whites, his words simmer: "It has been so interesting over the years to see anger such as mine accommodated," he told the assemblage at Holy Cross. "It is said that we are an emotional people; we are expressive; we feel deeply. Often, it seems as though the cultural elite think that we are inherently unqualified to do much more than feel bad about what has happened to us in this country and follow their lead."

At Yale Law School in the early Seventies, Thomas wore an Afro, sat in the back of his classes and supported black nationalism. In those days, he and Lani Guinier, the onetime nominee to head the Civil Rights Division in President Clinton's Justice Department, explored co-writing a law review article about why blacks were flunking bar exams more often than whites. Evidently he had not yet embraced his current stern views on personal responsibility and self-reliance.

In an interview in the faculty lounge of the law school, Thomas won a job with Yale alumnus John Danforth—then attorney general of Missouri, later one of its senators. The position with Danforth promised Thomas more work and less pay than anyone in his class: For a Yalie, it was a low-status job. In his book *Resurrection: The Confirmation of Clarence Thomas*, Danforth tells about inviting his new legal aide to Christmas dinner in Jefferson City. Thomas twice turned Danforth down. Even when he accepted, he insisted "he does not want us to feel sorry for him. He can take care of himself." From the state attorney general's office, Thomas took a job on the staff of the general counsel for Monsanto Corp. When Danforth was elected a senator, Thomas followed him to Washington, D.C. as a legislative assistant. Danforth, again: "When he worked on my staff, first in Jefferson City and then in Washington, he delighted in speaking his mind and taking strong positions."

When Thomas was 32, he suddenly emerged in national politics. In a column written by William Raspberry, a Pulitzer Prize–winning columnist for *The Washington Post*, Thomas was identified as part of an emerging group of black conservatives. The column caught the attention of members of the Reagan administration, who began to look for a spot for Thomas to fill. When they asked around about him, however, they learned that his law school reputation was less than sterling. Soon after, they began considering Thomas for a civil rights job—hardly an administration priority. He didn't want that sort of position because he feared being caricatured as a black conservative in a black field. But he took the civil rights job and turned himself into a victim of racial typing.

From then on, Thomas was trapped in the role he loathed. First, he was named to oversee civil rights matters in the Department of Education. Then, he moved to head the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, which he led from 1982 to 1990. Next, he was appointed to the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C. And finally, at age 43, he was nominated to the Supreme Court.

The fundamental irony stuck with him. He was singled out for opportunity because of his race, and he allowed the process to repeat itself at higher and higher levels. He was the black critic of racial quotas who got a forum because of his skin color. The identity that oppressed him at Holy Cross, which he struggled to escape with a catechism of will, became his ticket to a place in history. Thomas did not use the politics of race—the politics of race used him.

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Since his elevation to the High Court, Thomas has been subject to scrutiny by admirers of Thurgood Marshall, foremost among them Leon Higginbotham, Jr., former chief judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Philadelphia and one of the early black appointees to the federal bench. Soon after Thomas was confirmed for the Supreme Court, he received an "open letter" from Higginbotham, urging Thomas to leave behind the criticism he had made of Marshall and the civil rights community. "You did not get there by yourself," Higginbotham reminded the new justice, while chiding him for having shown a "stunted knowledge of history and an unformed judicial philosophy."

Today, Higginbotham is even blunter in his assessment of Thomas. He now identifies the source of Thomas' extreme opinions in the justice's profound anger. Without hesitation, he describes the reason for Thomas' antiminority jurisprudence as "racial self-hatred." William Nelson, professor of political science and black studies at Ohio State University, concurs. "From the time he was chair of the EEOC," Nelson once said, "I always considered Clarence Thomas to be the worst kind of racist—a black man who hates himself."

By the mid-Eighties, a onetime friend of his surmised that Thomas' animus toward whites was replaced by wrath directed at blacks. He was angry at the prosperous, well-educated black lawyers he faced in civil rights matters, at academics whose sociological studies were used as ammunition in the victim wars, at downtrodden blacks themselves and, ultimately, at himself.

Resentment and other destructive passions, as Thomas calls his anger, seem to breed freely in him, revealing themselves in his judicial opinions and in his personal life. Acquaintances and friends say he is zealous about not being trapped in a position where he might be influenced, dominated or betrayed. He declined to be interviewed for this article, and people who know him and spoke about him were unusually careful to protect their anonymity. "I know Justice Thomas," one emphasized. "He does bear a grudge."

In public, Thomas is taut and watchful. He speaks in a soft, tired drone that seems to flatten the resonance of his bass voice. Last May, in a commencement address at Aquinas High School, in Georgia, his voice was so cold it went stiff. While at the podium, he spoke directly to a teacher he had known 28 years before: "I just wonder where the years have gone, Father. They've evaporated." He sounded like a beaten old man.

He rarely gives public signs of intellectual verve, of curiosity, of self-confidence. In one talk after another, he unconvincingly describes the civility that guides the dealings of the Supreme Court and how much he enjoys the challenges of his new job. In private, his friends report, he is an eager student of the law, inspiring loyalty and awe. They regard his age as a plus. They also say he is capable of letting go. When the Claremont Institute's president, Larry Arnn, introduced Thomas to members of the think tank in 1993, he described meeting Thomas one afternoon at the EEOC. Thomas puffed on a cigar, filled his office with his unbridled bass and rolling chortle, and voiced a fantasy about

loading a truck with books and driving around the heartland, catching up on his reading.

But in stories about the family-like cocoon he creates for himself, there are also signs of distrust. He surrounds himself with law clerks whose range of views is only a matter of degree—from moderate conservative to traditional conservative to libertarian conservative. He's made a fetish of cutting himself off from a common source of feedback about the outside world, saying he doesn't follow press accounts about himself. It's an idea he is said to have taken from Judge Laurence Silberman, another Reagan alum on the Court of Appeals in Washington, D.C. But Thomas has adopted the position with his trademark vehemence.

To Thomas' friends, his anger is neither cause nor effect. It's simply a marker. In their view, it took Anita Hill's attack to make Thomas reach into himself and show who he really is. The emotion, which issued from a lacerated pride, is the justice's true, defining quality.

But what if Thomas' silence and seclusion are explained by fear instead of the residue of wounded pride? What if Thomas has something to hide—such as the possibility that Anita Hill was telling the truth?

Thomas rests his credibility as a justice on the proposition that Hill failed to prove the charges she made against him. In his statement to the Senate Judiciary Committee Thomas averred "unequivocally, uncategorically" that he denied "each and every single allegation against me today that suggested in any way that I had conversations of a sexual nature or about pornographic material with Anita Hill, that I ever attempted to date her, that I ever had any personal sexual interest in her, or that I in any way ever harassed her."

In the fall of 1994, however, Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson caught the nation's attention with the book *Strange Justice: The Selling of Clarence Thomas*, which supports Hill's case. It is a measured, fact-heavy, devastating account of Thomas' journey from childhood to his swearing in on the Supreme Court. It presents no smoking guns—no tapes of Thomas in embarrassing situations. But its accumulation of other evidence about previously unchronicled struggles during his youth, about the bald opportunism of his grab for a seat on the Supreme Court and about his interest in sexually explicit material in the Seventies and Eighties have further shaken an already tremulous reputation. It takes blind faith in his denial of the charges not to revisit the 1991 contest between Hill and Thomas and wonder about the justice's assumption of a seat on the nation's highest court.

The fresh assault on Thomas' integrity is bad enough for him, but the book raises the possibility of a fundamental contradiction between the justice's philosophy and his personal life—between a condemnation of what Thomas calls the excesses of self-indulgence and his pursuit of same. The allegations of Mayer and Abramson are centrally important because, if true, they demolish the foundation for Thomas' views.

He was nominated out of cynicism and confirmed, with a lean margin of support, after an epic struggle. Now he has been exposed in the kind of inquiry that, had its fruits been available the day before the vote on his nomination, he would not have been confirmed. If Thomas were squared off against Rush Limbaugh, not aligned with him, Limbaugh would be leading a savage campaign against the justice, wielding the sword of morality.

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When Thurgood Marshall died in 1993, his funeral at the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C. commanded the attendance of people of all persuasions. The legacy of Marshall's law made him a figure of biblical achievement. Thus far, the opposite must be said of Thomas, his successor.

Even before the contretemps about Thomas sparked by the Mayer–Abramson book, which again raise the possibility that as a justice he is simply a construct of political expediency, he seemed deeply sequestered from the rest of the Court, from the black community and from American life.

What he's hiding from seems apparent. In his position as a life-tenured justice, he can't escape reminders that he ascended to the Court for reasons he despises. The reminders will be with him as long as he serves on the Court. The story of the self-hating black man is not new in American life, but it has rarely had a protagonist whose anger has been so costly to so many other blacks.

"Of course it was a May–December romance! Would you expect a December–December romance?"

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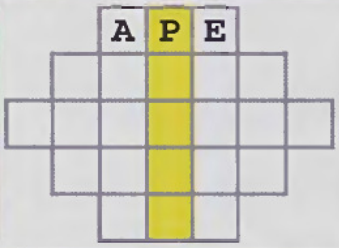
MYSTERY WORD GRID



WORD LIST

RANGE	ARC	QUEST	APE	TURBO
ASK	MAJOR	ANT	WINGS	ACE
MUTANTS	INDIANA	INVADER	RUNNING	CRAWLER
CHASE	EAT	TOWER	SIT	FLINT
PET	FRONT	SET	DREAM	FIT

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ICING ON THE CAKE

(continued from page 86)

fresh with me," Sara scolded him a little and then hugged him to her young bosom as if to say, "You're not that great a comedian, but it's nice that you're a rascal." They took her to the fights that night, a ritual for the two of them, and she sat between them, not asking questions and trying to cram in the pugilistic information, simply delighted to be sitting there with them and thrilled they were having such a good time.

To a certain degree, the old man, a slave to routine, had never really enjoyed leaving the city and journeying out to Workman's summer hideaways. The trips seemed like voyages to the end of the earth. Even in the old days, if Workman had simply let him alone, he would not have taken offense. The old man came out to buoy up his son's spirits. So, in a sense, once Workman had snapped up his new wife and rented the cabin, he was probably taking unfair advantage when he had Sara call the old man—in early September—to invite him out. Was the old-timer going to refuse her? No way. And Workman was positive, once his father arrived, that the old man would have a fine time, easing up on his strict diet and giving dishes like soft-shell crabs a try. It had worked out fine. After two days in the cabin, predictably, the old man had appeared with his bags packed and said, "I hear I'm wanted in the city." But Sara had simply taken the bags and led him back to his room, unpacking for him while he sat on the bed like a naughty child. And there had been no more talk about quick exits.

Now, comfortably private in his den, Workman could see them together through the screen, Sara shelling peas, poking his father in the belly, the old man getting up on his toes to do Raft at the Palace, Sara, overwhelmed with joy, leaping up to squeeze him and give him a delighted and unashamed kiss on the mouth.

The halftime show was over and Workman had two full quarters of bruising football to look forward to. He kicked out his legs and felt a satisfying elastic pull in the small of his back, a sensation he experienced only when he was totally relaxed. He had a heavy corona to puff on—the best the Canary Islands had to offer—and a cold gibson that would put a sharp edge on his appetite for the fine shellfish dinner coming up just after the game. Sara knew how important the game was to him and had timed the dinner so that it would be ready at the contest's end. The old man, grateful to his son for looking after him, would have killed ten men rather than disturb his privacy and comfort. By now, Workman knew the routine. Rather than disturb his son while he watched a game or a documentary, the old man, to spin away some time, would take one of his long, darkened strolls on the beach. But no longer were they solitary strolls. Now Sara would go along with him, taking his hand, teasing him, then running up ahead until they were beyond Workman's view. He wondered about his father and other women. Surely he had flashed that lightning smile on someone else before he met Workman's mother. How about those short, dark seamstresses down at the factory, who had gone to Workman's first wedding? It was difficult to envision the old man with anyone other than Workman's mom, but surely, in all those years, with that banjo and that tap-dancing style, there must have been others. And what about now? It was easy enough to picture Sara down at the beach, holding the old man's hand, then running up ahead and, if she got the urge, suddenly doing one of her wide and unself-conscious cartwheels in the sand, long country skirt flopping about her ears, yellow panties flashing at the moon. But what about the old man? What would he think of that? Did he still have those thoughts? And what about his follow-through? Could he still put over the deal? In his 70s? Maybe he'd like to reach into one of those cartwheels the way his son did. Ashamed of himself, Workman pulled a curtain down on these speculations and tried to concentrate on the game. Had he brought his only surviving parent all this distance so that he could brutally invade his privacy? Fling him writhing into the sand with his new wife, Sara? Throw filth at the two of them, the people he loved most in the world?

The cigar and a second gibson helped straighten out his thinking. So did the damp, lazy air. Before long, he was marveling at the thought of all those years he had spent in the wrong gear. He was crazy to get upset. Especially when, after one little adjustment, he now had it all: a gay, generous, delightful, open-spirited new wife and—the icing on the cake—his beloved father, finally easy and content and fully occupied during however many waning precious years God had allotted him.

"I'm from that noisy party upstairs. Guess what? We're out of ice."

"'Not bad for an older gal.' Then he told me I was hired and the pay was 75 bucks a night."

shouldn't have done it, but it's a difficult time for tryin' to be a reasonable man. Never hit anybody with your fists. They only do that in movies and certain dog-hole saloons in Texas. Breaks up your hands and you can't work. Can't work, can't eat. Can't eat, can't work. Can't work, can't buy beer. Can't buy beer, can't dance. That's the way it runs."

"I gotta pee," Linda said.

Jack slowed down and stopped along the road. "Watch out for moose. They're in rut this time of year. They see your bare bottom, there'll be a stampede of bulls down through those white birch trees with the yellow quaverin' leaves. And I ain't got no pool cue this time." He was beating the heel of his hand against the steering wheel, pretty close to keeping time with the music.

"I've had worse happen," said Linda. "On the whole, I'll take a moose in rut over men every time. Least you know what they're after for sure."

"Some truth in all that," Jack said. "Think maybe I should wander into the trees also, long as we're into bodily functions. I'll take a different route and promise not to look."

"Suit yourself. Won't bother me one way or the other." She walked up a mild slope into the birches, talking over her shoulder. "Better watch out for moose yourself. I saw an article 'while back about orangutans in Borneo or wherever, trying to get it on with both men and women."

"No kidding?" Jack said, angling off from the direction Linda was heading.

"That's what the article said," her voice coming from somewhere off in the trees. "What's your name, anyway?"

Jack was peeing on a log, trying to write the first letter of his first name.

"True name's Jack Carmine."

"I thought you said it was Erik something-or-other." She was buttoned up and walking. He could hear her boots coming through the leaves while he was finishing the crossbar on the J.

"That was last night, when I didn't know whether you might have second thoughts and decide to turn me over to whatever version of a posse the Norskies could rustle up. For some reason all I could think of was Erik the Red, so I said my name was Erik Redder." He zipped his jeans and walked back to the truck, where Linda was leaning on the door with her arms folded, looking at him through the open window.

"Who's Erik the Red?"

Jack started the truck and got it moving. "Norwegian navigator about a thousand years ago. Discovered Greenland, as I recall."

"How come you swatted that guy when he pulled off my G-string? He wasn't the first to try it."

"Just didn't seem right, that's all, him doin' that. Tell me, how come you were dancing all but naked in a place called the Rainbow Bar, anyway?"

"Beats workin' at the chicken-processing plant, which is what I was doin' before takin' up a new profession at the Rainbow. I was makin' $5.50 an hour at Northern Food Processors, working in somethin' approximating 48-degree temperatures and well on my way to carpal tunnel syndrome. The supervisor used to come down the line while I had my hands in chicken guts and run his hand over my rear when I couldn't fight back. One day he whispered in my ear, 'You ought to go down to the Rainbow when they have amateur night and show 'em how it's done.' Next time he put his hands on me, about two months ago, I let him have it with a load of cold chicken guts right in the face.

"After that I went down to the Rainbow, bypassin' amateur night altogether. The manager was a bag of poultry guts himself, like somethin' out of a real bad movie. Cliché is the word, I guess—sloppy fat, cigar, big pinkie ring. Leaned back in his office chair and said, 'If you're gonna be a strobe-light honey, I gotta see what ya look like. Take off your clothes.' So I took 'em off. He said, 'Ya got great tits and legs, sweetheart, and ya ain't bad lookin', either. Turn around for me a couple times.' I did just that, and he started kind of drizzlin' and said, 'Not bad for an older gal, not bad at all.' Then he told me I was hired and the pay was 75 bucks a night for what he called 'three performances of exotic dancin' per evening, startin' at 11.' A girl's got to live, so I decided right then and there to give the gin-and-skin routine a try. He said, 'Good, we'll call you Linda—Linda what? Linda Lobo. That'll look good in newspaper advertisements.'"

"Probably a dumb question here, but how'd you know what to do? Up on stage, I mean." Jack was taking the truck around a long curve past a small lake on the left, yellow leaves scattered on the smooth brown surface. Four does and a pair of yearlings drinking 50 yards down the shore lifted their heads, watching two pieces of flotsam drift past in a Chevy pickup with dented fenders.

"Like you said, dumb question. First off, the Rainbow crowd is a whole lot more concerned about quantity than quality. In case you haven't noticed, I've got a fair amount of the former, and that's what counts in the Rainbow. Beyond that, it don't take no trainin'. All women know how to shake it hard if they want to. Nature gave us that ability as a way of attracting you wonderful things called men. I just kind of pretended I was all wound up and—you know—doin' it."

"Doin' it," Jack said flatly, a little grin coming over his entire being. "As in doin' it with a man?"

"Man, another woman, moose, all the same. It don't require heavy thinkin', Texas Jack. You just pretend you're doin' it."

Merle Haggard jumped into *I Take a Lot of Pride in What I Am*, the electric bass shaking the little speakers almost to bits.

Linda reached over and fished Jack's cigarettes out of his shirt pocket. She tamped one on the dash, lit it and settled back. "Older woman showed me how to twirl my tassels."

"I saw you do that. Pretty fast. Whatever happened to your supervisor at the plant? He ever wander down to the Rainbow to get a better look?"

"He sure did. That was him you cracked with a pool cue last night after he tried to improve his view by tearin' off my G-string."

"C'mon—that was him?"

"Yep. Floyd Rattler. Ol' Floyd the Void, as we used to call him."

"Guess I helped you lose your dancin' job. Sorry about that."

"Not too much of a loss. I always viewed it as a temporary thing till somethin' better came along. Anyway, they were thinkin' about switchin' over to a new entertainment deal, somethin' to do with dwarf tossin' or female mud wrestlin' or topless women splashin' around in creamed corn, some variation on those things, maybe all of them together at the same time."

Jack Carmine lit a cigarette and shook his head, trying to imagine what combinations could be developed from mixing half-naked women, dwarfs and creamed corn: (1) dwarf refereeing match between mud-wrestling women, (2) half-naked women tackling naked dwarf eating creamed corn, (3) dwarf in bikini.

Merle dug himself a deeper hole in the tune.

"I always liked that song," Linda said. "It's kinda sad in a way—guy lookin' through the phone books, no matter what town he's in, tryin' to find his daddy. Got *Pancho and Lefty* on these tapes anyplace? I like that one, too."

"So do I. Think it's comin' up pretty soon. Look in the glove compartment, see if there's a Minnesota map in there. I've got no idea where we are."

She unfolded the map and studied it. Jack looked over at Linda Lobo. Her long hair was messed and windblown, but she still looked good to him—a long

way from perfect, but high cheekbones and nice lips, reminding him vaguely of how the actress Barbara Hershey looked in her salad days, back when she was doing *Boxcar Bertha* and other antisocial gems Jack liked. Linda was holding the cigarette in her left hand, staring at the map and tapping her boot toes.

"Lake Superior's straight ahead. Road stops there, dead-ends on 61 runnin' along the lakeshore. Goose the truck a little and we'll hit the water. Turn right at the lake and Silver Bay comes up. Left is a place called Little Marais. Where we goin', anyway?"

"Don't know. Texas eventually is where I'm headin'. Wanna go to Texas?"

"Just like that, go to Texas with you? I only learned your real name a few miles back. On the other hand, my options are somewhat narrowed down at the moment. Let's see how things run."

The rubber tires hummed toward the waves of Lake Superior, the road ending there while October was thinking about doing the same.

At the intersection with Route 61, Jack cocked a quarter between his thumb and forefinger. "Call it," he said.

"Heads, we go right." Linda took her bra off the mirror and stuffed it into her purse.

The quarter spun. He caught it and slapped it on his wrist. "Tails." He turned left with the sun running low behind them. "Hey, here come Merle and Willie with that song you wanted."

Both of them started singing along on the chorus.

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Ten miles farther on, Little Marais showed itself, nothing much beyond a liquor store and a mom-and-pop grocery. Jack and Linda went into the grocery store. He bought a loaf of bread, had the woman tending things cut an inch from a round of sharp cheddar cheese and picked up a jar of honey on impulse.

"Did you see anything you want?" he said to Linda.

She was in the rear of the store and didn't hear him. He walked over to an aisle and peeked down it. There were a few racks of clothing against the back wall, and Linda was fussing around.

She walked toward him with four small packages in her hand.

"Find what you need?" he said.

"Yep." She grinned, dangling two plastic-wrapped brassieres in front of her while she walked. "I'm amazed they have my size. Must be some healthy women in these parts. Got a couple of sets of things for farther down, also."

Jack and Linda walked to the clothes, which were all sized for men. Linda pushed hangers around until she found a smallish Levi's jacket. Jack pulled out a black turtleneck and held it up. "This might come close to fittin' you."

She took the sweater and looked down as she held it against her. "It'll work. Think I'll wear the jacket. I'm already feelin' chilly here in the late afternoon."

"Anything else?" the proprietor asked. She glanced at the front of Linda's shirt, then at the packaged bras on the counter. About time, she thought, still not understanding the imprudent and unapologetic generation coming along behind her.

Linda picked up some toothpaste and a toothbrush, a stick of deodorant and a pair of boot socks. She stood looking at a cardboard display of razors. "You use this kind?" She pointed.

"Yes, ma'am, when I'm shavin', the inclination for which comes and goes."

"I'll borrow yours. No point in havin' two of everything." She went back for a tube of shampoo and some makeup and laid the whole works on the counter.

The woman behind the cash register rang up the sale. Jack pulled a money clip from his left jeans pocket, peeled off three 20s from the roll and paid the bill. Linda pulled on the denim jacket and they went over to the liquor store.

"Howdy," an old man said when they walked in.

"Howdy back," said Jack Carmine. "Need some beer."

"Cold stuff is over there in the cooler." The old man jerked his head.

Jack picked up three six-packs of cold Moosehead and walked to the cash register, his chin pressed down on the top six-pack to steady the load. "Pretty quiet around here," he said, grinning.

"Gets quiet after Labor Day. Personally, I like it quiet. Better class of people come through after the summer tourists are gone. Upper-shelf people come around this time of year."

"Yeah, like us," Linda said under her breath. Jack smiled. The old man punching the cash register didn't hear.

"Any place to stay around here?" Jack asked, handing over some bills.

"Best Western just up the road. Right near the Onion River. Too early for skiing, so they'll have some rooms."

Back in the truck, driving north, Jack chewed on a stick of jerky and hummed.

"I'll be glad when the federal witness protection program comes up with something a little more permanent."

Linda opened two beers and a bag of nuts. Night was coming fast.

"I've got a little money in a Dillon bank. I'll pay my share when I get a chance to send for it," she said, dumping peanuts down her throat and following that with a wash of Moosehead.

"Don't worry about it. I collected nearly six months' wages before stopping in Dillon. Had 'em hold my summer money so I wouldn't piss it away."

"Well, I do worry about it. So I'll pay you back when I can. Used to payin' my own way."

"OK, it's up to you."

The Cliff Dweller Motel sat on the lakeshore, balconies jutting over a slope running down to the water. The parking lot was filled with cars.

"Want me to check on the rooms?" Linda asked.

"Fine with me."

She came out of the office a minute later. "Here's the deal. The man has a pair of rooms left. One's got two double beds at $46.50 but no lake view. The other's got a queen-size bed and a lake view, but it's 54 bucks."

"Want your own room?" Jack looked at her.

"No need to spend that kind of money. You seem OK to me. We can work it out." She smiled. "I've spent a night or two in these places with people I didn't know half as well as I know you. Besides, any man who'd coldcock someone to defend a lady's honor when her clothes are being torn off probably can be trusted."

"Let's go big time, then. Take the one with the lake view." He pulled out his money clip and handed 20s to her. "Ask him about somewhere to eat."

Linda nodded and walked to the office. When she opened the door she looked back at Jack Carmine and smiled, moving her head from side to side in a quick little way, as if some hidden song were beating its way through her brain.

•

They carried their gear into the room in one trip. Jack had an old blue duffel bag, which he put on top of the cooler for the portage. Linda carried a brown paper sack filled with her essentials.

She pulled the drapery cord, showing Lake Superior 30 feet down the slope. "Hey, this is real nice, balcony and everything, just like the man promised," she said, opening the sliding glass door.

Jack went out on the balcony and leaned on the wrought-iron railing. Two-foot waves were slapping the rocky shore. Off to the left was a stand of trees holding on to the last red-and-yellow things of autumn, leaves rattling in the lake breeze. They stood there for a few minutes, not saying anything, both of them squinting into a diagonal strip of sunlight running across the water from somewhere down toward Duluth.

"Geez Louise, I need a bath," Linda said. "Where's your razor?" She went into the bathroom with a beer, her brown paper sack and Jack's razor.

In a few minutes the room started smelling good, the way it always does when you're traveling with a woman. Jack sat on a corner of the balcony rail, drinking Moosehead and swinging his feet. He rubbed his cheek, felt three days of new whiskers poking at him. A young couple dressed in perfect L.L. Bean came out on their own balcony two rooms away. The man looked over at Jack and nodded.

"Evenin'," Jack said, trying to remember the last time he'd felt young. Long time ago. Long time.

He went back into the room just as Linda walked out of the bathroom with a big towel wrapped around her body and another one wrapped around her head. Jack wondered how old she was. Early 30s, he guessed, and holding up extraordinarily well, about as well as the towel was being held up by her breasts, which was a first-class holdup. Her legs weren't as long as they looked in her jeans and boots, but they were still long and just fine or a cut better. He'd always noticed that women seem bigger when they're dressed and a lot smaller and a lot less formidable without their clothes.

She turned on a little radio by the bed and moved the dial until a country music station came in. Jack went into the bathroom, shaved and got into the shower. Linda knocked on the door.

"Come on in," he said over the noise of the water.

"Mind if I brush my teeth while you're doin' what you're doin'?"

"No problem." Steam was pouring over the top of the shower curtain, water driving into his neck, soap running down his body. Jack was starting to feel somewhat younger. Somewhat.

"What's this thing lyin' here?"

"What thing?"

"With a strap and zipper pocket."

"Shoulder holster, where I carry my serious money, except for what I already wired to my bank in Alpine. Got my pocket picked of $700 in Vegas some years ago. Got the holster right after that. Don't like checks, like cash." He barely heard the door shutting as she went out. He combed his wet hair straight back and wrapped a towel around his hips. Linda was lying on the bed, looking out through the sliding glass door, chin on her folded hands.

"What did the man say about a restaurant?"

"Says there's one here at the motel and a place or two about 40 miles up the road in Grand Marais." She said it pensively, slowly kicking her feet where they hung over the edge of the bed.

Coming up on the late middle of his life, Jack Carmine leaned against the frame of the sliding door, one ankle

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crossed over the other and arms folded. It all fit—wearing a towel in a room on the shore of Lake Superior, sharing the room with a woman about whom he knew nothing.

"Most people don't do things like this," she said, coming out of whatever she'd been in.

"Do what?"

"Run out the back door of a place called the Rainbow Bar in Dillon, Minnesota with someone they don't even know and get in a truck and drive all day and end up here without any clothes on in a motel room."

"That's true. Country'd probably collapse if everybody behaved like this."

She was still looking out the glass door at Lake Superior. "Sometimes you—you just got to go, just got to get out of wherever you are. Catch the last plane out, like the song says. Know what I mean?"

"Gotcha. Think about all those dumb bastards suckin' each other's exhaust fumes in the Holland Tunnel about now or ridin' some clackin' commuter train out to the suburbs. I think about that a lot and swear I'll never ever come close to doin' it. Made that decision 30 years ago. Think they're any better off with their mortgages and retirement plans and full medical coverage than we are right now? Hell no, unless we get sick or old or need a house real fast."

"Your name really Jack Carmine?"

"Yep. Want a beer?"

"Sure. I'm gettin' the bed damp with this towel. Can you handle it if I take it off?"

"Yep, if I suck up a little discipline, which I ain't got much of, but some. You'll have to put up with me glancin' your way now and then, however. Maybe every 14 seconds or so."

She rolled over and slid the towel off her body, giving him a flash of her front side. "You look pretty good in a towel yourself, Jack Carmine. How do you stay thin, drinkin' beer the way you do?"

"Hard work and good genes. Mostly the latter, I'm guessin'." He was having a little trouble getting his heartbeat squared away. Linda was lying on her stomach again, arms curled around a pillow on which she was resting her head, looking back at him. Nice smooth body all clean and perfumed, her rear looking good and breasts pressing into the bed.

"I think I better sit down, if you don't mind. I'm havin' just a bit of trouble keepin' things under control. Don't get me wrong, I'm not pushin' for anything, just talkin' truth. There's certain involuntary aspects to being a man sometimes, some parts kinda takin' on a life all their own."

"Don't worry about it. I'm reasonably familiar with the idea. Nothin' to be embarrassed about." She patted the bed beside her. "Sit here if you want, I'm not worried."

A half hour later they were both lying on their stomachs, two feet apart. Jack had tossed his towel in the general direction of the bathroom ten minutes before.

"You know," she said, "there's something real nice about lying here talkin' with a man, both of us naked and yet not trying to get crazy right off the bat. Most men couldn't do that, and I appreciate it. It's bein' intimate without gettin' intimate. You done this before?"

Jack was tapping the lip of his beer bottle against the headboard and studying what he was doing, as if there were some Zenlike quality to it. "Well, for argument's sake, let's say I have. The trick is to get by that first surge of hormones and adrenaline and quiet down. Where'd you say you're from?"

"Altoona, Iowa. Right outside of Des Moines."

She rolled over, looking up at the ceiling. Her breasts were every bit as big and nice as he remembered from when he'd watched her dancing the night before in the Rainbow and along the country road a few hours earlier on this day. She blinked her eyes twice, still staring up at the ceiling with little sparkly things embedded in it. The radio was playing one of those nondescript songs—good music for country dancing, not too memorable beyond that.

"What'd you leave behind in Dillon?"

"Nothin' much. Rent was paid up, so I'm square with the landlord. A few clothes, mostly jeans and work duds. One decent dress I bought on a wild splurge last summer—62 bucks, on sale."

"Tell you what," Jack said, grinning at her. "I'll buy you a nice dress—real nice one—and all that goes with it. If you're stickin' with me for a while, or even if you ain't, we'll find a store in Duluth or Minneapolis or somewhere down the line, get you fitted out proper."

She smiled softly at him. "You don't have to do that."

"Know I don't have to, but I want to. Wanna watch you try on clothes. Something kind of sexy about watching a woman tryin' on new clothes, so I'll get my money's worth. I think it's because women like to do it so much. Makes you feel good just watchin'."

She put a hand on the small of his back and noticed an old, mean-looking scar on his right shoulder. "Jack Carmine, you're OK. How'd you learn so much about women?"

"Keep your head up, pay attention, things come along. Just know it, that's all. Gettin' hungry?"

"Yes. Wanna try the motel restaurant or what?"

"I'm votin' for the run up to Grand Marais. Somehow motel restaurants always seem about the same. I get this feelin' there's a cook and two waitresses follow me around the country, going to work wherever I stop. I look up from a menu I'm sure I've seen before and there's a biscuit shooter in a black-and-white uniform with a pink hankie in the pocket, and I swear I seen her in another restaurant back down the line."

Linda swung off the bed and padded toward the bathroom, grabbing her jeans and new sweater on the way. Jack liked to watch women walk away. More than that, he genuinely liked women, not only in bed but overall. Liked to watch them, talk with them, dance with them, and women picked up on it. They liked him because he liked them for all the things women are.

Linda came out of the bathroom looking good. Her jeans were a little dusty, but the new turtleneck sweater fit her near perfect, a touch on the baggy side, but close. She'd tied her long hair back with a pink ribbon from her purse.

Jack was lacing up his boots. He'd put on a clean flannel shirt, blue-and-white plaid this time, and his other pair of jeans. "Ready, dancin' lady?"

"You see one of those shoeshine cloths here?"

Jack looked in the closet, found one and tossed it to her.

She put one boot up on the luggage rack, then the other, running the cloth over them, then stood with both feet close together and looked down. "Kinda pathetic."

"Kinda just fine, I'd say." He pulled on a leather jacket that'd been down the road some. "You're looking real good in all respects."

"Thanks. It's good to hear that once in a while whether it's true or not."

"It's true tonight, and that's all that matters."

•

They went out of the room, big moon three days short of full and temperature dropping fast. Jack started singing, "Pancho was a bandit-boy," and the truck rolled north along the shore of big water, what the Indians called Gitche Gumee. Just under an hour later they came into Grand Marais.

"Man at the motel said there's a roadhouse," Linda said. "Harbor's Edge, Harbor somethin', can't remember."

"There it is, Harbor Light."

Jack swung into the parking lot. He opened the truck door partway, then stopped and said, "You hear what I hear? There's a band playin' in there. That's got promise, don't you think? Except they're playin' one of those new songs that strike me as a lot like what automobiles have come to be—can't tell 'em apart. Liked tail fins on cars, like the older songs better."

Linda smiled at him while they walked to the front door of the Harbor Light. "While you're on the subject of old, how old are you anyway, Jack Carmine?"

"Let's see, 46 right at the moment, and—uh-oh—47 tomorrow." He pulled

open the door and held it for her.

"Texas Jack turns into Birthday Jack. Why didn't you tell me?"

Jack started moving his hips and shoulders as if he were dancing. "Didn't think about it till you asked. Yep, tonight I'm doin' tangos and eatin' mangoes, grabbin' the last plane out. Goin' first-class in Grand Marais, insofar as that's possible at all."

The hostess came up to them, smiling and clutching menus to her chest. Jack grinned at her. "Best table in the house. It's my birthday tomorrow, and I'm suddenly near to out of control since I remembered it."

She smiled again and took them into the restaurant, gave them a nice table that looked out into a stand of conifers waving slowly in the night wind and laid menus in front of them.

"Something from the bar?"

Jack looked at Linda. "Scotch on the rocks," she said.

"Give her the best scotch you got."

"We have J&B."

"OK. Bring me two Mooseheads."

"Two?"

"Yes, ma'am, two. Got a last plane to catch in a little while. Need a runnin' start."

"There's no airport here," the hostess noted.

"Yes there is, only I'm the only one can see it, and the plane's leavin' shortly with the bandit-boy on board." Jack flattened out his hand and swooped it over the table.

The hostess looked at the ceiling for a moment with "another drunk" written on her face. "The waitress will bring your drinks in a moment." She walked away.

"I don't think she likes me," Jack said, grinning.

"She's just not used to highfliers, Jack. She'll come around. She'll be beggin' for your hand in marriage before the night's over. Trust me."

The waitress showed up with drinks.

"Who's playin' here tonight?" Jack asked.

"The Rusty Cadillacs. They're real good. Least, I like 'em."

He looked over at Linda. "Whaddya feel like, dancin' lady?"

She looked good. Face made up just a little, black hair all shining and gathered in the back with the pink ribbon. Last night she'd been swinging her breasts, flaming orange tassels twirling around.

"If you're worried about price, stop worryin'," he told her. "You like lobster?"

"I love lobster. Hardly ever had it in my life, though. You sure?"

He looked at the menu, talking to the waitress. "Says here you got lobster tails at market price, which is the price set by those boys up in Maine with all their holdin' ponds where they keep the lobsters so they can keep the price up, like with diamonds. Farmers been tryin' to do the same thing for years, but they're too dumb or stubborn to get organized." The waitress was nervous, pad and pencil ready. "Two big ol' lobster tails at market price is what we'll have."

"We're outta baked potatoes, but we got hash browns or fries."

"I'll have hash browns," Linda said. "Italian dressing on my salad."

"Same thing here," Jack grinned.

"Two lobster tails, hash browns and Eye-talian dressing. I'll be right back with your salads."

"Havin' fun?" Jack asked after the waitress left.

"So far, so good." Linda smiled and looked at him, tapping her knife to the Rusty Cadillacs playing somewhere in another part of the building. "This the way you do things most of the time? Drivin' around, eatin' lobster?"

"Sometimes, sometimes not. Depends how my moods and money are runnin'. Never solve anything just drivin' around in the truck. On the other hand, if that don't solve problems, not sure what does." He surveyed the big dining room with open rafters showing above them. "This strikes me as a real old building. Kinda like it. Like old things, things with a little living rubbed into 'em."

Linda continued to tap her knife and looked up at the ceiling. "That sort of fits us, doesn't it?"

"Me, not you. You're not old. These deep old lines in my cheeks ain't all due to hard wind and burnin' sun."

"Well, I'm 37 and startin' to sag a little, mentally for the most part. But I'm also noticin' a little droop here and there, enough so that my career as a strobe-light honey wouldn't have had long to run"—she spread her fingers, studied them—"except for my fingernails, which are doin' a lot better since I got outta the chicken plant."

"No sags or droops obvious to me, and I been lookin' pretty close for the last few hours. Besides, I like to think the gloss of age has its own charms." Jack grinned. "We goin' dancin' after the lobster, or you too tired?"

"Sure, let's go dancin'." Linda held up her drink and Jack tapped a Moosehead against it. She said, "Here's to whatever, anything better than twirlin' my tassels in the Rainbow in Dillon, front of all those gapin' mouths and droolin' chins."

"OK, we'll drink to anything better'n that, and we'll try to improve on things as we go along. But I gotta say, with some small amount of both truth and regret, you might have become the all-time world champion tassel twirler had you stuck with it."

"Well, thank you, I guess. Probably not the same as being a great violin player, but skill comes in all forms, and a lady's got to make the best of what she has." She started laughing.

"Let me in on the joke," he said.

"I was just thinkin' about how attendance at football games would go through the roof if we substituted my kinda twirlin' for baton twirlers during halftime."

"Want me to start workin' on it, take over as your bookin' agent? See it now, don't you? Fifty thousand people at ten bucks a head doin' that thing called the wave and eatin' hot dogs while they're watching Miss Linda Lobo twirlin' her tassels. I could stand out there on the field with a number 20 pool cue and act

"I think at this point you can stop asking permission, Steve."

as your protector. We could retire after one performance."

The butterflied lobster tails came along, slightly curled and bright orange-red. After the waitress set two cups of melted butter over warming candles and left, Linda said, "This is real nice. Feels kinda fancy and all, more than I'm used to, at any rate." She smiled at Texas Jack Carmine through the candlelight, and Jack was happy because Linda Lobo was happy.

When they'd finished eating and the waitress had cleared the table, Jack leaned back in his chair. "Well, how'd you feel about the lobster?"

"I felt like I was watchin' *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, only I was in it this time. It was real good, Jack. I'm glad you suggested it. Uh-oh, look what's comin' your way, I bet."

The waitress was carrying a small cake with a single candle stuck in the frosting. She marched up to the table. "Happy birthday from the Harbor Light. I'm supposed to sing the song, but I don't sing too well, but I will if you want."

Jack squinted at the waitress' name tag. "Pam, everybody sings good when they warm up to it. Just gotten so most people are so cold they can't get warm, think they can't sing. Don't worry about it. I'll do the singing if you promise to hum along. Deal?" She nodded.

Jack started singing in a croaky baritone, "Happy birthday to Jack . . . ," then stopped. "C'mon, Pam, you promised to hum along."

The waitress blushed and faltered into a low hum, standing there with her hands clenched together and pressed against her stomach. Linda smiled and sang along with Jack. When they finished, Jack dipped his fingers in the water glass and pinched out the flame. "My granddaddy always shut down birthday fire that way. 'Fight fire with water, Jack,' is what he used to say, 'and save your breath for runnin', 'cause you're gonna need it.'"

Four people sitting at a nearby table applauded. Jack turned in his chair and bowed to them. "Like some cake? I'll cut it thinner'n West Texas rain, make enough for everybody." They said no, but thanks anyway. So he cut it in thirds and insisted Pam take her piece along for later on.

Jack paid the bill and they went down a hallway in the general direction of the music. At the end of the hall was a crowded bar, and beyond the bar was a door that opened into the dance-hall portion of this more or less total entertainment complex in the north woods.

Above the Rusty Cadillacs was a red, white and blue banner: HAPPY ANNIVERSARY MR. & MRS. EDWARD THORVALD.

Jack pushed up to the bar, got two beers, and they went into the dance hall, which was about 75 feet long and 50 wide with tables around the edge and a low stage at the far end. The band was playing *Me and Bobby McGee*.

"Well, take it away, Leon!" Jack was clapping along with the music. "You do the Texas two-step, Miss Linda Lobo?"

"Never done it, seen it done on TV. Who's Leon?"

"Bob Wills' steel-guitar player in the old days. Bob used to say that when it was time for an instrumental break." He gestured toward the dance floor. "Wanna give it a try?"

She cocked her head, held out her arms and grinned at him. "Teach me."

"See, there's this little kind of shuffle-skip thing you do."

Two minutes later Linda Lobo was doing the Texas two-step better than Jack had ever done it in his wildest dreams. Doesn't mean she was great; it means Jack wasn't so great. But fun was the mission, and having wisdom of a kind that's pretty much been lost overall, they didn't let technique get in the way.

When the Cadillacs finished *Louisiana Saturday Night*, Jack's flannel shirt was soaked, sweat running down his chest and forehead. Dancing was a lot of work for him. Linda was a little red in the face but looked cool as you please otherwise.

Around 11, the band played a country version of a fanfare. "Like to bring Mr. and Mrs. Thorvald up here so we can give 'em a proper salute," the band's guitar player said into the microphone.

"By God, isn't that somethin'?" Jack said, looking down at Linda. "Forty years, for Christ's sake. Forty years they been married. Hell, if I added up all the married years of everyone I know, includin' seconds and thirds, it wouldn't total 40."

The Thorvalds were short and stout and stood with their arms around each other's backs, waving at the crowd. Linda was looking at them, looking sad in her own way. She tilted her head toward Jack, and he could see her eyes were wet. "That *is* somethin'," she said. "Takes a lotta carin' and patience to make it that far in one piece."

"Lotta love, too, don't you think?" Jack was smiling nice and easy.

"Lotta all those things, Jack. All those things that got away from some of us."

Jack put his arms around her, then reached up and brushed away a tear that had run down out of her left eye. She put her arms around him and stood on her tiptoes, kissing him soft and warm for a few seconds, then laid her head on his chest and watched the Thorvalds lead off the *Anniversary Waltz*.

"C'mon," Linda said quietly as other people moved out on the floor to join the Thorvalds. "Let's do the anniversary waltz." And they danced, as the others danced, with the Rusty Cadillacs playing the very best they could for this song and Jack dancing the very best he could for this song. He and Linda moved around the floor in waltz time with the others who had come to honor the Thorvalds and the night and all things caring and patient and loving in a world that was moving otherwise, all those things getting away from Linda Lobo and Texas Jack Carmine.

The conifers swayed outside, the big lake where the ore boats went was cold and getting rougher, and Jack danced with Linda while winter started moving south out of Canada toward Grand Marais, Minnesota.

DEATH OF A DECEIVER

(continued from page 94)

Heather and her mother on Holdrege Street. Teena had a number of jobs—pumping gas, working at convenience stores—but couldn't keep one for more than a few months. Once, she was fired when a manager caught her making out with Heather behind the cash register.

JoAnn Brandon blamed Heather for what was happening to Teena—the dressing as a boy, the expulsion, the firings, the stealing. By now, JoAnn and her other daughter had started to follow Teena. They had seen her carrying on with Heather, but they insisted it was some kind of experimental phase that Teena could, with guidance, snap out of. "All I want is to have my daughter back," JoAnn cried to Teena's friend Sara. "Do something." So Sara paid Heather a visit. When she arrived, Heather was on the phone.

"Tenna is really Teena," Sara said to Heather. "She's a girl. Look." She produced Teena's birth certificate.

Heather feigned surprise. "Oh, really?" she said distantly and went back to the telephone.

But if Heather already had some idea, her mother somehow hadn't. The next day, after Sara stopped by the bowling alley where Heather's mother worked and told her Heather was dating a girl, Mrs. Kuhfahl made Teena move out and insisted she leave Heather alone.

•

In January 1992, Sara Gapp, at the behest of JoAnn Brandon, tricked Teena into a car, telling her they were on their way to Hardee's. Instead, Teena was taken to Lincoln General Hospital, where the Brandons were waiting. After a consultation, a psychiatrist informed Teena that she was having a sexual identity crisis—as if she hadn't known—and dispatched her to the Lancaster County crisis center. She was released three days later, after doctors decided she wasn't a suicide threat.

JoAnn and Tammy persuaded Teena to attend the counseling sessions the doctors required, and sometimes they accompanied her. At first Teena refused to participate, sitting in her chair expressionless and cracking jokes. She was too embarrassed to discuss her sexuality with her family in the room.

JoAnn refused to give up. "I asked her point-blank, 'Hey, we can work through this. Are you a lesbian?'"

"That's disgusting," Teena replied. She had some gay male friends in Lincoln but refused to accompany them to parties where there would be lots of homosexuals. "I can't be with a woman that way. I love them the way a man does. It's like I'm really a man trapped inside this body."

Teena insisted she hadn't been physically involved with Heather. She leaned forward, elbow on table, hand to chin. "I'm going to be a virgin until the day I die," she announced.

They talked some more before Teena got to the subject she'd been blocking out for ten years. "Mom, I was raped," Teena said, choking on her tears. It had happened when she was a little girl, by a male relative who had also sexually abused Tammy. All three Brandons sobbed. Teena and her sister had never discussed it. Their mother was mortified by the revelation.

From that point on, it was virtually impossible to get Teena to talk to her psychiatrists. She preferred not to dredge up any more unhappy or complicated feelings, and no resolution was made about her identity or future. "They called her a compulsive liar," JoAnn recalled. "She stopped attending the sessions after two weeks. They said she didn't need any long-term care and let her go."

"After that," Tammy said, "we didn't know anything."

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Transsexuality, a predisposition to identify physically with the opposite sex, is a largely uncharted phenomenon, though it is not uncommon. Roughly one in 50,000 people is diagnosed as transsexual, and recent reports indicate that it is almost as likely among women as it is among men. Although sex-change surgery has been performed in America and Europe since the Fifties, many people who consider themselves to be transsexual have chosen to live as homosexuals, and sometimes transvestites, and to hold on to the bodies they were born with.

Some people consider transsexuality to be nothing more than repressed homosexuality. Indeed, some gay men and lesbians say that when they first became aware of their sexuality, they felt trapped, held captive in a body of the wrong sex. Some were also revolted by homosexuality, much like Teena. It is difficult to know whether Teena was a transsexual or a young woman struggling to come to terms with being a lesbian in an unyielding environment—brought up Catholic in a conservative town, with a grandmother who once called her and a gay cousin "faggots."

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Enjoying a popularity she had never known as a woman, the male Teena Brandon lived a peripatetic life. From the time that Teena met Heather to the end of 1993, Teena changed residences at least 19 times, moving in with newfound friends or, when she had to, bunking with family. "If he could stay somewhere one night, then turn it into two,

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or a week, he was happy," said one friend.

Constantly running from anything that grounded her to her old life, Teena's behavior grew increasingly troublesome. She continued to steal from people whenever she could. While living with Sara Gapp, she ran up an $895 phone bill and stole Gapp's automatic teller machine card. Teena forged checks from the account of her grandmother, who was angry enough to press charges. Her grandmother wasn't the only one to report her. From March 1991 to the end of 1993, Teena was charged with 18 crimes, mostly for forgery or failure to appear in court. She served several short jail terms. Most of the time, Teena stole only to buy her girlfriends gifts. If she made them happy enough, she figured, they wouldn't leave her.

During those three years, there were perhaps a dozen girls who claimed Billy Brinson, Brandon Tenna, Tenna Brandon, Brandon Teena or Brandon Yale as their beau. "Most of them were high school age and would go out with him for, like, a week, until they found out," said 18-year-old Daphne Gugat, who dated Teena in the fall of 1993. "But even after that, he would totally convince you that he was a guy." In fact, there were a few girls who were easily convinced and stayed with Teena for months.

With only 200,000 people, Lincoln didn't allow Teena to run far from her past. Often, when she had found a new circle of friends, an old acquaintance (or even a jealous former girlfriend) would arrive on the scene and blurt out that she was a woman. Other times, she would bump into a former schoolmate who would greet her as Teena.

Teena usually extricated herself from the confusion by telling people she was a hermaphrodite. "It means I was born with both sexes, but deep down inside I am a man," she would say. She had learned the term in biology class, but it didn't serve her that well. Most girls, even if they believed her, were scared away by its sheer freakishness. Time and again, a paramour would profess never to have suspected anything abnormal about Teena; one even said she saw Teena urinate standing up, and two girls, at the same time, claimed to be pregnant with Teena's baby.

In any case, Teena didn't seem to have trouble finding new people to con, new women to woo—women who desperately wanted to be charmed by a man who understood their needs. Her relationships were with girls whose ideal of a man had never been realized until they met Teena, girls with mostly troubled relationships with the men in their lives. Teena was their savior, attentive and affectionate. She was less awkward at 19 or 20 than most of the 16-year-old boys who were her competition. She had charisma. She wrote her girlfriends silly poetry, did their laundry and held their hands in public.

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But how did Teena satisfy their sexual needs? That was the trickiest part of the routine, requiring ingenuity on her end and perhaps some denial from her partners, most of whom were virgins. And there was the realistic plastic penis that she attached to herself.

Teena liked to begin sexual encounters with extended foreplay—lots of kissing and ear-nibbling, undressing her partners, sucking on their breasts. But she never allowed anyone to undress her. With all but a few girls, she kept her undershirt and boxer shorts on.

"One time I tried to go down on him," said one of the girls, "and he stopped me. I thought, Great, a guy who doesn't like it even more than I." But when Teena returned the attempted favor, it was glorious. For one of the first times in her life, the girl had an orgasm.

"After that, I don't think there was a time with him when I didn't come," the girl said. "Orally, going all the way, even dry humping." Teena's sex life depended on a population of girls who considered sex nothing more than something they did for their boyfriends. With Teena they began to understand what all the fuss was about.

"Brandon was my great awakening: Sex could be fun and natural," said a girl who had slept with only one boy before meeting Teena. It had been dull with her ex-boyfriend. She would spend a night at his parents' house every weekend and wait for it to be over, staring at the ceiling and looking at the *Star Wars* wallpaper, the *Star Wars* curtains.

Teena didn't rush girls into intercourse but instead asked them to let her know when they were ready. She told them she was a virgin. Most of the girls, meanwhile, were too inexperienced to realize that Teena was using a dildo and too shy to look at or touch what they thought was their boyfriend's penis. "I noticed that he could go a long time, and that he usually pulled out as soon as I had mine," recalled another girlfriend, one of the few girls to actually see Teena naked or discover the dildo. "But it wasn't until after he said he'd had a sex-change operation that I noticed it stayed hard afterward. When I asked him about it, he said it was because the only options after the surgery were for it to be hard all the time or for him to use a pump.

"Still, it was funny," she said. "Sometimes I'd feel through his pants and it'd be small, and sometimes it felt like he had a lot more."

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There were times when Teena hung around a cousin's dorm at the Lincoln School of Commerce looking for something to do. One day, in March 1993, Teena met Gina Bartu, a freckled 19-year-old secretarial student. It took Teena two days to ask her out, and in another three days, each had told the other "I love you." Soon, Teena had Gina's name tattooed on her arm. "You better not break up with me or I'm gonna have to date only Ginas," Teena would say.

What was it about Gina? Sometimes Teena sat up late at night with her buddies from work and talked about it: Heather had a killer body and knew how to have a good time. Some of the other girls were pretty cool if you told them what they wanted to hear. But Gina—well, she was shy and kind and had her act together. She was a farm girl from Crete, Nebraska, a college student, *and* she had a job. The kind of girl you could marry, Teena said.

And so one afternoon in late May, Teena sat on Gina's bed and waited for her to make her way back from class.

"I don't know how to say this," Teena said. "But will you marry me?"

"Yeah," Gina replied.

"He didn't have a ring yet," Gina recalled, "but he started planning our engagement party right away. He was a hopeless romantic."

The party was the biggest blowout Teena could manage. She rented three rooms at the Harvester Motel and wore a tuxedo. Only about 30 guests came, since Teena couldn't invite any friends from her past. But a few ex-girlfriends and a guy Gina had dated showed up. Teena ordered cigarettes and film from the front desk and snapped pictures all night. Pizzas were delivered, and a hot tub was filled with ice and beer.

Midway into the evening, Teena pulled Gina aside. "See, Gina, has anybody ever done anything like this for you before?" she said. She took Gina's hand and got down on bended knee: "Everybody, quiet." Teena delivered a formal proposal. "Brandon made a speech about how he was settling down," said Kendall Hawthorne, a friend Teena had met working at the state fair. "We all saw him as a ladies' man, but now he said it was time for him to stop looking. Gina was loving it."

They set May 28, 1994, one year from that night, as their wedding date.

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The truth is, Gina had some reservations about Teena. Two of Teena's ex-girlfriends had told her Teena was a girl and had even shown her a yearbook photo. She confronted Teena immediately, and Teena, flustered, dug her hands into her armpits and explained: She had been raised as a girl until the eighth grade, she said. Then she had had an operation in Omaha.

Soon after, Gina noticed Teena's small breasts. Teena said they would "take a

while to go away completely," and Gina remained credulous.

"Of course it bothered me, but I let it go," Gina said. "People believe what they want to when they're in love, you know? I mean, I just couldn't understand why a girl would trick you into that if she knew you liked the opposite sex."

Even more so than Heather, Gina clung to Teena, moving with her into a house shared by two gay men in their late 20s. Teena didn't have many belongings but always carried a faded photo of her father at the age of 18. "He loved to compare that picture to himself," Gina said. "They did look a lot alike."

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Such pathos swelled in Teena's psyche, such fear of rejection, that she continued her life of petty crime. She forged checks to buy groceries rather than simply allow Gina to pay. When Teena was brought to court on one charge, Gina reluctantly posted the $345 bail. Driving Teena home, Gina was livid. She had seen the arrest summons. What was with this "Teena Renee" business?

Teena confessed that she hadn't yet had the operation that would make her a full-fledged male. But, she insisted, she planned to, and some steps were already under way.

"He told me how all his other girlfriends had treated him like crap when they found out," Gina said, "and it made me really angry. I started thinking, What does it matter what a person is like physically? He was a man to me, and I'd never been happier in my life. I told him to get the operation if that's what he wanted to do. I said I'd stay with him."

Next month the mastectomy, Teena promised. When a month went by, Gina inquired about it. Teena responded, "I don't have the money." When she eventually confessed that she couldn't go through with it, Gina protested.

"All you care about is what society thinks," Teena said. "You think I have to fit society's definition of a man."

"If you aren't going to do it," Gina said, "then this has to end. It would just be too hard to deal with."

In late August, Gina got her own place and asked for some time to think. Teena grew desperate, stealing Gina's Montgomery Ward credit card and using it to buy her a diamond ring. When Gina got the bill, she confronted Teena, who denied the theft. They fought all over the house, upstairs, downstairs, in the bedroom, in the kitchen. It was their only real fight.

"We're not getting married, Brandon!" Gina screamed. "What were you thinking?"

"I always told you I'd come through with the ring," Teena said and smiled weakly. The two girls erupted in laughter. But it was too late.

Teena felt she had come so close to succeeding with Gina. It was like high school, the Army, old girlfriends all over again: She had come this close to what she wanted. She was devastated and began calling Gina and showing up at her apartment at all hours. Sometimes she would drop letters through Gina's mail slot. "I often think of what it would have been like if I had told you the truth from the beginning," one letter said. "Would you have stayed with me or gone away? I wanted to let you know how good I could treat you before you found out."

Gina didn't know what to do. She had been so enamored, but did this relationship make her a lesbian? She never answered Teena's letters.

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It was in November, two months after Gina ended their relationship, that Teena fled Lincoln. She owed money to too many people, some of whom had threatened her physically. She didn't tell her family or Gina when she took up residence two hours away in tiny Humboldt, crashing at a farmhouse shared by two girls, friends of someone she had dated in Lincoln. The house rented for $100 a month and stood on a modest hill, shedding gray paint and fronted by a wooden step porch.

Teena didn't stay single for long. In December she began dating Lana Tisdel, whom she had met at a party in Falls City. Lana was a 19-year-old strawberry blonde who was as easily won as Teena's previous conquests. "Other guys in this town don't give a girl flowers," Lana told her friends.

For more than a week the two were inseparable, sharing a couch at Lana's house every night, watching the country music television channel all day. Lana's mother was impressed by Teena's politeness, and Lana's friends—including her former boyfriend John Lotter, 22, and Tom Nissen, 21, whom she'd also dated—got on well with Teena also.

Even within economically anemic Falls City, families such as the Tisdels, Lotters and Nissens were outcasts. Lana's mother, Linda Gutierres, supported a family of six with a $346 disability check she received monthly as the result of a stabbing by a former husband. John Lotter lived with his mother, an older brother, two sisters and three of his sister's children in a small three-bedroom house. To their peers in Falls City, they were marginalized, unpopular dropouts and derelicts.

The pokey, backwoods character of Falls City blinded Teena to the narrow-mindedness she was up against there. For all their lack of sophistication, those in Teena's coterie in Lincoln were permissive people, and quite a number had had gay friends, black friends and other associations considered vagaries in parts

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of rural America. But Teena's friends in Falls City were a different sort entirely.

The beginning of the end came December 15, when Teena arrived at the courthouse for a hearing on a charge of alcohol possession. She handed over her fake ID, but when it was discovered that she had forged a friend's check, Teena was jailed—in a women's cell.

During Teena's eight days in jail, much of the town learned she was in a women's cell. Lana visited her several times and, naturally, received the hermaphrodite story.

Seeing Teena locked up and crying, Lana was distraught. Like the girls before her, she was confused by the issue of Teena's gender. She still cared for Teena and wanted to post her bail.

"Don't you dare," her mother said. "And don't get any ideas about letting him in this house ever again."

On December 23, Lana took a signed, blank check her father had given her for a perm and cashed it in order to post Teena's $250 bail. Because Lana was under 21, she had to find somebody else to tender the money. She asked Tom Nissen, a gaunt fellow with a sparse mustache and light brown hair. "The agreement," Nissen told me from jail, "was that Brandon was going to show her what sex he was."

Indeed, Lana's friends and family were troubled by the way Lana was still drawn to Teena. Lana's mother suggested committing her daughter to a psychiatric unit for a month "so she could drill it into her own mind that Brandon is actually a she."

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Although they were roughly the same age, John Lotter and Tom Nissen had met only recently, through Lana. Tom had lived with his father in Mississippi, but at 13 moved in with his mother, Sharon, near Falls City. He had run away from home several times, and his mother sent him to Blue Valley Mental Health Center. "I said, 'This child's not right. I don't know what it is.' If he'd done something wrong, or if you were mad at him, he'd just stand and let you scream at him.

"He was never violent, except to himself. He shot himself in the shoulder and blamed someone else. If you saw him with all his clothes off, you'd think he'd been in an accident—there are scars all over his body. Three years ago he cut his arm so bad with a butcher knife they had to take him to a plastic surgeon. It was like he'd tried to saw it off."

When he was 19, Tom married Kandi Gibson, a girl he had known in high school. In 1991 Kandi gave birth to a daughter they named Tiffany. The next year Tom went to jail for arson. He had burned down a neighboring house and garage.

Tom spent nine months in jail in Lincoln. He wrote often to his mother. "He did all right when he was there," she said. "He got his GED, he was working with computers, he got counseling. He said he was sorry." Tom went back to Falls City in May 1993. Although Kandi was pregnant with their second child, Tom soon started dating Missy Gutierres, Lana Tisdel's 18-year-old aunt. Then he got involved with Lana. It was confusing, but Tom seemed happy with the arrangement.

More of a follower, Tom yearned for the acceptance of a rake like John Lotter. John was boorish, with beady eyes and a wild mane of dark hair. His kindergarten teacher remembers him biting children and calling them motherfuckers.

John was away from his family for most of his youth—in foster homes, Boys Town, even jail (for stealing a car). But in 1990, at 18, he returned to Falls City and dated Lana on and off.

Mostly it was John's temper that got him into trouble. He once ran seven guys out of Kwik Shop all by himself when they made fun of Lana's lisp. It had been years since he and Lana had gone out, but loyalty was his subscribed virtue. He told friends he would still do anything for her.

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On Christmas Eve Teena was supposed to meet Lana at a party at Nissen's house, a white stucco box in the middle of Falls City. Although Teena had been out of jail for a day, Lotter and Nissen still didn't think Lana knew that Teena was a woman. Lana said they were intent on proving it to her. Nissen, in a phone interview that took place from jail nine months later, maintained that Lana should have known what was to come. Lana denied having any knowledge of what Tom and John were going to do.

At the party, Lana's eyes flitted around the living room. There were only about a dozen people there, some whiskey, some beer, a Christmas tree listing in the corner. Where the hell was Brandon? She wandered toward the bathroom and found Teena, Tom and John standing next to the tub, poised for a showdown.

"Has he shown you?" John asked Lana.

"Shown me what?" She pretended not to know.

"What's in his pants," John said.

"I don't care what's in his pants!" Lana said. "It doesn't matter to me what's in his pants!"

In a single motion, Tom grabbed Teena and pulled her arms behind her back. John tugged her jeans and boxer shorts down around her ankles. Lana covered her eyes.

"Look at him," John said between gritted teeth. "Look, or Tom is gonna keep holding him like that." Lana turned her head and peeked between her fingers.

John and Tom then marched Teena out of the bathroom and held her in front of the guests.

"Yep, it's a girl," Lotter announced.

"Ain't got no thing hanging down there," Nissen said.

Soon everyone, including John and Tom, filed out of the house and went to a bar called the Oasis. Lana walked with Teena to the nearby Stephenson Hotel, where Teena telephoned her roommates in Humboldt to come get her. John and Tom showed up at the hotel and told Lana that they had run into her mother, who wanted her home. Lana told Teena she'd be back in a second. "Don't leave me" was the last thing Teena said to Lana that night. John and Tom took Teena back to Tom's house. It was now Christmas Day.

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According to sources in the Richardson County Attorney's office, the following events then took place: With John Lotter looking on, Tom Nissen beat Teena. He struck her in the face, kicked her in the ribs and stomped on her back. The chief of the Falls City police, Norman Hemmerling, would later testify that Teena had a welt shaped like the sole of a boot on her back. According to Lana's friends, the two boys had told Teena that they were angry that she ripped off their friends. Lana had used her father's money to bail Teena out of jail, they said, and now Lana was in big trouble with her parents.

John and Tom forced Teena into Lotter's Ford Crown Victoria. "All three of us were in the front seat," Nissen recalled. "Brandon was between me and John. We started riding around with her, and I think John said he was going to fuck her. Then Brandon said, 'Come on, guys, it doesn't have to be like this.' The car got stuck in a ditch off the road, and I just had on my windbreaker. And when Brandon got out to help me jack up the car, he kept offering me his jacket. I said, 'No. You better keep it on.' Then me and Brandon went across the road to this building that must have been an old schoolhouse or something, looking for bricks to put under the tires to get some traction. I came back and told John I could see a yard with a light on, and I went to get this farmer to tow us out."

John Lotter concealed Teena in the backseat while Nissen and the farmer towed the car back onto the road. Nissen drove further, finally turning off behind a Hormel pig-buying station. After he cut the engine, the boys attacked Teena in the backseat of the car. She put up a struggle. "You can either have the shit beat out of you or not," Nissen told her, "and then have it happen anyway."

Then Lotter and Nissen raped Teena.

"I went first," Nissen said. "Then John. I think it just sort of happened. I'd never done it before. I don't know that it

wasn't more of an ego thing. I felt like I'd been fucked. Me and Brandon had a long conversation that evening, in the bathroom. I told him, 'I don't have anything against you. If you had just been straight with me, I would have understood.' Brandon started to feed me another line how he was going to have a sex operation. John was really upset with the whole situation. Maybe he still wished he was going out with Lana."

Perhaps, for John Lotter and Tom Nissen, it was the only retribution they could exact for the embarrassment they felt in being duped by an ex-girlfriend's new boyfriend. After all, it was just before Lana met Teena that she had been sleeping with Tom. And John dated Lana for years.

At six A.M., Teena was at the Tisdels' door, barefoot and with no coat, out of breath and bleeding from her mouth. Her jeans were muddied up to the knees. Her hands were dirty. And her undershirt—she always wore an undershirt—was missing. An ambulance was called to take Teena to the hospital.

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The phone rang in Tammy Brandon's apartment. She hoped it would be Teena. It was Christmas Day and she hadn't seen or heard from her sister in weeks. She didn't even know where to find her these days.

"Tammy?" Teena seemed to be hyperventilating.

"Calm down," Tammy said. "Where are you?"

Teena told Tammy about her exodus to Humboldt, about Lana, about being raped. In a way, it taxed her heart more to talk about it than to endure it.

"Do you hate me for what I am?" Teena asked. She was so ashamed, her reputation now shot to hell in the worst way she could imagine. She didn't know if she could tell her mother.

"Let me call Mom first," Tammy said.

"Tammy?"

"Yeah?"

"I didn't cry the whole time. I wasn't going to give them the satisfaction."

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Charles Laux, Richardson County's sheriff, came on the case dogged by problems of his own. Laux was being investigated by the Nebraska attorney general for selling used cars without a dealer's license. A city clerk says the town had temporarily withheld two of his paychecks for inadequate service.

According to the Brandons, Laux was not much help to Teena. When he questioned Teena on the afternoon of Christmas Day, Laux reportedly asked her, "Why do you prefer females?" and "Why did you take your pants down for those boys?"

Although a report from the Falls City hospital confirmed that Teena had been raped, Laux said he found inconsistencies in her statement: Initially, she claimed to have been raped once, then said twice. And she said both John and Tom had beaten her, but then said it was just Tom. Deputy Sheriff Tom Olberding, a friend of Lotter's, saw Teena that day, too. "There was no doubt in my mind it happened," he would say the following week, "but you have to get statements from the other side. You just can't go running around arresting people."

So Olberding and Laux didn't bring

Dying to be a man: Teena, with fiancée Gina's name tattooed on her arm, at the house they shared in Lincoln, Nebraska; below, a studio portrait that was taken in 1993.

John and Tom in for questioning until three days later, on December 28. The two men denied raping Teena. Tom admitted to Olberding that he had heard Teena say "Don't hurt me" when John got in the backseat of the car with her, and he conceded that "clothing was removed," according to Olberding's sworn statement. Still, no arrests were made.

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JoAnn Brandon felt helpless when she heard about Teena's rape, just as she had when she learned that Teena had been molested as a child. But she also felt some relief just to hear from Teena and know that her daughter would still come to her in a time of crisis. All that week Teena called home. She had a few things in Falls City to straighten out before she could come home—the alcohol and the forgery charges—and had a court hearing on the 31st. In the meantime, Teena said, she could be reached at the farmhouse in Humboldt.

Tammy phoned the State Patrol and, a few times, called Sheriff Laux, asking why no arrests had been made. Teena wasn't safe with those boys at large, Tammy pleaded. They had told Teena they were going to silence her permanently if she talked about the rape.

Back in Falls City, Lana Tisdel's sister had fought with her boyfriend, Phillip DeVine, who was visiting from out of town. Teena had seen Phillip in Falls City on Thursday, the 30th, and suggested that he stay in the farmhouse with her and one of her roommates, Lisa Lambert, whom Phillip also knew. It would be the three of them that night, plus Lisa's nine-month-old baby, Tanner.

By Thursday, Sheriff Laux' investigators decided that they had enough information on the rape case. They put reports calling for Nissen's and Lotter's arrests on the desk of County Attorney Douglas Merz. Merz said he was in court that afternoon and that the arrests would have to wait a day.

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Sometime before one A.M. on Friday, John Lotter had shown up at the house of his friend Eddie Bennett. Eddie was sitting in the living room. John went inside and stayed for less than ten minutes. He knew Eddie kept a .38 revolver in his sock drawer. On New Year's Day, Eddie would report the gun missing.

Around one A.M., John and Tom Nissen arrived at Lana Tisdel's house, staggering and slurring their words. John was wearing gloves, which he didn't normally do. Tom asked Lana's mother where Teena was. "I think she's out in Humboldt," came the reply.

"I'm going to put a knife in my hand and kill somebody," he said to Lana's sister. Then he looked at Lana and added, "And you're next." Lana would later say that she didn't think Lotter was serious. It didn't occur to her to call the farmhouse in Humboldt and warn Teena, or to phone the cops.

Lotter and Nissen drove to Humboldt. "Basically, we said 'Let's go scare the shit out of them,'" Nissen said, describing the murders. "From the way events took place, I would say John probably had a plan. There wasn't much conversation." Nissen said the murders took him by surprise, that he and John had not discussed them beforehand. "This is the way it went, OK? John kicked in the door and we entered the

residence. I found a light in the living room and turned it on. We entered Lisa Lambert's bedroom. Lisa had picked up the phone and was trying to call someone. John took the phone out of her hand and hung it up.

"There was a waterbed in Lisa's bedroom. Brandon was on the floor at the end of the bed, covered by a blanket, hiding. I pulled Brandon off the floor and sat on the edge of the bed. Lisa said to me, 'Tom, don't let him hurt me,' because John had the gun. I was kind of surprised when she said my name. I'd never met her but she knew me, because she had seen me around, I guess.

"I don't recall even a whimper from Brandon. Brandon was shot then. Both times. I don't know how to put it in words, to be honest with you," Nissen said. "If I had known that they were going to be killed, I think I would have run the car off the road into a telephone pole on the way there, killed us instead. But I couldn't have just turned back. It was kind of a matter of pride."

When asked about the knife that had punctured Teena's liver, and her skull being crushed, Nissen replied: "The report that her skull was crushed, that was caused by a bullet entering her head," he said. "The stabbing, well, that was me. It just kind of happened all so fast. I couldn't tell [if she was already dead]. I honestly don't know. Were you ever caught up in a moment before?"

Nissen said that after Lotter fired the gun, Lisa's baby began to cry. "So I picked him up, trying to get him to calm down. And she said, 'Tom, will you give me my baby?' And I said, 'Yeah,' and gave it to her. Then the gun was fired again. At Lisa. It hit her between the stomach and the chest, and she bled a lot. Then I remember I looked at John, and I didn't feel drunk anymore. I didn't say anything to him. Then Lisa said to me, 'Take my baby. Promise he won't be hurt.' So I put him back in the baby bed, gave him a bottle. Then Lisa was hit in the eye.

"So then I left the room and found Phillip in another bedroom, and he started to holler, 'I didn't see nothing. I won't tell nobody. Can't we work this out?' At that point it was obvious no one was going to walk out of there. And we went into the living room and Phillip sat down on the couch. Then the gun was fired, twice.

"I thought about my kids and my wife. I do believe that if I had to do it over again, I would have stood in front of Lisa and taken her bullet. Brandon didn't deserve to die either. But I don't feel real guilty about killing her. I think she probably would have been killed by someone anyway. I've met people in prison who knew her in Lincoln. She had people out to get her. People said they knew people that wanted to do that to her too. But when I think about stabbing her, it pretty much does me in. With Phillip, I'd say I'm sorry he's gone. I feel pretty bad about just being involved in it. My biggest problem is with Lisa. She was a mother. I think about her little boy growing up. Someday he will find out that somebody murdered his mom. I'd imagine it could cause quite a bit of anger, growing up without a mom. Anger will make a person do terrible things. He could take some of the same paths I did. And I'd hate to see someone end up like me because of something I took part in."

The three bodies were discovered several hours later, on the morning of December 31, by Lisa's mother, who had worried when she heard that Lisa had not shown up for work. It was three years to the day since Teena's sweet, nervous date at Holiday Skate World, her very first appearance as a boy.

At five P.M. on December 31, local police pulled up to Tom Nissen's house and found Tom and John Lotter in the front room, playing cards. Eddie Bennett's gun and a folding knife were found the next day on the frozen Nemaha River just off Highway 73. Ballistics tests proved that the bullets used in the murders came from the gun.

Lotter was charged with murder, kidnapping and sexual assault and Nissen was charged with murder, kidnapping and aiding and abetting the assault. Both men are awaiting trials in the early months of 1995. If found guilty, both could face the death penalty. The two were being held at the same prison in Lincoln, though they were not allowed to see or speak with each other. Both have pleaded not guilty in pretrial hearings. (Nissen's words here mark the first public statement about the case from either man; Lotter did not respond to requests for an interview.) Nissen said his lawyer is encouraging him to testify against Lotter and cop a plea. After Lotter was moved to a higher-security prison for tearing the plumbing from his cell wall, locals began to speculate that

he may try to get himself acquitted on some sort of insanity plea.

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Although County Attorney Merz was initially slated to prosecute Lotter and Nissen, a judge has stepped in and appointed an independent prosecutor from Lincoln to help Merz. The Brandon family is in the process of filing a wrongful-death suit against Laux and Richardson County. They hope the state will determine whether Lana had any complicity in Teena's rape and murder. Even though Lana had helped her after the rape, Teena told her mother she was afraid of Lana. The Brandons were shocked to see Lana and her mother on *A Current Affair*. Michelle Lotter—John's sister and Lana's best friend—even accompanied the Tisdels on *The Maury Povich Show*. At the March arraignments for Lotter, the Tisdels talked and joked with him from the courtroom seats. For some time after his arrest, Tom Nissen continued his romantic involvement with Lana's aunt Missy.

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Teena was buried in her favorite clothes—a black rugby shirt, matching cowboy hat and cowboy boots—beside her father, Patrick Brandon, at Lincoln Memorial Park Cemetery. At her funeral, mourners who knew her as Teena sat mostly on the left-hand side of the aisle. Those who knew her as a boy sat on the right. Today, dozens of girls who knew or dated Teena leave flowers and notes at her grave.

After the funeral, Teena's former fiancée, Gina Bartu, followed Lana Tisdel's car to a Long John Silver's. Something had been on her mind since she had learned of Teena's death.

"Did Brandon ever tell you about his friends in Lincoln?" Gina asked Lana.

"Not really," Lana said, "except for this one girl and how much that he still loved her."

Gina drove away feeling both better and worse than she ever had in her entire life. If only she had stayed with Teena, she thought, Teena wouldn't have gone to Humboldt and wouldn't have been raped and murdered.

Gina tried dating a man, but he balked when he learned about Teena. He said it made him "uncomfortable." Sometimes Gina fantasizes about moving away and starting over.

"I always hoped that if he'd work things out for himself," Gina said, "maybe someday we could still get married. The relationship was way too good to be true. But I don't regret one bit of it. He made me fall in love with him on the inside."

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

WIRED
Page 26: "All in a Mall": **Consumer information system** by *Penguin Interactive Media*, 800-761-3463. "Digital Jeeves": **Electronic organizer** by *Apple Computer*, 800-708-7827. **Software** by *Star Core*, 800-708-7827. **Electronic organizers:** By *Smith Corona*, 800-669-3291. By *Sharp*, 800-237-4277. By *Day Runner*, 800-635-5544. "Wild Things": **Message Watch** by *Seiko*, 800-456-5600. **Computer mouse pads** by *Mad Mats*, 800-959-8198. **Electronic sleep machine** by *Radio Shack*, 800-843-7422.

STYLE
Page 28: "Two for the Show": **Sports jackets:** By *Barry Bricken*, at Family Britches, Greenwich, CT, 203-869-1326. By *Wilke-Rodriguez*, at Bloomingdale's, NYC, 212-705-2000. By *Donna Karan*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. By *Vestimenta*, at Ultimo, Chicago, 312-787-0906. By *Hugo by Hugo Boss*, at Ron Herman/Fred Segal Melrose, Los Angeles, 213-651-3342. "Fancy Pants": **Jeans:** By *Matthew Batanian*, at Barneys New York. By *Katharine Hamnett*, at Charivari 57, NYC, 212-333-4040. By *Gaspar Saldanha*, at Bloomingdale's. *A.P.C.*, 212-966-9685. By *John Bartlett*, 212-647-9409. By *Arckitoure*, at Charivari 57, NYC. "Clothes Line": **Shirts** by *Montel Williams for St. Remo*, at fine department stores. **Jeans** by *Armani*, 800-717-2929. **T-shirts** by *Calvin Klein*, at Bloomingdale's, Macy's and Saks Fifth Avenue. **Shoes** by *Havana Joe*, 800-848-2774. "Old Money": **Cuff links** by *Bulgari*, at Bulgari, NYC, 212-315-9000. **Watch** by *Corum*, at Tourneau. **Coin rings** by *Elizabeth Locke*, at Elizabeth Locke, NYC, 212-744-7878. **Lapel pins** and **cuff links** by *Antique Jewel Box*, write: P.O. Box 203, Burke, VA 22015. **Pendant** by *Temple St. Claire Carr*, at Barneys New York.

THE SOFT SIDE OF DANNY GLOVER
Page 89: **Sweater** by *Ballantyne Cashmere*, at Cashmere Cashmere, NYC, 212-935-2522 or 212-988-5252, and Chicago, 312-337-6558. **Tuxedo** by *Bill Kaiserman*, at Allure, Philadelphia, 215-561-4242; to order, 800-638-8170. Page 90: **Sweater** by *Calvin Klein*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC, 212-753-7300. **Jeans** by *Joop*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Tweed cap** by *Jonathon Richard of Ireland*, at Mark Shale, Willowbrook, IL, 800-488-2686. Page 91: **Sweatshirt** by *Belford Men*, at fine department stores. **Jacket** by *Donna Karan*, at specialty stores. **Sweater** by *Ballantyne Cashmere*, at Cashmere Cashmere, see above for listings. **Sweatpants** by *DKNY*, at I. Magnin.

ALL THAT GLITTERS
Pages 96–97: **Highball glass** at Elements, Chicago, 312-642-6574. **Decanter** by *Georg Jensen*, at Georg Jensen, Chicago, 312-642-9160. **Corkscrew** by *Cartier*, at Cartier, Chicago, 312-266-7440. **Rocks glass** by *Baccarat*, at Table of Contents, Chicago, 312-644-9004. **Ice tongs** by *Georg Jensen*. **Martini glass** by *Orrefors*, at Table of Contents. **Brandy glass** and **coaster** by *Cartier*, at Cartier. **Cocktail shaker** by *Alessi*, at Table of Contents. **Champagne glass** by *Sugahara*, at Elements. **Spoon** by *Georg Jensen*.

VOICE RECOGNITION
Pages 116–118: **Voice recognition products:** By *Voice Powered Technology*, 800-743-2000. By *AT&T*, 800-325-7466. By *MCI*, 800-888-8000. By *Sprint*, 800-PIN-DROP. By *Lexus*, 800-255-3587. By *Lincoln-Mercury*, 800-392-3673. By *Motorola*, 800-331-6456. By *Nokia*, 800-84-NOKIA. By *OKI*, 800-554-3112. By *Clarion*, 800-GO-CLARION. By *Amerigon, Inc.*, 818-932-1200. By *Microsoft Corp.*, 800-426-9400. By *Apple Computers*, 800-767-2775. By *Compaq*, 800-345-1518. By *Verbex Voice Systems*, 800-275-8729. By *IBM*, 800-TALK-2ME. By *Dragon Systems*, 800-825-5897. By *Articulate Systems*, 800-443-7077.

ON THE SCENE
Page 201: **Money clips:** By *Elements*, at Elements, Chicago, 312-642-6574. At RH Creations, Raleigh, NC, 919-781-1949. By *Gucci*, at Gucci, Chicago, 312-664-5504. By *Polo*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Chicago, 312-280-1655. By *Pop Art*, at Pop Art, Beverly Hills, 800-567-6727.

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GET CLIPPED

The concept of a clamp for paper currency carried on one's person dates back to the mid-1800s. Early versions were crudely fashioned out of wire, but it didn't take jewelers long to turn the money clip into gold and silver status symbols. Clips lost favor in the Sixties (too frivolous, perhaps?), but now that accessories for men—from lapel pins to ear studs—are back, it's only natural that money clips would enjoy a renaissance, too. The latest ones include stainless-steel styles decorated with vintage-looking postage stamps, such as the Babe Ruth clip below, sterling-silver abstract shapes and even original cigar bands. Remember: When picking up a check, peeling bills from a handsome clip beats fumbling through a dilapidated wallet every time.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Clockwise from top: Brushed stainless-steel money clip housing a knife, scissors and a file and topped with Babe Ruth postage stamps issued in 1983, by RH Creations, $60. Abstract sterling-silver money clip, by Gucci, $225. Sterling-silver money clip decorated with a Cuban Cohiba cigar band, $75. (Cohibas are Castro's favorite smoke.) Sterling-silver dollar-sign money clip, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, $125. Brass, copper and sterling-silver money clip designed by Thomas Mann, a jewelry maker in New Orleans who works in various metals, from Elements, $80.

Where & How to Buy on page 199.

Just Hold the Pearls

KAITLIN HOPKINS (left) and PAIGE TURCO must have listened to their mothers say a black dress is always appropriate. Both are former soap stars (Hopkins on *Another World*, Turco on *All My Children*). Hopkins is doing a TV pilot called *Electronic Highway*; Turco, the movie *Cyberstorm*. Let's hear it for Mom.

© BRUNDA SHENCK/CELEBRITY PHOTO

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

The Glimmer Twins Shimmer

MICK JAGGER and KEITH RICHARDS are at it again. A high-profile world tour winds up its North American leg and *Voodoo Lounge* is strong on the charts. It's not an age thing. It's only rock and roll, and we like it.

© SCOTT DOWNIE/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Band Boy

Songwriter with an attitude HENRY ROLLINS waves a white flag. Has he had enough of being stereotyped or is he happy Lollapalooza '94 is over? Get his LP *Weight* and see.

© CLEMENS RIVAS/KITKA

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Dread Head

LENNY KRAVITZ rocked the Stones' crowd when he opened for them on some Voodoo Lounge dates. Look for his new album and a U.S. tour early this year. Hear the guitar wail. See the hair flail. Lenny's back in town.

©KEN SETTLE

It's Not the Meat, It's the Motion

MEAT LOAF's comeback album, *Bat Out of Hell II*, has gone quadruple platinum and he'll be packing in the concert-goers until early 1995. So why's he pointing at the twins? Inspiration.

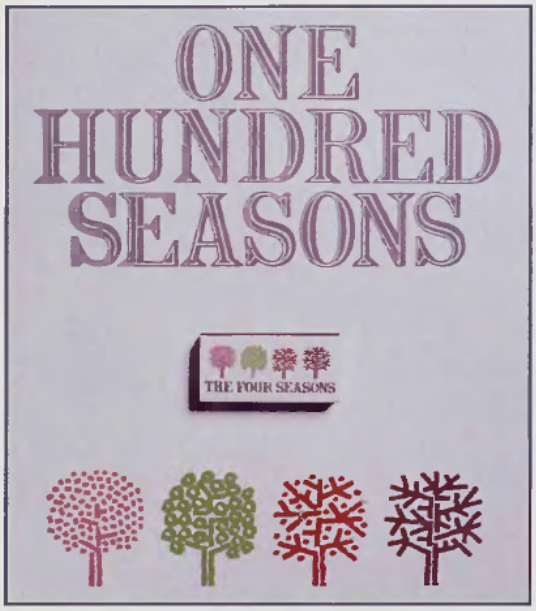
Seeing Double

CHRISTINE (left) and JACQUELINE ARTECONA are twins, for real. Both have appeared on *Baywatch* and both can be found in *Fantasy 18 Golf Calendar 1995*. Jacqueline won Miss Spring Break USA 1993 and Christine is also in 1995's *Glamour Girls Calendar*. Winning is good. Showing up is even better.

BARRY ROSEN

THE POWER LUNCH AND THE GLORY

Home of the nine-dollar baked potato, The Four Seasons in Manhattan is the only American restaurant to be designated a historical landmark. Now John Mariani (with Alex von Bidder) has written *The Four Seasons: A History of America's Premier Restaurant*, which chronicles the lore, lure and behind-the-scenes goings-on of an establishment that many executives consider their own private club. Price: $35.



MONTHLY SMOKES

Lovers of the leaf now have two clubs ready to supply them with terrific cigars. For $180 annually, members of the Cigar Club receive five premium cigars a month (from two different varieties) and a copy of *The Cigar Ash*, a publication that combines an editorial forum with a cigar-and-accessories catalog. (Call 800-MR-CIGAR.) There's also the Cigar of the Month Club (800-700-7661), which offers members four smokes plus a newsletter for $24.50 a month.

MAD HATTER

Foam Fan Headwear "makes every fan part of the team." That's how the Headgear Co. in Athens, Ohio markets its line of fantasy hats that double as seat cushions. And if sitting in the stands wearing an oversize reproduction of a basketball, soccer ball, baseball, golf ball or volleyball on your head is your idea of kicks, then call 800-FUN-FANS and order your favorite for $12, postpaid. Foam football and motor racing helmets are also available in case you're not yet ready to turn yourself into a human headball. A foam hat also comes off a lot easier than body paint.

SILVER WIND TO THE DARK CONTINENT

The no-tipping and complimentary-beverage policies introduced by Silversea Cruises this past year have proved so successful that the Fort Lauderdale–based company has launched a second ship, the Silver Wind. Like its sister ship, the Silver Cloud, the Silver Wind is a Bahamian-registered, suites-only vessel (75 percent of the rooms have private verandas) that carries just 296 passengers. The Silver Wind's exotic African destinations include Mombasa, Zanzibar, Mayotte, Madagascar, Praslin and Mahé in the Seychelle Islands. Early this April, the ship sails for Europe and then continues on to our East Coast before wintering in the Caribbean and South America. Prices begin at $3695 per person, including airfare. Call 800-722-9055 for a brochure or see a travel agent for details. And while you're on the line, ask about the optional four-day African safari available for an additional $500.

OWNING UP TO IT

Norma Hazelton collects swizzle sticks by the thousands. And Ed Ruby's army of toy soldiers probably outnumbers the troops stationed at Fort Hood. These and other "remarkable collectors in pursuit of their dreams" are described in *Magnificent Obsessions*, a softcover available from Chronicle Books at 800-722-6657 for $24.50, postpaid. The most ambitious collector in the book is Dorothy Globus. She collects "everything."

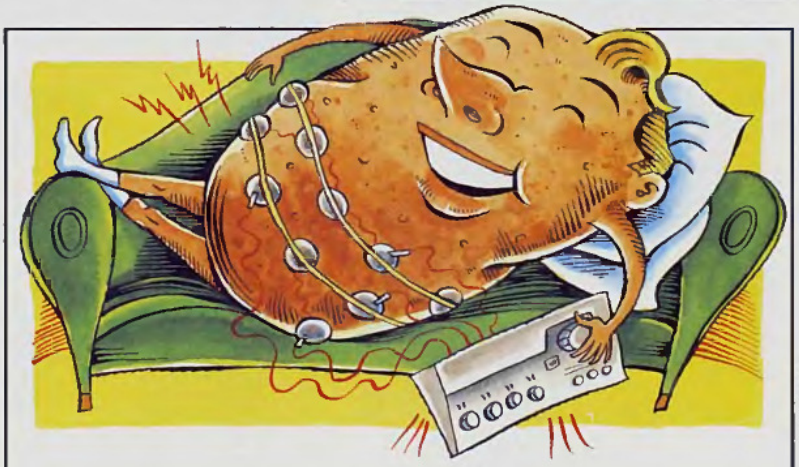
BLANKET COVERAGE

Designs for Living of Phoenix has created the second best thing to keep you warm on a cold winter night. It's a plaid acrylic blanket (with a fleece-type lining) that features zippered armholes for reading while the blanket stays where it belongs—around your shoulders. Prices range from $70, postpaid, for twin size to $120 for king. (Both king- and queen-size blankets are available with two sets of armholes.) Call 800-388-WARM to order.

JOHN SCHMITZER

PRESCRIPTION FOR FUN

To introduce the subject of safe sex humorously in your bedroom there's Klimko Studios' three-foot-tall nurse, a limited-edition (of 144) Hydrastone figure that will proffer on a tray the condom of your choice. (The morning after, you can switch to aspirin.) The statue shown here costs $2600, postpaid, including the lighted base. A nurse without the lighted base is $1800. And if you really want to impress, Klimko also has a cold-cast bronze version with the skin areas gilded in 23-karat gold leaf for $3600. Phone 607-898-3881 or write P.O. Box 66, Cortland, New York 13045 for more info.



RICHARD SALA

ELECTRICITY IN THE AIR

Europeans have been using electricity as a body toner for decades, and now Americans are discovering that a gentle zap sent to selected muscles causes them to contract just as they do when you work out. Ultratone, one of the leaders in the field, has several muscle-stimulation machines that cost from $495 to $895. There's even a hand-held model for tightening facial muscles. Call the company at 800-776-6210 for more information.

SEX ON THE WALL

This year, Playboy Products is offering *Passion*, a 12″x12″ wall calendar that features passionate couples captured in 12 erotic black-and-white photos by Trevor Watson. The calendar has an international spin and includes many European and Australian holidays in addition to American dates. The price: $16.50, postpaid. Call 800-423-9494 and ask for item number AU5098 when ordering. And while you are on the line, request item number AUCC1995D, too. It's our 1995 Playmate Desk Calendar featuring Anna Nicole Smith, Jenny McCarthy and ten other great-looking women. Price: $12, postpaid.

NEXT MONTH

JULIE CIALINI

GLOBAL WARMING

KELLER'S KARMA

FOXY FORTIES

KELLER'S KARMA—IT'S NOT KELLER'S FAULT WHEN A HIT TAKES OUT THE WRONG MAN, BUT HE HAS TO HUSTLE OVERTIME TO PUT THINGS RIGHT. ANOTHER STORY IN THE PRIZE-WINNING SERIES BY SUSPENSE GRAND MASTER **LAWRENCE BLOCK**

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL SEX SURVEY—AN IN-DEPTH LOOK AT SEXUAL BEHAVIOR, SPANNING FOUR CONTINENTS. TRUE CONFESSIONS FROM OUR READERS IN SOUTH AMERICA, EUROPE, ASIA AND THE U.S.

THE QUOTABLE SUPERMODEL—LONG-LEGGED INTELLECTS FROM CINDY TO CHRISTIE SHARE SOUND BITES ON EVERYTHING FROM BUTT SIZE TO NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT—A BABE'S BARTLETT'S BY **A.J. JACOBS** AND **JACK BOULWARE**

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ & ROCK: ROCK IN THE SIXTIES—THE BEATLES BESIEGED AMERICA IN YELLOW SUBMARINES AND THE STONES CRANKED OUT MAXIMUM R&B. THE SIXTIES TURNED SOUR AT ALTAMONT, BUT THE MUSIC STILL PASSES THE ACID TEST. PART SEVEN IN A SERIES BY **DAVID STANDISH**

TIM ROBBINS MOVED FROM THE SCREWBALL FASTBALLER IN *BULL DURHAM* TO HEADIER STUFF IN *BOB ROBERTS* AND *THE PLAYER*. HIS LATEST ROLE, IN *IQ*, CASTS HIM AS A MECHANIC WOOING EINSTEIN'S NIECE. FOR US, HE TALKS POLITICS AND HOLLYWOOD IN A LIVELY PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **MARSHALL FINE**

DAVID SPADE—HE'S ONE OF *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*'S LAST BEST HOPES, THE FUNNYMAN WHO TURNED SUPERCILIOUSNESS INTO HIGH ART. WE POSED 20 QUESTIONS AND WE'RE STILL NOT SURE WHAT HE SAID—BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

RICHARD BRANSON—NO WONDER THE BILLIONAIRE OWNER OF VIRGIN ATLANTIC AIRWAYS IS A FOLK HERO IN THE U.K.—HE'S RICH, FLAMBOYANT AND HE RISKS DEATH TO KEEP HIMSELF ENTERTAINED. **DAVID SHEFF** PROFILES ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST DYNAMIC TYCOONS

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—BETTER BELIEVE IT, BASED ON THIS AMAZING PICTORIAL OF WOMEN WHO'VE HIT THEIR FIFTH DECADE LOOKING SEXIER THAN EVER

PLUS: A FABULOUS CAR OF THE YEAR, LEATHER JACKETS FOR SPRING, LINGERIE FOR VALENTINE'S DAY AND A TERRIFIC NEW PRIZE ON *THE PRICE IS RIGHT*, OUR VERY OWN **JULIE CIALINI**

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